

The Young Woman's Magazine

Smart Set

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The Girl of Today
By
KATHLEEN NORRIS

SUMMER!

yet your
POWDER
clings,
rouge stays on
and you look
ALWAYS
LOVELY



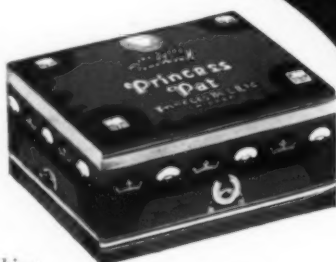
SUMMER . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters . . . Summer calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim . . . no over-flushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's ardors . . . no shiny nose. Adorable summer tan, if you like; for that is the mode. But you must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions, to fully enjoy summer . . . and with Princess Pat beauty aids you may.

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Princess Pat Summertime-Rouge—and

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In Combination with McClure's

The Young Woman's Magazine

SEPTEMBER, 1929—VOLUME 85, No. 1

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *Editor*

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Associate Editor

LILLIE GALEY
Assistant Editor



CONTENTS

Special Articles

| | | | |
|----------------------------------|----|-----------------------------------|----|
| STOWAWAYS..... | 17 | SHE KNEADED A JOB..... | 57 |
| THE EDITOR | | By HENRIETTA GEE | |
| THE GIRL OF TODAY..... | 22 | POLO FOR LIMITED INCOMES..... | 62 |
| By KATHLEEN NORRIS | | By DONALD OGDEN STEWART | |
| EDNA PETERS..... | 28 | Drawing by HELEN E. HOKINSON | |
| By ONE OF THE JUDGES | | THE DIARY OF A DIET..... | 80 |
| TREAT 'EM ROUGH..... | 34 | By MAY CERF | |
| By MILT GROSS | | Drawings by GEORGE SHANKS | |
| Illustrations by THE AUTHOR | | SENORITAS—THEN AND NOW..... | 84 |
| THE SPORT OF QUEENS..... | 40 | By CONSTANCE TOWNER | |
| By W. CAREY WONDERLY | | A PROPHET IN HER OWN COUNTRY..... | 86 |
| LOVE, MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN..... | 46 | By CATHERINE OGLESBY | |
| By D. E. WHEELER | | | |
| Drawings by ELDON KELLEY | | | |

Short Stories

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----|
| WHY ONE MAN WENT TO PRISON..... | 18 |
| By CHARLES FRANCIS COE | |
| Illustrations by ALFRED N. SIMPKIN | |
| IT CAN BE DONE..... | 24 |
| By GERALD MYGATT | |
| Illustrations by AUSTIN JEWELL | |
| YOU MEET SUCH NICE PEOPLE..... | 36 |
| By JOSEPHINE BENTHAM | |
| Illustrations by RAYMOND SISLEY | |
| THE GIRL ON THE END..... | 48 |
| By NANETTE KUTNER | |
| Illustrations by EDWARD BUTLER | |
| CONQUERING PLUMAGE..... | 58 |
| By VIRGINIA LEE | |
| Illustrations by EDWARD RYAN | |
| THAT FIRST FINE CARELESS RAPTURE..... | 76 |
| By GEORGE THORP RAYNER | |
| Illustrations by FRANK GODWIN | |
| BACKWARD GLANCE..... | 82 |
| By MAY LA FLEUR | |
| Illustration by WILBUR ROSSER | |
| LOVE BORES ME SO..... | 97 |
| By IRMENGARDE EBERLE | |
| Drawing by M. TRAFFORD | |

Serials

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----|
| MURDER YET TO COME (Part Two)..... | 30 |
| By ISABEL BRIGGS MYERS | |
| Illustrations by DELOS PALMER | |
| WOMEN AT SEA (FENELLA)..... | 42 |
| By DOROTHY BLACK | |
| Illustrations by ADDISON BURBANK | |
| THE LOYAL LOVER (Part Four)..... | 52 |
| By MARGARET WIDDEMER | |
| Illustrations by JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS | |

Smart Set's Service Section

| | |
|---|-----|
| GLAMOUR..... | 63 |
| By RUTH WATERBURY | |
| THE EYES HAVE IT..... | 64 |
| By MARY LEE | |
| FASHION TURNS SERIOUS..... | 66 |
| By GEORGIA MASON | |
| PARIS PEP FOR WEARY WARDROBES..... | 70 |
| By DORA LOUES MILLER | |
| Sketches by FANNY FERN FITZWATER | |
| BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF..... | 72 |
| By HELEN WOODWARD | |
| HOW DO YOU DO?..... | 74 |
| By HELEN HATHAWAY | |
| THE PARTY OF THE MONTH (Music Madness)..... | 121 |
| By EDWARD LONGSTRETH | |
| Decoration by L. T. HOLTON | |
| YOUR OWN ROOM..... | 122 |
| By ETHEL LEWIS | |
| SUMMERTIME SUPPERS..... | 124 |
| By MABEL CLAIRE | |
| Decorations by ANN BROCKMAN | |

Miscellaneous

| | |
|--------------------------------|-------------|
| COVER DESIGN..... | By GUY HOFF |
| ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS..... | 6 |
| OUR HALL OF FEMININE FAME..... | 9-16 |
| ARE YOU INTELLIGENT?..... | 20 |
| GRANDMA'S DAY—AND NOW..... | 56 |
| Drawing by JOHN HELD, JR. | |
| THE HAPPY ENDING..... | 136 |

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To give you a chance to get acquainted with SMART SET, we offer a special reduced price for a half-year subscription—six months for \$1.

We know that if you read the magazine that long you will not willingly be without it thereafter. For besides SMART SET's vital stories, the made-to-order fiction of the average magazine will seem pale.

The Young Woman's Magazine

SMART SET is the first and only magazine ever published entirely for young women.

It brings you the zippiest fiction entertainment printed in *any* magazine—stories and novels of girls like yourself—stories of love and mystery, humor, adventure, romance—full-length novels of big towns and small ones, of life in business, in society, on the stage and the studio—life as lived by men and young women of today!

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ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

*Some More or Less Intimate Details From the
Lives of Three Headliners*



Nanette Kutner

NANETTE KUTNER, author of "The Girl on the End," has had a varied career. She has been a shop girl and a member of more than one chorus. She has written vaudeville and night club sketches—and she was once, for a short space, a detective! At one time she was the youngest press agent on that street of youth—Broadway. And she stopped being a press agent only to write fiction!

Miss Kutner admits to three weaknesses—and they all start with the same letter. They are clothes, composers and comedians. She tells, with a shame-faced, little-girl expression, that she'll squander any amount of money on a dress—and refuse to buy a box of paper clips to hold a brilliant manuscript together! And—last but not least—she says that every time she writes a story she is sure it will be her last!

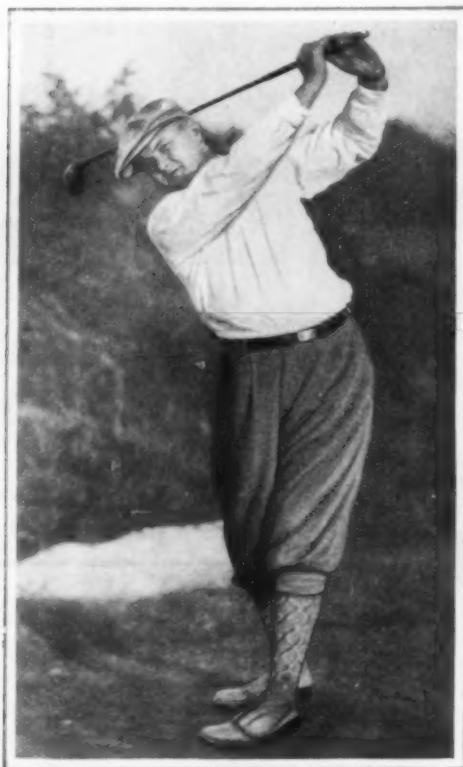
CHARLES FRANCIS COE is known as the man whose stories come true. This is due to the fact that Mr. Coe never attempts to write until he knows everything about his subject.

His first best seller in the book field was "Me, Gangster." This was immediately followed by "The River Pirate," "Swag" and "Hooch." The last novel attracted international attention by the startling manner in which it prophesied the ghastly killing of seven gangsters in Chicago. Mr. Coe knows his gangsters and writes fearlessly of them.

Though he has been a writer but four years, four of his novels have been published, another is now on the presses, and still another is being held to appear serially this fall.

In addition to these, he has written innumerable short stories which have appeared in national magazines.

Mr. Coe went personally to Hollywood to supervise the making of two of his stories into motion pictures, "Me, Gang-



Charles Francis Coe



Gerald Mygatt

ster" and "The River Pirate," which were both outstandingly successful.

In "Why One Man Went to Prison," which opens this issue of SMART SET, Mr. Coe has written a gripping story with a vast understanding of human nature and a positive knowledge of prison life.

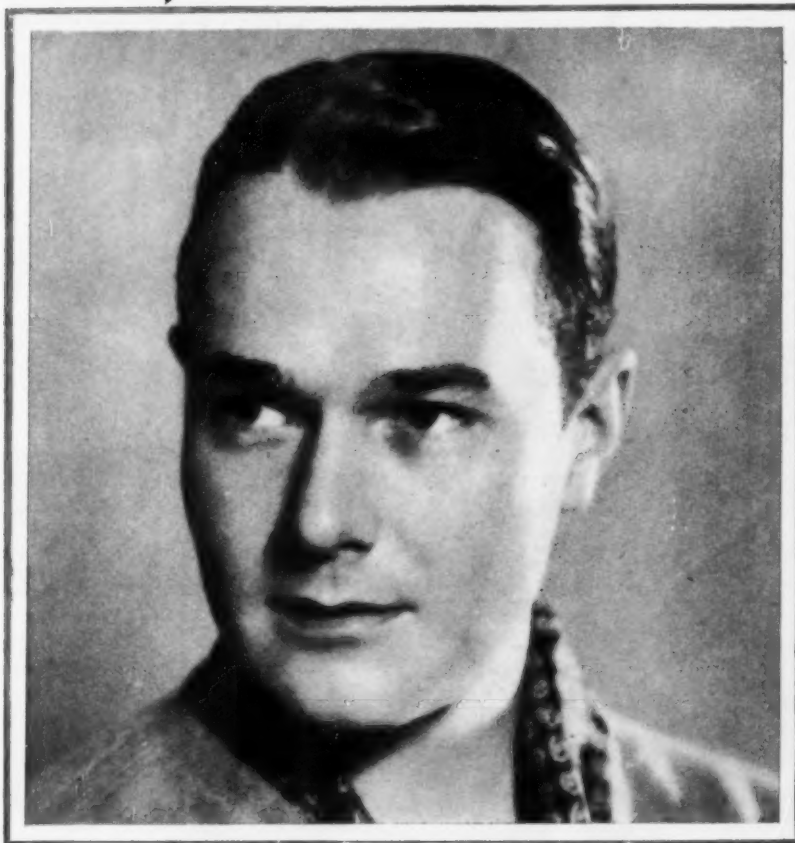
GERALD MYGATT and Nanette Kutner have one thing in common—besides their ability to write. They were both born in New York City! Mr. Mygatt appeared rather earlier than Miss Kutner—although he dates himself by saying that he cannot remember either bustles or horse cars!

As for the rest of his colorful career: he spent four years at Williams College and was graduated without (so he says!) academic honors. After graduation he became, in rapid succession, a newspaper reporter, an advertising man, and a magazine editor. Also he worked for—not in—the movies.

Came war. Mr. Mygatt enlisted as a private in the regular army. Although he says he never heard a gun fired in anger (for he never got any nearer to the front line than Alabama) he came out of the war a Captain of Field Artillery.

His latest exploit? Why, he's produced one of the best short stories of the month—"It Can be Done."

IT IS hardly necessary to point out the featured articles in this magazine—for all of the articles are worth featuring. But two especially we call to your attention. First of all, Kathleen Norris' superb defense of the modern girl. It would be presumptuous to recommend this article—it speaks, in no uncertain terms, for itself. We also call attention to D. E. Wheeler's poignant question as to whether college is robbing the modern young girl of her femininity. This is an article that every girl—who is interested in the so-called higher education—should read.



The Winner Of A "New Faces" Contest

William Haines' Own Story . . . how he happened to enter the contest that sent him to Hollywood . . . how he won his present place as one of the most popular stars of the screen . . . beginning in the September PHOTOPLAY.

Tragic Mansions of Hollywood . . . The story of Rudolph Valentino's lonely, deserted hilltop home . . . the home of Barbara LaMarr, "the girl who was too beautiful" . . . the house where William Desmond Taylor met a death which is still veiled in mystery . . . "Fatty" Arbuckle's home, where the comedian lived before he was cast as the central figure in a tragedy . . . in the September PHOTOPLAY.

How Clara Bow Manages Her Home . . . what she pays for furnishings and maintenance. Hints for every housekeeper . . . in the September PHOTOPLAY.

Last Call for Solutions in the \$5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest. You still have every chance to win in our famous annual contest . . . full details in the September PHOTOPLAY . . . On all newsstands August 15.

PHOTOPLAY

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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ANONYMOUS— but it changed her entire life

Go back a few years in this New York woman's life.

Think of her, not as she is today, a beautiful woman, married to an adoring man, and playing the charming hostess in her great Park Avenue home, but as she was before that anonymous letter came with its horrible accusation.

True, she was lovely and charming then. But women avoided her. Men seldom called more than once. In the very years of her prime, she found herself hopelessly out of things—and utterly unable to account for it.

Then, one morning she received that bleak white envelope with its anonymous enclosure—a national advertisement across which was written in a bold masculine hand, "Wake up."

Amazed and humiliated, she read it again and again. Finally the shocking truth came home. That advertisement was true. It applied to her. It had applied to her for years. That hint, brutal as it was, put her on the right track.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—but it ought to be the first.

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth

may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide★ which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Always keep Listerine handy. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

★ Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn *B. Typhosus* (typhoid) and *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) germs in 15 seconds.

LISTERINE

Our Hall of Feminine Fame



THE RADIO PROGRAM MAKER

PICK a job without a past. This seems to be an axiom of feminine success. Consider our eight triumphant girls of the month, beginning with pretty Bertha Brainard, above. Originally Bertha aspired to be either an actress or a writer. But in 1922 before any one else gave it much attention Bertha got interested in radio. She thought the programs terrible. Some one suggested she try making better ones. She did and today is eastern program director for the National Broadcasting Company



Culver

THE COUTURIÈRE

DRESSMAKING isn't a new feminine line, of course, but Elizabeth Hawse won success because she approached it—not in the amateur way—but after the manner of the Paris couturières who make clothes more a matter of sculpturing than sewing. From her sixth birthday Elizabeth knew what she wanted to do. At sixteen she was studying dress designing. Later she worked as cutter and seamstress both here and abroad. Now at twenty-five, she has her own New York salon



International

THE TAXIDERMIST

MARRIAGE doesn't necessarily kill a girl's career. If you're smart, it may even lead to one. Before she wed her explorer-husband, Mrs. James L. Clark was afraid of all animals. She accompanied her husband on a hunting trip to Africa. Soon she forgot her fear and was shooting lions and rhinos all over the place. Returning to America, she supervised the mounting of these trophies. That gave her the Bright Idea. Today she is the only woman taxidermist in the United States



Chidnoff

THE ADVERTISING SALESWOMAN

MOLLIE GIBBONS, grandniece of the late Cardinal Gibbons, invaded an exclusively male realm when she started selling advertising space for the London Times. It was during the World War and Mollie did it for charity. When peace came, she decided to make salesmanship her career. She tried the London Daily Mail and succeeded; came to America and the New York Times and succeeded. Now she reigns, sole woman member on the space selling staff of the International Magazine Corporation. Mollie recently received her final American citizenship papers



Hal Phye

THE SHOEMAKER

MARY BENDELARI, at twenty-six, is the only woman shoe manufacturer in the world. Traveling in France, five years ago, she couldn't find suitable footwear. So she made herself an original pair of shoes, woven in peasant style. An American buyer, seeing them, ordered three hundred and fifty pairs. Mary managed to get an embryo factory organized and filled the order. Forthwith, she started a vogue. Two panics hit, but her business quadrupled. She sells to America but still manufactures in France, the only American woman ever able to do that successfully



Kessler

THE PUPPET MISTRESS

SUE HASTINGS was born loving the theater. Even when she went to Columbia University, the only course that interested her was playwriting. She refused to fail when she discovered she wasn't too good as either actress or writer. She started making marionettes. Tony Sarg, the artist, engaged her as assistant in his marionette theater. Sue learned designing, painting and direction and soon branched out on her own. Today her three hundred puppets have performed more than a thousand times



Culver

THE FURNITURE DESIGNER

WHILE Ruth Johnson was studying to become a teacher, she took an extra course in design. One of her school sketches was purchased by a furniture manufacturer. Graduating, Ruth found she loved art more than scholarship. She looked about for an original medium, remembered the furniture man's praise, and saw a brilliant future. Now this pretty girl has her own manufacturing plant where she plans and paints and merchandises quaintly charming furniture for very little children

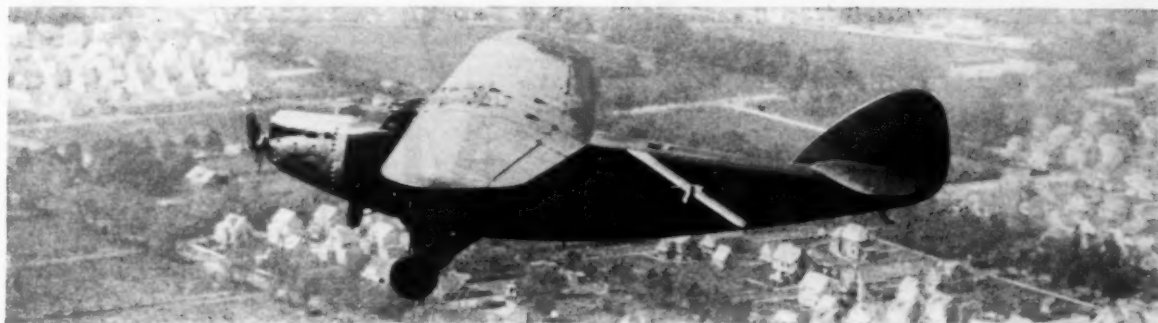


Hal Phye

THE YACHT BROKER

A HUNDRED per cent man's job was what pretty, blonde Teresa Heesters wanted to test her business ability. She was told yacht broking would always be a male profession. She decided to refute that. She started as stenographer in the sales department of a radiator company, then demonstrated machinery on the road. Next, as secretary to a yacht manufacturer, she learned the trade toward which she aspired. Now, two years after secretaryship, she is the only female yacht broker existent

THE EDITOR'S PAGE



The Yellow Bird en route to France with three aviators and one stowaway on board

P. & A.

STOWAWAYS

*Are Usually the People
Who Depend upon Others
For a Safe Arrival*

VERY recently a young man stowed away in an airplane that was setting out upon a transatlantic trip. It was a rather small airplane, manned by three gallant Frenchmen. And their goal—being Frenchmen—was Paris!

The airplane took off, rather heavily and dangerously, from its New England starting place. And it was well out at sea before the presence of the stowaway was discovered.

The airplane did not make France. It landed—and even that is fortunate!—in Spain, far from its desired goal. It has been said that perhaps the stowaway's added weight (he was a heavy, one hundred and sixty-five pound stowaway!) was responsible for the plane's semi-failure—or shall we call it change of plan? *It might have been responsible for the loss of that plane—and for the loss of four (including the stowaway's) lives!*

As for the stowaway's excuse—an excuse accepted with amazing kindness by the aviators! Here it is—

"I wanted to be like Lindbergh," said the young man. And then, he added, "My fortune's made, now!"

LIKE Lindbergh? No young man who stows away on a plane, endangering the lives and the hopes of other people, could be like Lindbergh! Lindbergh went off on his own—doing his own work, bringing danger to no life but his own! His miraculous success was due to his own daring, his own skill. He did not depend upon the daring and skill of others for his safe arrival.

THERE are stowaways in every walk of life. Not only young men—some of them are young women! Not only in airplanes, some of them are in business houses, in shops, in offices. Hiding away while the other, braver folk are making ready to fly. Crashing in on whatever success the

other fellow makes! Saying, "I've arrived, now!" Forgetting to add, "Because some other person made a safe landing."

A woman writes a book—and it becomes a best seller. Whereupon there are all at once a dozen books following the same formula—written by stowaway authors.

An artist develops a technique—and twenty other stowaway artists creep into the shadow of that technique.

A business man—or a business woman—creates a successful plan. And other men and women, who have invested neither capital nor brain in building that plan, copy it. And stow their way into success. And so it goes!

Only this—

Sane people, level-headed people—the thinking public and the thinking customer and the thinking employer—can usually recognize a stowaway. Can almost always catalogue him.

BY THIS I do not mean that every one must blaze his own trail—a new trail! Not all of us have the ability—or the chance—to do so. There's a first to everything. But that first can be followed openly, and with the personal contribution of one's own especial brand of valor, one's own spirit and imagination. Following can be almost as fine as leading. But following, cleanly and honestly, is not being a stowaway!

Courage? Oh, it does require courage to stow away for a transatlantic flight! It requires courage, even, to copy a book or a picture or a job. Doing anything requires courage, of a sort.

But it's only *high* courage that worth while people admire. And high courage does not stow away. It comes out in the open—often it flies alone. And never, *never*, does it depend entirely upon others for its ultimate success or safety.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Why One Man Went To PRISON

Illustrations

by

ALFRED N.
SIMPKIN



I KILLED her because I loved her. I don't care what you do with me."

That was Cotter's statement when they found him standing above the victim with a still-smoking gun held in his hand. It remained his only statement throughout all the weary weeks of the Grand Jury hearings, the ensuing indictment and into the very court room itself.

The court assigned him an attorney whose services he frankly did not want.

"It's the law," they told Cotter. "You are indicted for

first degree murder and cannot plead guilty. The State must satisfy itself before taking your life."

"Very well. I don't care," he responded listlessly. "I don't see why we have to make all this fuss about it. I killed her because I loved her. I admit it. There's nothing to prove."

"There is a great deal to prove," the assigned lawyer argued. "You don't seem to realize that you're headed for the chair. If we give them a battle on the sheer evidence they've got, they'll never burn you! I might even get you off with a short sentence for manslaughter. We'd try the insanity gag if you'd help a bit."

"I wasn't insane," Cotter said simply. "I knew when I killed her. I remember every move I made and every one she made. There was just something inside me made me do it. I loved her, but I'm glad I did it. I had to do it."

So it was that there was little enough of a case. Cotter himself was the only eye witness. From the standpoint of the trial, an ambitious lawyer stood discouraged.

The District Attorney recognized this fact; perhaps felt a little sympathy for the mute man who was slowly growing gray in the cell where he awaited disposition of his case. In any event, he agreed to take a plea of guilty in second degree murder, which called for a natural life sentence. And so it was arranged.

The judge heard the evidence and the plea, read the indictment with judicious care, then pronounced the sentence.

"It is the judgment and the sentence of this court," he droned, "that you be confined at hard labor in the state prison for the rest of your natural life." He spoke slowly, ponderously, and his tongue seemed to hesitate as it formed the last seven words.

Cotter showed no emotion unless it was of relief. For him, the business of uncertainty, at least, was over. They led him from the court room and men and women looked upon him with curiosity. He dropped his glance toward his feet and kept it there as they traversed the well-filled corridor of the ancient building.

The afternoon papers referred briefly to the case:

JONOTHAN COTTER RECEIVES LIFE SENTENCE.

KILLER PLEADS GUILTY TO WIFE MURDER

AND IS SENTENCED BY JUDGE TRAND.

A Remarkable Short Story

By
CHARLES
FRANCIS
COE

"It is the judgment and sentence of the court," droned the judge's voice, "that you be confined at hard labor in the State Prison for the rest of your natural life—"

Jonathan Cotter who, several months ago was found standing over the body of his murdered wife with a smoking revolver still clutched in his hand, today received a life sentence.

The District Attorney agreed to accept a murder plea of guilty in the second degree, thus saving the State the cost of a trial.

"This is a peculiar case," Roland B. Nevers, the attorney assigned by the courts to the defense, said after sentence had been pronounced. "I have never met a man like Cotter. With proper defensive measures, the State would have had a hard time proving a lawful case against him. But he would not fight. I agreed to the second degree plea only after he had repeatedly refused to help himself in any way."

Cotter is a successful business man, who has operated an uptown department store over a period of years. He and his wife, the former Miss Sunny Weather in a popular extravaganza, occupied a luxurious apartment in the city and it was there that the crime was committed.



The murderer will be taken immediately to the state prison where he will remain for the rest of his natural life unless pardoned by the Governor.

"THE settlement of your estate," Warden Kelsh announced to the blue-clad man standing before his desk, "leaves a considerable sum of money to your credit. The law

allows you to name trustees for its investment and care. You can consult an attorney about the matter if you wish." He spoke crisply and in the tone of a man who cites matters of law.

The prisoner cleared his throat and spoke huskily, "It's all right, Mr. Warden," he said listlessly. "I don't care about it."

"The law allows you to spend a small sum each week for additional food here in the prison," Kelsh added suggestively.

"Very well, sir. I'd like that."

As the official watched the man before him, his lids narrowed and a tolerant light filled his eyes.

"How long have you been here now, Cotter?" he asked.

"I don't know, Mr. Warden. I haven't kept track. It doesn't matter, you see."

"No," the warden grunted, "you aren't going anywhere in particular, that's true enough. But you're not always going to feel that way, Cotter."

He leaned across the desk and pressed a button. The clerk whom he summoned was sent for Cotter's commitment papers. The warden perused them thoughtfully.

By and by he said, "You've been here eight months, Cotter. You ought to begin getting a hold on yourself by this time."

The prisoner laughed throatily.

"You're a queer case, Cotter," the warden said impulsively. "We get all kinds in a place like this, but you're different than any I've ever seen. We'd never know we had you here if you weren't in the count three times a day."

"I'll not make trouble, Mr. Warden," Cotter said slowly. "I'm glad. It's a pretty useless business, trying to run counter to prison rules. But you're utterly crushed, Cotter. God alone knows what you're thinking about twenty-four hours of each day. There are lights in your eyes but they never flame into words. You are an educated man; cultured, in fact, and intelligent. Your silence makes us wonder if you aren't planning an escape."

Again Cotter laughed—that throaty, husky laugh that is born of disused vocal cords. He ran his tongue over his lips and slowly whirled his blue prison cap between his white fingers.

"I wouldn't escape, Mr. Warden," he said steadily. "The last thing on earth I'd do is leave here, sir. I wouldn't go if you left every gate open the year round. This place is not a prison to me, sir. It's a haven."

"I'm inclined to believe you," the official nodded frankly. "As a usual thing, Cotter, a man is never himself while he carries in his heart a black secret. Sharing it with somebody relieves the burden and assists in restoring him to normal. If you ever reach the point where you want to talk, I'll listen."

Cotter nodded gratefully but held his peace.

"We'll wait a few months," the warden repeated, "about this money matter. In the meantime, you can sign an order authorizing us to charge the extras to your account here."

"Thank you, sir."

Cotter stepped through the side door of the warden's office into the prison yard. Kelsh watched him as he walked slowly toward the library where he was assigned to duty. The warden had watched many a lifer survive the first few terrible months of hopelessness, finally to recover some poise and interest. But never had there been one like Cotter. This man lived only for death.

MORE than two years slipped away before the demands of the law required a decision in the matter of Cotter's money. Then the prisoner met again with the warden. Kelsh looked the man over with deep interest. He had aged, yet a light of contentment filled his face and eyes.

"We've got to settle this money business, Cotter," the official said briskly. "You'll have to make your wishes known in the matter."

"I specify, Mr. Warden," the prisoner said slowly, "that it be invested under the direction of a proper trust company, and the entire income from the fund be spent monthly to furnish prisoners with the extras allowable by law."

"That's pretty decent of you," Kelsh said, surprised at the ready answer. "I'll have papers for you to sign shortly."

"Very well, sir."

"By the way," the warden called as Cotter turned to leave, "how're you doing over in the library?"

"I like the work, Mr. Warden," Cotter answered thoughtfully. "There are many of the boys here who cannot read well. They do not get the sense of a book. I am reading to them and explaining what I read."

He paused a moment, spun his cap between his fingers and said, "Perhaps that is the new interest you said would come to me, sir. I have made some wonderful friends. There are some fine men here in the prison, sir."

"You wouldn't want to try your hand at a different job?" the warden asked.

A light of concern filled Cotter's eyes. "I'd rather not, sir," he said slowly. "I like the work there. I do my best. You'll find the books clean, sir, and well cared for."

"Oh, I wouldn't move you if you didn't want to go," Kelsh assured him quickly. "I just thought—well—maybe a change now and then."

"I love birds and flowers, sir," Cotter said simply. "There are several bird books there which I can study. Some on flowers, too."

"Well, maybe we can work it out to use some of this money of yours to get better books on those subjects," the warden suggested.

"If you would, sir—for the library, understand, I'd love them."

When Cotter had gone the warden sent for the head keeper. "What," he asked that officer, "do you make of this natural lifer, Cotter? He appears to be an educated man and a smart one. Have we anything to fear from him?"

The head keeper smiled. "I'd send him outside on errands, as far as any danger of his crashing out goes," he said. "He wouldn't go if we let him, Warden!"

The head of the prison smiled understandingly. "That's the way I figured it," he admitted. "A fine fellow, Jim. One of those cases where there ain't any more criminal in the man than there is in you or me. Maybe not half so much."

"His was an emotional crime," the head keeper nodded. "There was no reason attached to it. He just found himself swept off his feet at the same time a gun happened to be handy. Probably half an hour later, he wouldn't have killed an ant."

"Make him a trusty," the warden ordered. "He rates it now, doesn't he?"

"Yes, sir. I'd have recommended it, Warden, in another month or so. He does a great job in the library. The boys all swear by him. Sometime you ought to stand around and hear him read to a flock of gunmen, then stop and explain the finer meanings of what he's read. It's a treat!"

"Well, make him a trusty," the warden smiled, "and since he's crazy about flowers see if he can do anything to that flower-bed outside my porch. Nobody else ever made anything grow in it."

SO, FOR more than another year, Kelsh grew accustomed to seeing Cotter working outside his porch. Now and then he stopped and passed the time of day with him.

Cotter was always pleasant. "I'm afraid," he said one day, "that you're getting discouraged with my efforts here in the garden, Mr. Warden. But it'll take a year or so to show good results. The ground was exhausted, Mr. Warden. No one ever rotated the plantings here."

"Can't we send out for some better soil?" the warden asked.

A look of delight crossed the lifer's features. "You could very easily, sir. Any good florist could supply you."

So eager was the man that Kelsh's heart warmed toward him. "I'll send in a florist," he promised. "You talk it over with him and tell him just what you want."

And he kept that promise. The florist was a man known to the warden and after he had talked with Cotter he returned to the warden's office.

"Who is that prisoner?" he asked.

"A natural lifer," the warden smiled. "Cotter's the name. Murdered his wife."

"It don't seem possible," the florist marveled. "Honestly, Warden, that man knows more about flowers than I do myself. I'm sending in the stuff he wants and if you don't mind, I'd like to follow him up and see what results he gets."

"Sure thing," the warden smiled. "He's a nice fellow, Cotter is. Wouldn't hurt a fly."

A BIG prison is a busy and an uncertain place. As a result, for those who direct its activities, time passes rapidly. Kelsh grew accustomed to seeing Cotter there in the garden.

The prisoner had aged inexpressibly, but all men do in prison. The bleakness of outlook or, as in Cotter's case, the utter lack of it, doubles the weight of the tread of time. But it does not retard its passing.

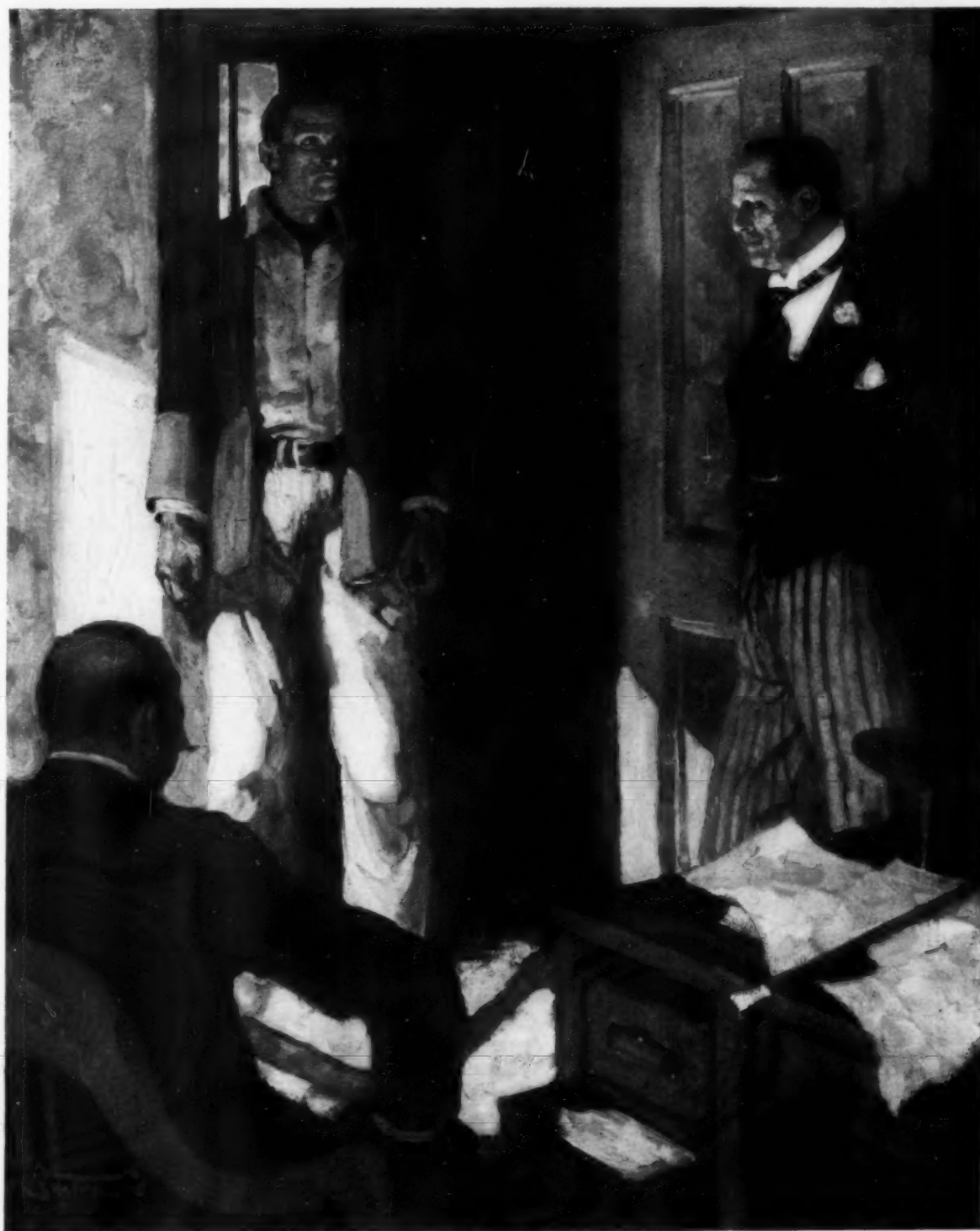
The flower garden not only bloomed to the everlasting delight of the warden's wife, but it enlarged. The warden's porch was redolent with the aroma of flowers.

Cotter was allowed more and more liberties and several times, when he was making tours of inspection, the warden came upon the man in various parts of the prison grounds.

"What're you doing over here, Cotter?" he asked of him one day.

The convict smiled doubtfully, and answered, "It's pretty bare over here, Mr. Warden. I thought a few flowers—The boys can see 'em better and oftener."

Cotter had been in the prison five years before there was anything unusual in his conduct. He had become a sort of fixture. The head keeper admitted that the man had twice been allowed outside the walls [Continued on page 92]



THEY met in the room reserved for the use of the Parole Board. The Governor was much more nervous than Cotter—when the man was brought in, walking slowly, he gasped at the first sight of him. “I’m sorry, John,” he stammered, “to find you like this!”



Charlotte Fairchild

KATHLEEN NORRIS has often been called America's most successful woman! Perhaps it is because she is successful in so many different and charming ways—as novelist, as home-maker and housekeeper, as hostess, and as a wife and mother! Or perhaps it is because she is that loveliest and rarest thing in all of life—a completely contented and happy person

*Because She Is Neither
Ignorant Nor Afraid We
Should Admire and Envy*

The Girl of TODAY

By KATHLEEN NORRIS



Tea for two in a California garden. Kathleen and Charles Norris demonstrate that even the busiest writers have—and enjoy—their moments of relaxation

EACH generation of mothers and fathers, as it reaches middle age, makes the same innocent mistake.

Our mothers thought we were morally doomed, in the last years of the old century, because of our reckless speech, our independence of chaperons, our tendency to ignore convention and the code.

Their mothers were anxiously thinking this of them, about 1875, and so were earlier mothers still, going back in regular steps to the very beginning of civilization.

Now it is our turn. All of a sudden, we feel as if the world—at least as far as the conduct of our boys and girls is concerned—has been turned topsy-turvy. We forget that every generation has seen changes just as startling; that every living thing is a changing thing, and we tell each other fearfully that things are going just a little too far!

"The things they say, the things they do, well, it's not safe!" twitter the agitated elders. "We had our love affairs, of course, and we had our fun—there were reckless girls in our day, too. But nothing—*nothing* like what it is today!"

HUNDREDS of agitated maternal letters reach me every week. And at most of them I smile. For any one who takes the trouble to search through old books and diaries will find those same letters written by mothers in 1829, and 1729—written from the very first day that diary and letter writing began!

The real difference is in the individual hearts of girls, not in the calendar. We had reckless, flighty, unwise girls in 1900—

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yes, and in 1875! They lived their empty, unsatisfying lives, and died—young, most of them. And we had the other girls, as we have today, girls who were, and are typical. These girls played a little with fire; they talked sophisticatedly of things about which they knew nothing, made daring threats, wept, rebelled, tore the old code—verbally—to pieces, and finally—

Finally settled down into sane wife-and-motherhood, as little likely to destroy civilization as contented young mares are likely to race about meadows, colt-fashion, and kick fences to pieces.

WE DID have long hair, and skirts, and chaperons. But we didn't have half the courageous integrity that we like to think we had, looking back from middle age. There was a good deal of whispering and curiosity, a great deal of dangerous ignorance; there was humiliating financial dependence, accompanied by a logical anxiety to get married in those days.

There was a tremendous prevalence of nerves—tears, fainting, headache, dyspepsia. Turning the pages of a fashion magazine twenty-five years old the other day, I was interested in the comments of two of today's daughters, hanging over my shoulders.

"Where are their sports clothes?" asked Sixteen and Seventeen. "Didn't they ever do anything but sit around indoors?"

Looking back, one remembers that if they were true gentlewomen, and if their dear papa could afford it, that was about what they did!

Today's girl—typical girl, for there is always a fringe of the shy, morbid molluscs, and always [Continued on page 91]



It Can Be Done

*Laws, Fear of Jail, Religion,
Education—They Go a Long
Way. But Only Love Attempts
the Impossible and Says—*

TODD SANTON was having names shot into his ear and they didn't mean a thing.

Rumson, his week-end host, who had yanked him straight from the train to this cocktail party at somebody-or-other's house, seemed to be a little bit proud about knowing all these people: a half-dozen artists, one or two writers, a music critic who was bald and only too willing to bang the piano, two actors who stood aloof. There was an actress too. Todd Santon had heard of the actress, but the other names were syllables.

It was going to be a flop week-end, he was thinking. They were all a good ten years older than he was. And they were working too hard to have a good time. A little shrill and vehement. Funny about older people; they went at whoopee as if it were a business. Middle-aged and noisy about it.

Todd's host, who happened also to be his boss, was whispering behind the back of his hand, "Of course this is just the younger gang. You'll meet a lot of others at the club tonight."

Todd nodded with a polite smile. Younger gang! They'd probably call themselves that till they were forty.

A plump, harassed-looking man stuck a cocktail into Todd's hand and darted away. Todd drained the glass. That was his third. These people weren't pikers anyway. They set 'em up right. At least he could drink himself through the week-end. He'd have plenty of company.

He had edged toward the open French window that gave upon a sweep of shadowed green lawn, beyond which, over the tops of some distant trees, gleamed the summer-blue expanse of Long Island Sound. Now he stepped upon the terrace. Rumson, close behind him, pointed with an air of pleased proprietorship. Rumson didn't own the lawn nor the trees beyond it nor the salt water beyond the trees, but he lived in Upland, so they were all his.

"Those two skeleton towers are the Indian Inlet railroad bridge," said Rumson. "You see they have to carry the high-tension wires—"



By
GERALD
MYGATT

Illustrations
by
AUSTIN
JEWELL

A girl came quickly around the corner of the house. Her young face was eager. That was Todd Santon's first flashing impression, the young eagerness of her face: white teeth, clear blue eyes, bobbed golden hair. His mental retina caught a picture of slimness too; slimness and suppleness and buoyancy, rippling somehow like the ripples of her soft pleated skirt. She was upon them in a half-dozen paces, and only then did she seem to see them, for she halted abruptly, gave Todd Santon a single startled glance.

She said, "Oh, excuse me," and her voice caught itself a little. She was in a hurry; Todd could see that. Rumson, however, saw nothing. The girl balanced herself there on her two trim silken ankles, obviously waiting for them to let her pass,

For the moment Tabby was standing alone, so Todd went over to her. "I love you," he said quite hotly and unexpectedly

and Rumson kept himself planted directly in front of her.

Rumson said cheerily, "Well, well, Miss Kent," and held out his hand and pumped hers. Then he turned and let his voice become playfully formal. "I want to present Mr. Santon. He's spending the week-end with us."

The girl, Miss Kent—she wasn't a day over eighteen—smiled mechanically and acknowledged the introduction. Her eyes went again to Todd. Then they flicked through the doorway.

Todd said, "You're looking for somebody," and backed aside, to be thanked by a brief, appreciative glance.

"I—oh, there he is," she said, and vanished.

IT WAS so sudden that Todd was left bewildered. He was left with another feeling too—a disturbing, unsettling, breath-taking feeling. To himself he said with a sort of awe, "She's the loveliest thing I ever laid eyes on." But to Rumson he spoke indifferently:

"Who's she, by the way?"

"Tabby Kent. Tabitha her name is. Funny old-fashioned name, isn't it?" Todd said that he thought it was rather nice.

"Well, she's a nice kid," Rumson remarked paternally. "Pretty too. But she's a funny kid, at that. She certainly keeps Lije toeing the line."

Todd was going to ask who Lije might be, but instead he decided he was wasting valuable minutes. If Lije was the heavy boy friend the time to start cutting him out was now. He marched indoors and came instantly upon the girl herself. She was talking earnestly to the big ruddy man in riding clothes. As Todd hesitated the big man laughed.

"Now don't you worry, Honey," he said with boisterous good nature. "I'm not going to the dogs in ten minutes."

"But, Dad, we'll be late."

"So will everybody else."

She stared at her father steadily, her face immobile. Then, "Will you really come when I say?"

"I promise, Honey."

She turned away, saw Todd and shot him a smile. It was as if she were thanking him again for having been thoughtful a moment before.

"I didn't mean to eavesdrop," Todd explained, joining her. "I was just looking to see where you'd gone."

"Oh, that's all right," she told him. "Anyway dad and I are public property. I'm afraid."

"Let's go outside," suggested Todd. He didn't understand about the public property business, but that didn't matter. He said, "We've got ten minutes, if my eavesdropping is accurate. That means I've got to step on it."

"Oh, are you one of those?" she asked, her eyes suddenly twinkling.

"Fast workers? You bet." They were out on the green lawn now and walking in no particular direction. Todd felt unaccountably happy. Not just because this girl was young, somebody his own age to play with. It was something more stirring than that. He wanted to tell her that she was lovely, exquisite. He wanted to wheel her about so that she faced him, that he might drink deep of the sweetness that seemed to him to shine from her smile, from her shimmering soft blue eyes.

Todd thought, "Gee, am I falling in love or something?" But what he said—though not quite so steadily, not quite so banteringly as he meant to say it—was, "If you don't believe I'm a fast worker try this one. I think I'm going to marry you."

She hesitated in her step. That was all.

"Now that's a dandy idea," she said. "When did you get it?"

"Oh, ages ago. That day you and I met—on the Pyramids, wasn't it? You'd just thrown over Mark Antony and then I came along. You wouldn't elope with me though because my camel didn't have a rumble seat."

"I seem to remember that perfectly," she agreed. "Only I'm poor at faces. Were you Julius Caesar or were you that Nubian slave?" Abruptly she giggled. "Don't I sound educated? I read a book."

FOR some reason they laughed hard together at this. They both seemed a little excited, as children are over new toys.

"You think I'm kidding, don't you?" Todd said to her. "Well, I promise you I'm not. When do I see you again?"

"Is it absolutely necessary?" She was laughing at him.

"You know it is."

"I don't know anything of the sort," she said. "I've got along perfectly comfortably for nineteen years without you, and you must have done fairly well for maybe longer than that without me. Why is it necessary?"

"I doped you out for eighteen," he said.

"Well, you're right, really. I'll be nineteen next week. How old does that make you?"

"Is it absolutely necessary for me to tell you?"

"Not a speck. I really don't care, which is why I asked you. But if you're going to make me marry you—"

"I'm twenty-three," he informed her. "Is that all right?"

"I don't know, is it?" she countered.

"This talk's foolish," Todd stated sternly. "What I asked you five minutes ago was when I was going to see you again."

"Would tonight do?" she asked with seeming meekness.

"Tonight is much too far away, but it will do, I suppose. Why can't I ditch Rumson and go home with you now? I'd lose my job, of course, because he's my boss, but what's a job or two? I'll probably be fired anyway for incompetence or something."

To his astonishment her face froze. She stood stiffly, her hands tight at her sides. "I forgot about dad," she said in a bleak voice.

"But what about tonight?" Todd demanded.

"Oh, you'll be at the club. Mr. Rumson always brings his people. I'll be wearing a green dress."

"Do you think I'll need that to pick you out?"



"Come on," she said and started across the lawn back toward the house. "Oh, gosh, I hope I'm in time."

Todd Santon asked Rumson several judicious questions about Tabitha Kent, and he found out many things. The things didn't matter because Todd knew that he had fallen heels over head in love with Tabby and that nothing would ever matter anyway except that.

It seemed that her father was a personage in Upland; master of hounds for the hunt and also a member of the county polo team. Tabby's mother had divorced him five or six years before because of habitual intoxication. At first Tabby had lived with her mother, but lately, more and more, she had taken to staying with Lije—short for Elijah.

The Kents were from Vermont, which was why they stuck to funny names like Elijah and Tabitha. Lije had announced that he would dedicate his life to demonstrating the fact that all born Vermonters weren't cast in the conservative image and it had certainly given Lije an excuse to become better and better acquainted with applejack.

"A man ought to know when to stop," said Todd.

"You said it," observed Rumson. "But Tabby's all wrong



They danced once around. Tabby seemed to float with him, Todd thought. It was as if they were alone in a private sort of heaven—only it was more beautiful than a heaven could be

too. She crabs Lije all of the time. And that isn't fair of her."

"Does she really?"

"You said it. Rides right on his neck. He takes it as a joke, and of course it is—but just the same it's uncomfortable for people. Makes them embarrassed. She comes right out with it, no matter who's around or anything. Why, one night I actually heard her telling him he'd had too much. His own daughter, mind you."

Todd Santon agreed that Tabitha was foolish. But he added hastily that undoubtedly she was young; no experience.

"That's right," said Rumson, nodding profoundly. "Lije is all right. He can stand it. Regular ox. Gets up at six every morning, motors to the club, gets out his horse, takes a cross-country ride rain or shine, motors back to his house, bathes, changes and catches the eight-ten. No matter how he was the night before, he always does that. Nothing the matter with a

man like that, do you think so?"

"You bet," said Todd.

He gave ear to what Rumson was telling him about Tabitha's father simply because it was a vicarious means of hearing about Tabitha herself. The thought flashed across his consciousness that he had seen her only once, and then for but a few minutes. He pondered this and wanted to laugh. Once was enough. Enough? Why, the very suddenness of it was essential. That was the only way real love could come.

He ate dinner in a haze, and presently, ages later, they were driving to the club.

Tabby was on the floor, dancing with somebody. Whoever he was, Todd reflected, the guy was out of luck. Todd pursued her, dodging through the whirling couples. He caught up with her, laid his hand upon her partner's shoulder, spoke a meaningless word or two. The partner hesitated, smiled, disappeared.

They danced once around. She seemed to float with him. It was as if they were in a private heaven.

THEN they went out together into the summer's night. She seemed to know, as he did, that the occasion was momentous. They walked, and her hand was tight in his.

Todd said, "You know I'm not fooling. I love you. I can't explain it any better than you can. It's—it's just simple, that's all. I mean I don't know how it happened."

Her shoulder seemed to press against his.

He said, "It's—it's fierce. I mean the way it catches you—me, I mean. Oh, Tabby, I love you, I adore you. It probably seems silly to you, but—"

They were out of the circle of lights by now.

Tabitha said a little huskily, "I don't think you're silly. I know what you mean. I mean—"

"You mean you love me too?" he almost shouted.

They were standing still now, facing each other, their hands twined together. She lifted her face, still young but dreamy rather than eager. He bent to kiss her.

It was then that she jumped, pushed fiercely with her hands against him. Automatically he relaxed his hold and she was away from him standing there panting like a frightened animal.

"No," she said loudly.

Todd's outstretched hands slumped to his sides. It was like a bad dream. Nothing meant anything. He wasn't there, really. He simply stared, waiting, as if he were an onlooker. This wasn't himself that this was happening to. It couldn't be.

The girl—her name was Tabitha Kent and he loved her, but that was somehow in another life—the girl faced him, still panting. Suddenly, she began to cry.

He took a step toward her.

It was then that she began to talk. He couldn't tell for a little whether she was talking to herself or to him, but it seemed to be to him. That was [Continued on page 106]



EDNA PETERS ~ An Impression

Of the Young Woman Who Came up from Miami, Florida, to Capture the Title of Typical American Girl

By
One of the Judges

SHE is so natural—that's the first thought any one would have in meeting Edna Peters. She's so normal and unaffected and wholesome. She's so—and this is the keynote of her whole personality—*she's so completely enthusiastic*. There's no air of sophistication about her, no pose! There's no sense of superficiality.

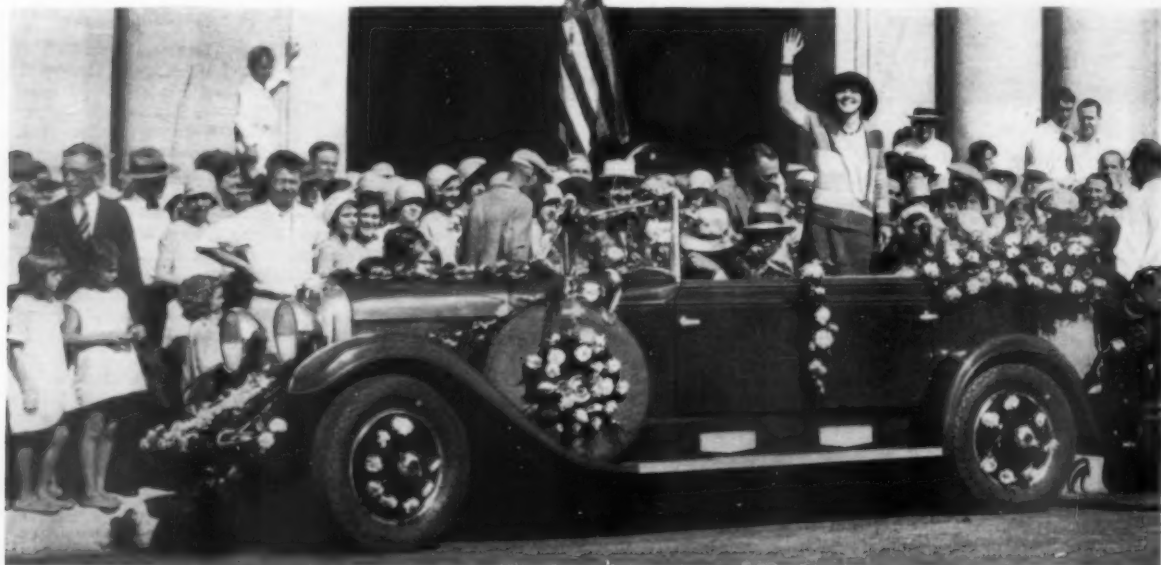
It is pleasant to think that this young woman—chosen from among thousands to bear the title of "Typical American Girl"—is quite unspoiled. But, after all, that is what a typical American girl should be!

I met Edna Peters, first, at a dinner. A get-together dinner at which the staff of this magazine met the eighteen regional winners—chosen in the quest for the Typical American Girl. I must say, here, that the magazine staff—after that dinner—was in a mentally confused state,

for all eighteen of the girls were completely, and almost equally, charming. And Edna, in a coral colored chiffon frock, was one of the most charming parts of the group. She was so sparkling, so gay, so happy. *She was having such an awfully good time!*

All during the busy week—while SMART SET entertained the eighteen excited girls, Edna continued to have a good time. A play or a Park Avenue shopping trip—a bus ride or a tea at the Ritz or a morning at the photographer's—they were all adventures. Her spontaneity and appreciation were felt by every one with whom she came in contact—even as they were felt by the judges!

Later, when the Quest was completed—when Edna Peters was announced as the owner of the coveted title—she was still a-quiver with [Continued on page 134]



When Edna did her "Local Girl Makes Good" even the Miami motor cars wore roses

P & A

Are You Intelligent?

*Can You Answer
The Questions
That Our Typical
American Girls
Found Easy?*



Dr. Kitson giving the Otis Intelligence Test to the regional winners in the quest for the Typical American Girl

HOW INTELLIGENT are you in comparison with the average American young woman?

Suppose you find out by trying the same Intelligence Test that Dr. Harry D. Kitson, noted psychologist of Teachers' College, Columbia University, gave to the eighteen regional winners in SMART SET's quest for the Typical American Girl.

As you know, these girls—ranging in ages from seventeen to twenty-four—did not achieve their laurels by physical beauty alone. Intelligence, character, poise, breeding, viewpoint, charm, personality—all of these played a part in the quest. For that reason the Intelligence Test was one of the most important events in a week crowded with adventure.

Dr. Kitson used the widely known Otis test, which is self administered and is designed for high schools and colleges.

FOLLOWING are twenty of the seventy-five questions given. If you can answer them in six minutes you can call yourself intelligent—and deserve the title!

1. Quiet is related to sound in the same way that darkness is related to?
(Check the correct word and mark its number at extreme right) 1. a cellar 2. sunlight 3. noise 4. stillness 5. loud . . .
2. A party consisted of a man and his wife, his two sons and their wives, and four children in each son's family. How many were there in the party? . . .
3. If 3 pencils cost five cents how many pencils can be bought for fifty cents? . . .
4. If a boy can run at the rate of six feet in $\frac{1}{4}$ of a second, how many feet can he run in ten seconds? . . .
5. A meal always involves (?)
1. a table 2. dishes 3. hunger 4. food 5. water . . .
6. One number is wrong in the following series. What should that number be? . . . 1 4 2 5 3 6 4 7 5 9 6 9
7. Which number in this series appears a second time nearest the beginning? . . . 6 4 5 3 7 8 0 9 5 9 8 8 6 5 4 7 3 0 8 9 1
8. If the words below were arranged to make a good sentence, with what letter would the second word begin?
same means big large the as . . .
9. If the first two statements following are true, the third is (?) Some of Brown's friends are Baptists. Some of

Brown's friends are dentists. Some of Brown's friends are Baptist dentists.

1. true 2. false 3. not certain . . .

10. How many of the following words can be made from the letters in the word LARGEST, using any letter any number of times?
Great, stagger, grasses, trestle, struggle, rattle, garage, strangle . . .
11. What is related to a cube in the same way in which a circle is related to a square?
1. circumference 2. sphere 3. corners 4. solid 5. thickness . . .
12. If the following words were seen on a wall by looking in a mirror on an opposite wall, which word would appear exactly the same as if seen directly? . . .
1. Ohio 2. Saw 3. noon 4. motor 5. Otto
13. Find the two letters in the word DOING which have just as many letters between them in the word as in the alphabet. Print the one of these letters that comes first in the alphabet.
A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
14. Print the letter which is the fourth letter to the left of the letter which is midway between O and S in the alphabet . . .
15. A surface is related to a line as a line is to a (?)
1. solid 2. a plane 3. curve 4. point 5. string
16. A hotel serves a mixture of two parts cream and three parts milk. How many pints of cream will it take to make 15 pints of the mixture? . . .
17. If Frank can ride a bicycle 30 feet while George runs 20 feet, how many feet can Frank ride while George runs 30 feet? . . .
18. A statement the meaning of which is not definite is said to be (?) . . .
1. erroneous 2. doubtful 3. ambiguous 4. distorted 5. hypothetical
19. If a wire 20 inches long is to be cut so that one piece is two-thirds as long as the other piece, how many inches long must the shorter piece be? . . .
20. One number is wrong in the following series. What should it be? 1 3 9 27 81 108
(The answers to these questions will be found on page 130.)



I HAD to get away from my room," said Linda, "and the door was locked. So I climbed out of my window and walked along the ledge that runs all the way around the house"

With the Killer of Malachi Trent Still at Large in Grim Old Cairnstone House, Is It Any Wonder That There Is

MURDER Yet to Come

By

ISABEL BRIGGS MYERS

Illustrations by DELOS PALMER

ON Armistice Night, last year, Peter Jerningham, the playwright, was having dinner with his former comrade at arms, Carl Nilsson, ex-top-sergeant of the Marines and at the moment crack man of the Philadelphia homicide squad.

As Jerningham's friend and secretary I accompanied him practically everywhere, which explains how I happened to get in on the exciting events that began with the appearance in the road house where we were dining of a determined looking, individual who made straight for the phone booths.

When he stepped out of the booth his gaze met ours squarely and he came directly to our table and spoke to Jerningham whom he remembered meeting once at a Lambs' Club dinner.

This man, Ryker, hardly waited for Jerningham to introduce us before plunging into the story that led us post-haste to Cairnstone house, the home of Malachi Trent.

Ryker had in his pocket a marriage license for himself and Linda Marshall, the seventeen-year-old niece of Malachi Trent. He feared that his fiancée was in grave danger and from what he told us on the way he had good reason to fear.

Her uncle Malachi Trent was a wealthy and eccentric old millionaire with a mania for dominating the lives of all with whom he came in contact. Opposition roused him to insane fury and he would go to any length to defeat whoever dared to cross him.

It was in such a mood that he had caused the famous ruby "The Wrath of Kali" to be stolen for him from the Temple of Kali in Assam.

It was in such a mood that he had caused Linda Marshall, the daughter of his sister, who had dared defy him and marry the man she chose, to be brought to Cairnstone House and virtually be kept a prisoner there until Ryker, who had loved her mother, asked for her hand in marriage.

But the old man's strange behavior since the special license had been issued and the threats which he had just made over the phone had led Ryker to enlist our aid in rescuing her.

Cairnstone House was dark as we approached and there was no answer to our ring although Ryker said that four people—Trent, Linda, the housekeeper, Mrs. Ketchem, and Ram Singh, the Hindu servant, must be in there.

We were about to seek other means of entrance when a terrific crash and the sound of a woman's scream drove us to break down the door.

In the dim library we found Linda facing a man, who later proved to be David Trent, Malachi's grandson. Between them on the floor lay the body of Malachi Trent—surrounded by books which he had apparently taken from one of the top shelves. On one side of him lay a grandfather's clock—face down; on the other a ladder from which he had apparently fallen to his death.

Linda said she had been hiding on the window seat when the

crash frightened her but she seemed dazed and Ryker sent her upstairs in care of the housekeeper before calling Doctor Lampton who certified that

Malachi Trent had died instantly as the result of an accidental fall.

After the doctor left Ryker said he would not detain us longer now that Linda was safe.

"I wish I thought so," Jerningham replied. "But, you see, this wasn't an accident. It was murder!"

When Nilsson had unofficially checked Jerningham's reasons he admitted that he might be right. For instance it was queer that everything in the room was covered with dust except the ladder, where Malachi's footprints should have been, the edge of the desk where his head must have struck, and a small table bearing a statue of "Kali, the Destroyer." Queerer still that the top of the grandfather's clock, which he must have clutched to save himself from falling, bore no fingerprints in the dust on top of it. On the desk lay a blank sheet of paper on which the imprint of the opening words of a will were clearly discernible. The top sheet on which the words had actually been written had disappeared. A smear of ink on the face of the dead man and a piece of his broken eye glasses inside the ink well seemed to prove that Malachi had been sitting at his desk writing when a heavy blow from behind had forced his face down upon the desk. How then account for the fact that his body had been found on the floor beside the clock and that Linda had seen nothing until the crash startled her?

David Trent swore that the housekeeper had told him Linda was in her room, that he had been waiting for her in the room across the hall when the crash and Linda's scream startled him. He had forced the library door just as we burst into the hallway. He swore that he had found the door locked and that no one had gone through it either to leave or enter the library. He suggested that the murderer must have left the library by the other door which he could not see from where he stood.

"And if he didn't?" Jerningham demanded.

"If he hadn't," said David, "we would have found him here when we broke in."

"Exactly," said Jerningham. "We did! No one could possibly have gone in or out that other door for it was nailed shut."

For a moment David Trent stared at us wild eyed—then he buried his face in his hands with an agonized moan.

IN THE silence that followed David Trent's remorseful cry, my heart sank lower and lower. His testimony, given in his ignorance that the other door was nailed shut, meant that Linda had been alone with Malachi Trent in the locked library when the murder occurred. Could that be true, or

was David lying to save himself? It was not easy to tell. "In the light of the facts as you know them now," Jerningham said at last, "do you want to swear to a different story?"

The young man's face darkened with a painful flush.

"No, damn you! I took your word about the door, and you made a Judas of me with your questions. I retract all I said, and you can go to the devil!"

He stalked away from us, to stand staring out the black front windows.

"Judas?" Ryker said softly, with a deadly thrust in his voice. "Judas? You—you mean you betrayed—with a kiss?"

Young Trent whirled round, his face black with rage.

"It's none of your infernal meddling business what I mean!" he cried. "If you haven't enough respect for Linda—"

The two men glared at each other, sudden hatred in both faces.

"I have so much respect for Linda," Ryker interrupted with cold fury, "that I do not consider your story implicates her in the least. It merely shows you up as a liar and a coward, trying to shift your own crime on to a girl's shoulders."

Young Trent started in Ryker's direction with a vicious lunge. Nilsson stepped between.

"Hold on," he snapped. "We haven't time for a private scrap, even if you are both crazy about the same girl. She's in a bad jam. We've got to work this out as reasonable men."

"Reasonable hell!" David Trent retorted. "Call me a murderer, a liar, a coward—then ask me to be reasonable!"

"I ask you to hold your horses and help us get at the truth. And not blow up at the suggestion that you committed the murder."

David Trent's face hardened.

"I don't know that I mind particularly being credited with the murder," she flung at us. "Whoever killed my grandfather did a public service!"

"I'm inclined to agree," Ryker said coldly. "The point of my remarks, however, concerned a liar and a coward."

NILSSON grunted his impatience. "Better ease up on the personalities," he advised Ryker. "When Mr. Trent told his story, he didn't know that he was clearing himself at Linda's expense."

"He knows it now," insisted Ryker.

"Imagine what you like," David said sullenly. "I don't give a damn."

"I'm not going to imagine," Nilsson took him up sternly. "I've got to know a lot. For instance, what did Linda mean when she said, as she left the library, 'You didn't go'?"

No answer.

"Where did she think you were going?"

No answer.

"When was the last time you saw her?"

No answer.

"You aren't making things any easier for yourself or for her by this sort of conduct, you know."

David Trent shrugged his shoulders.

"Nor for you," he commented shortly.

"All right," Nilsson said brusquely, and reached for the phone. "If you won't help us, the local authorities will."

David Trent came suddenly to life and moved to stop him.

"Good Lord!" he cried anxiously. "You wouldn't turn this mess over to them!"

"I'll do just that if you don't behave yourself," Nilsson promised grimly. "I'm putting my official neck in the noose by not reporting this at once. For Linda's sake I'm going to stop, look and listen first. But I won't stand for any hindrance. You'll promise to give me a free hand, stay within reach, and answer questions—or I'll call the District Attorney."

"You win," young Trent admitted. "I'll promise whatever

you like but I don't answer any more questions tonight."

"You won't need to," Jerningham intervened. And then, with a hint of a quirk at one corner of his mouth, "But we'd appreciate an invitation to stay at Cairnstone House."

"Compulsory house party?" asked David Trent, almost cheerfully. "Very well. I think you're a bunch of damned meddlers. But as between you, or the local police and the newspapers—better the devil I know than the devil I know not. Ram Singh, will you prepare rooms for these gentlemen?"

"No hurry. We're not ready to turn in for a while yet." Jerningham told the impassive Hindu, who was already moving to the door. "Better fix young Mr. Trent's room first.



We're going to dispense with his assistance for the rest of the evening."

Young Trent hesitated visibly.

"I'd advise you to go," Jerningham said, in a matter-of-fact voice. "You need to figure out the answers to the questions we'll ask tomorrow."

"And how!" young Trent agreed fervently.

He followed Ram Singh through the door, then turned for a last word.

"I hope," he said with cordial venom, "you all climb out your windows in your sleep and break your damned necks."

When the two of them, new master and old servant, had disappeared up the stairs, we four "meddlers" drifted with one accord into the davenport and great chairs around the dead fire, and reached into our pockets for our characteristic smokes. Nilsson and Ryker brought out cigarettes, Jerningham and I our pipes.

"Well, what do you make of it, Nilsson?" Jerningham demanded after the first puff.

The big man was slow about answering, and Ryker's cigarette hung unnoticed between his lean brown fingers as he waited.

"I'm sure of only one thing," Nilsson answered at last. "Linda

brought to the task were amazing. When he finished his measurements and scrutiny of walls, ceiling and floor, Saint Thomas himself could have felt no further doubt.

"Well, that settles it," Nilsson said at last. "There's no other exit. So young Trent's lying. He did it himself."

Jerningham seemed a bit troubled.

"If young Trent killed Trent—confound it, there are too many Trents in this. Let's call the young one David and the old one Malachi—if David killed Malachi, and his story is a lie—then who broke in the library door?"

"David—before the murder," Nilsson answered, thinking aloud.

JERNINGHAM slouched lower in his corner of the davenport.

"That's no good," he disparaged. "Whoever killed Malachi came in peaceably without disturbing him—or else so softly Malachi never heard him at all."

"Where do you get that?" Nilsson demanded skeptically.

"It's obvious," Jerningham retorted. "The bit of glass in the ink bottle established that the old man was killed by a blow from behind while he was sitting at his desk, presumably leaning forward over the will he was writing. He wasn't in the least apprehensive, or he'd have dropped what he was doing and faced his visitor, revolver in hand if necessary. He certainly wouldn't have sat with his back turned so carelessly on a man who had just broken in his library door."

Nilsson looked slightly nettled.

"If the door wasn't broken in after the murder, as David says, or before the murder, as I say, when was it done?"

"It was faked," Jerningham declared. "Faked like everything else—to furnish the final proof that Malachi's death was an accident. The last thing David did, in setting his stage, was to yank that bolt-socket off the door casing. Then he pushed over the clock, and rushed for the hall, planning to be found by the rest of the household in the act of struggling with a bolted door, which would yield to his efforts just as the others came on the scene."

"Then why didn't we find him in the hall outside the door?" Nilsson demanded.

"Something upset his plan," Jerningham answered. "I suppose it was the sudden appearance of Linda. Of course he hadn't known she was there at all. If she came to life before he got out of the room, he never had a chance to play his door-breaking scene."

"Mm! Maybe, but there's a hole in your theory!" Nilsson pointed out with friendly malice. "How could David break down the door from the inside? With nothing but a door knob to grab, and no chance to throw his weight against it?"

"That's easy enough," Jerningham countered. "It would only take a minute or two—and a penknife—to start the screws that held the socket, and turn 'em half way out. Then he could yank the socket loose with one or two good jerks at the door. Anything else?"

"No, I guess not," Nilsson conceded reluctantly. "It's another one of those theories of yours! Just plausible enough to fit all the known facts, and defy contradiction—though I'm convinced it's all wet!"

"I'll admit there's some basis for your feeling this time," Jerningham said. "There's one fearful hole which you haven't mentioned. Why did David arrange all this elaborate hocus-pocus about a bolted door, to establish that the room was locked tight—and entirely neglect to lock the other door?"

"The other door was nailed shut," I put in.

"Yes, but David didn't know it. Whether his testimony tonight was true or false, he certainly gave it in the belief that the other door was fastened. [Continued on page 126]



Mrs. Ketchum stood in the doorway, looking more than ever like a venomous old witch. David was standing just behind her. How long they had been listening there we could only guess

didn't kill Malachi Trent. Of that I'm absolutely certain."

Ryker began smoking again.

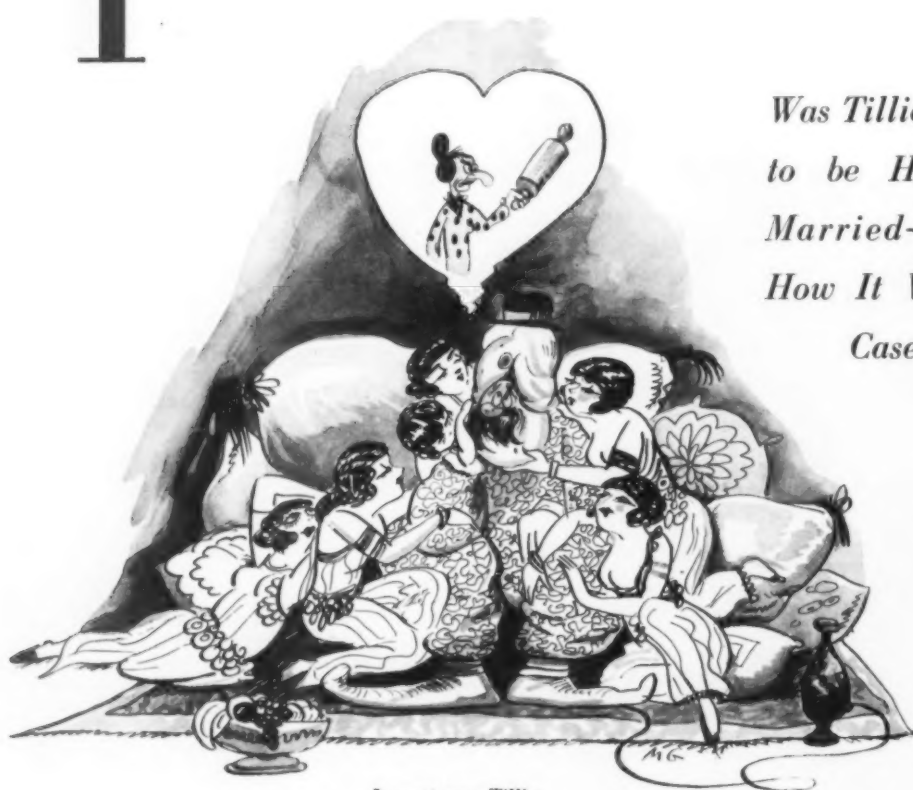
"What about young Trent?" Jerningham pursued.

"Well, he's either lying, or telling the truth. If he's lying I'm satisfied he's the murderer. If he's telling the truth, then there must be another way out of this room. And we'll have to find it."

"I hope there is," Jerningham mused, "but I doubt it very much."

"Thing to do is find out," Nilsson growled, and tossing his unfinished cigarette into the fireplace, he tackled the job forthwith. The method, patience, and ingenuity which he

TREAT 'EM Rough



I want my Tillie

*Was Tillie's Idea of How
to be Happy, Though
Married—and, Gosh,
How It Worked in the
Case of Otto!*

By
**MILT
GROSS**

*(He Drew the
Pictures,
Too)*

OTTO OOMPLOUF was huge and ponderous with an enormous walrus mustache and an iron hat. He was never without his iron hat. He ate, slept, bathed and put the garbage on the dumbwaiter in his iron hat. Otto was a tender-hearted, sentimental, home-loving pachyderm, following every move of his Tillie with great, sad, glistening eyes.

Tillie was a runty red-headed scarecrow that could dive through a screen door without hitting a wire. Three quarters of her was a nose upon which Charlie Chaplin could have left whole footprints, and all put together she was an A-number-one, nasty-tempered specimen of a termagant shrew.

Otto adored her. She beat him with rolling pins, and he worshipped the ground she walked—that is, the ground she jumped up and down on. Tillie never walked, she always jumped up and down.

Once when Tillie was jumping up and down, and an over-worked curtain pole in her hands was keeping time to her foot falls, on Otto's bean, Otto sneezed. Still jumping, Tillie exclaimed:

"Oh, my Gawd!!!! With all the flu going around too!! Otto Oomplouf don't you dare to go to bed tonight without a mustard plaster and a hot water bag!! Pay (biff) attention!!! Do you (bang! crash) want to (boom) be getting laid up sick?" Which proved that she loved him in her own rough way.

Having no children, heirs or other brands of descendants that could grow up to sign his name on their report cards,

Otto was a great favorite with the neighborhood brats. His advent home of an evening was always marked by the rear end of the trolley sagging as the front lifted; an immediate cessation of Prisoners' Base, Ringeleevio, and Hop-Scotch, and a procession of dirty faces and worn stockings in which Otto figured as the Eskimo-Pied piper, tailing down the street. In this case the mountain took the form of one Pincus Garfinkle, Candy, Ice-Cream, Soda Water, Inc., who would spot the cavalcade from a crow's-nest atop the wooden Indian, and immediately adjure his son Hymie:

"Hymie! Run upstairs quick and tell mamma she shell come down to help in the store!!!"

Not for nothing was the eagle-eyed Mrs. Garfinkle commandeered from the kitchen sink. After each visit of Otto's guests, Pincus was strongly tempted to join the Mutual Stores Anti-Shoplifting Protective Association. Then Mrs. Garfinkle was pressed into service with her camera eye, and they ran it on the cafeteria plan and all the neighborhood mammas used to wonder why Petey and Tommy and Aggie couldn't eat their supper.

ESPECIALLY did Otto delight in playing fairy god-father to little Sammy Berk, the twelve-year-old rascal of his close friends who lived a few doors up the street.

Next to rolling up his sleeves on a Sunday mid-day, pushing back his iron hat and wading into a tooreen full of Tillie's delicious cabbage-kraut in which cubic yards of beef were swimming, nothing gave Otto greater joy than to come tip-



And by the way, dear,
don't forget to take
your aspirin!

"He promised me an erector set, Uncle Otto."
"An erector set, eh? Well, well, we'll have to see what we can do about that! Let's see now. Close your eyes and open your hands, Sammy!"

Then the usual rite would be performed. Mrs. Berk would come in from the kitchen wiping her hands on her apron and repeat her simpering.

"Oh, Otto, Otto, you shouldn't be doing these things. You're spoiling the child!" Otto's vast bulk would grow bulkier, thriving on the gladness he had brought to the young heart and Mr. Berk would start breaking his neck over the unbreakable doll, the roller skates, autos, tractors, magic lanterns and other toys which threatened to crowd them out on the fire escape.

But the crowning glory of Otto's benefactions was achieved one Christmas time. Through some sixth sense, as frogs read music, Otto had become aware of young Sammy's desire for a bicycle, and for weeks before, had given himself over heart and soul to the fulfillment of the urchin's dream.

There it stood, hidden behind the curtain in the spare room. Otto would leave the dinner table, cabbage-kraut and all, to tiptoe in, and pull back the curtain. Then he would gaze fondly, lovingly at it. His great eyes shining glowing with anticipated pleasure, as he glossed over the smooth polished bars. He fondled it, enraptured by the shiny nickel, the glittering spokes, the newness of the leather seat, the gleaming lamp, patting and stroking it like a child. He could hardly contain himself till Christmas. At last the great day arrived.

Nothing would do for Otto but to rig himself up in a Santa Claus outfit to do justice to the big occasion. Tillie called him a big fat fool.

But it would have warmed the heart of a concrete gargoyle to see Otto, on Christmas morning, his eyes shining like constellations, glowing eagerly in the fruition of his beneficence.

The enraptured Sammy took one look and with a joyful, "Gee, I'm gonna coast down the driveway," became then and there welded to the seat. From that time on, events in the neighborhood were dated as of either before or after Otto gave the bike to Sammy and the local section of the Sunday paper printed a picture of Santa Oomp-louf, Sammy and the bike all under the caption, "Connecticut Zebra adopts family of Jack Rabbits."

THEN came the summer, and away went Tillie to a seashore hotel. A great grief and misery settled down upon Otto like a week-end visitor to a bungalow. His huge mustache drooping dolefully, he roamed the hot, dry, deserted flat in his iron hat and B.V.D's. This was the first time Tillie had gone away without him, and he couldn't quite feel what to make of it. It was new, strange, an emptiness—something missing. The whole house felt vaguely like a face without a nose. He brooded. First mournfully, then somewhat savagely.

toeing into the Berk apartment holding one hand mysteriously behind his back. Then he would say:

"Hello, Sammy!"

"Hello, Uncle Otto!"

"You been a good boy, Sammy?"

"Yes, Uncle Otto!"

"What did the Wog-glywoof (a vague character-sort of a ghost Santa Claus employed by Otto since Sammy's babyhood) promise you if you was a good boy, Sammy?"

For Otto, in spite of latitude and longitude, could hold his own with any one of the great lovers of history. Beneath those rolls of fat, beat a romantic heart that burned with all the hot flaming ardor of a De Maupassant hero!! When Otto loved he went at it the same way that he went at a tooreen of cabbage-kraut, and his burning, quivering passion was all centered in his carrot-topped Tillie. Just Tillie! So he wrote to Tillie and she answered him. The correspondence ran somewhat as follows:

July 15.

Darling My Tillie,

Walked the floor all night. Miss you like anything. Had supper, soda crackers and liverwurst. Played checkers with the janitor and tossed and bounced in bed all night. Oh, how I miss you Tillie. Used up last of clean pillow slips. Now what? Wish summer was over. Think I'll come out Sunday. Love.

OTTO.

July 16.

Otto,

Don't come. Hotel packed. Two strangers in my room and one of the huzzies with a dirty dog besides. Had lamb chops for dinner. Send me parcel post the dirty pillow slips. Also in the medicine chest there's a jar of vanishing cream. Look at the label good.

TILLIE.

July 18.

Darling, is Otto miserable!!! Lonesome! Here I am sitting in the rocker thinking of you and crying. Had supper, swiss cheeze and ginger snaps. Hung around drug store. Ate four onions, but couldn't sleep. Gosh, I miss you! Played my Gal Sal on zither. House getting dirty something terrible. Try to come home.

OTTO.

July 20.

Otto,

The doctor's wife lost five dollars playing poker. Well, you'd have thought Hoover was going to hear about it. Found a tack in the soup. The fat one is from Brooklyn. I think it's a wig she wears. The other one rubs stuff on her face all night long and I can't sleep what with the light burning. Stay in the house till the painters get through, them crooks. Mrs. Goldblatt's Jakey stabbed a waiter this morning.

TILLIE.

July 25.

Tillie, come home.

OTTO.

[Continued on page 114]



Three guesses—who is it? What a situation!

*Many A Girl Has
Become Engaged While
Playing Tennis Because*

You Meet

By

JOSEPHINE
BENTHAM

WHEN her older sister came back from the state university Nora Gilroy decided not to go to college. She stood, as fastidious as a Persian cat, in the midst of the debris in Marjory's bedroom, looking with a gentlewoman's distaste at flannel pennants, two huge year books bound in mottled purple leather, several ink-stained volumes of Elizabethan poetry, a pair of black bombazine running shorts and what Marjory said were pictures of all the girls.

Nora looked at the pictures, and at Marjory. In the fall Marjory was to marry a worthy but unexciting young man who had wooed, won and very nearly kissed her in the university library. Marjory had taken her B.A. and the young man had taken his M.A., but Nora marked with gentle detachment that Marjory and Robert, the B.A. and the M.A., were coming back to Emmettsville. They had started from Emmettsville in the first place. It had all been just a run around the block, Nora thought.

Some minutes later Nora sat upon the lap of the tired little man who was her father, her worshipper, her friend and her accomplice. Morton Gilroy was honorary member of that society of individuals who were Fools About Nora. The secret about Nora was that she was small, with a curly mop of yellow hair and rotogravure legs—but that back of all this was a strength like fine steel which won all the tennis tournaments in Emmettsville and successfully held off the kind of young man who lunged and plunged.

"Dad," said Nora confidentially, "I'm not going to be educated. Gonna go on just being dumb."

"Going to be married?" said Morton Gilroy instantly.

"Later on. But Emmettsville's too small. Dad, you know it's too small and too Main Street for me!"

There was a silence, suddenly an embarrassed silence, and during this unusual interval Nora noticed the shininess of the blue serge over the tired shoulders.

"Dad! I didn't mean—Dad!"

She knew, then, what she had said. She knew, with that perceptiveness which ran in a gold thread of wisdom through the follies of her seventeen years, that her father and her mother were Emmettsville.

"Mr. and Mrs. Morton Gilroy returned this week from a



vacation in Hoosier Camp where they spent the past two weeks."

"Mr. and Mrs. Morton Gilroy were at home to their friends on the occasion of their twenty-fifth anniversary last Thursday night."

"Mr. Morton Gilroy, one of Emmettsville's most up-and-coming business men, has bought a fine house in the new Elmside Subdivision."

Even, long ago: "Mrs. Morton Gilroy entertained Wednesday afternoon with a surprise party celebrating the birthday

Such Nice People

Illustrations by

RAYMOND SISLEY



Nora looked at the class pictures, at the uninteresting clothes, and at her sister—just graduated from the university and decided not to go to college

of her youngest daughter, Nora Gilroy, who was ten this week."

"Dad! I didn't mean—"

He patted her shoulder gently with one thin hand.

"Now, now. But there's this, honey—now, you take New York. New York's full of people like us, all living in two rooms instead of eight. Come to think of it, you dance to the same radios, go to the same movies and wear the same clothes. My gosh, you and Marjory couldn't wear your skirts shorter in Paris. Yes, and the girls marry the boys, and

raise their families, rain or shine, two rooms or eight. See, honey?"

"It's not exactly about New York, Dad."

"Now, now. Last year it was all New York. New York, New York, New York. But it wasn't so bad being the most popular girl in old Emmettsville High, was it now? I don't say you should stay here all your days unless it should come out that way but you couldn't do better. Look at it this way—it's your town, nobody can push you off a sidewalk. You go down the street and it's hello to this one and hello to that one—"

"I know, Dad. But—"

"Dinner," said Ida Gilroy, suddenly in the doorway. "Nora baby, you forgot to set the table. It doesn't matter," she added hastily, "but if I live to be a hundred I can't put the buns inside the napkins the way you like."

"Is it anything special?" her husband queried vaguely.

"Marjory's first night home from college," she reminded him placidly enough.

Nobody, not even Marjory, could ever be annoyed, seriously, with any members of that society of individuals who were Fools About Nora.

AFTER dinner Nora Gilroy went three times to the telephone and said three times, "Thanks awfully. But I'm dated. I really am. But thanks awfully."

Yet each of these statements was a lie, intensified in guilt by the lie which had preceded it. Nora was alone. The Currans, from next door, were coming over to play bridge with her father and mother. And Marjory was going downtown to a movie with Robert. Nora went upstairs to her room, fished a crumpled paper packet out of a blue velvet box and smoked a cigarette.

Emmettsville! If you were seventeen you had to hide your cigarettes in a jewelry box. If you were twenty-two you went to a movie and had a choc malt after the second show. If you were forty-three you played bridge for a tenth of a cent a point.

Nora attempted a smoke ring. She had read in a magazine. "She blew a smoke ring that was like a child's blue bracelet." But Nora's fumbled, wavered, vanished in a small blurred cloud.

Emmettsville! If you went to college you merely came back again with a lot of snapshots of homely girls you'd roomed with. If you married you moved across the street from your father's house, everybody being in agreement that Elm Avenue was the nicest street in town.

Frequently Nora read Vanity Fair. She considered Emmettsville from the viewpoint of a this-season's-debutante-photographed-on-the-sands.

Babies. Children. ("Emmettsville is Justly Proud of its Public Schools.") Boys and Girls. Announcements in the Emmettsville Times. A nice little house for thirty dollars a month and a box of Community Chest from the family.

"Oh, my goodness!" said Nora aloud.

Then she heard her father's voice, "Nora! Phone! Nora!"

It was Daphne Connor. Daphne had news. Her voice went up to its peak of shrill excitement, cracked, went on with a husky, "Just think, my dear!" The news concerned Nora, not Daphne, but Daphne was generous—and she was,

moreover, just another one of the Fools About Nora Gilroy.

She was, it developed, violating the sacred confidences of her brother Tom, chairman of the country club committee. The club according to Tom was planning to finance the expenses of its two tennis stars, representing each well-known sex, in order that these two should represent Emmettsville at an invitation tournament in Detroit. It was a whim on the part of a wealthy tennis club in the Michigan town which wanted to be kind to the backwoods. "We are sure," ran the letter, "that there is buried talent in the smaller towns." This was to have nothing to do with the state tournaments—it was to be in the nature of an unofficial accolade upon Michigan's best.

"Of course," said Daphne, "you and Dick Marple will win the tournament here. And, my dear, in Detroit—anyhow when you play tennis you *do* meet such nice people!"

Everybody knew that. Even Daphne Connor knew it. Golf maybe. Tennis certainly.

In the first place Nora Gilroy had liked to play tennis because she liked the look of a tennis ball smashing violently just inside the chalk. Later on she could hardly help being aware that the social background of the game was vastly becoming to her, just as her white tennis frocks and the jade-green ribbon about her hair were becoming to her.

Heretofore, however, it had been like stepping into a correct and pretty frame for the delectation of Emmettsville which liked her, frame or no frame. The advantage of meeting nice people had been limited to the advantage of meeting the nice people who lived in Emmettsville—most of them in the Elm-side Subdivision. In other words, it was less an advantage than an inevitable annoyance.

After the first shock of excitement, she went up the stairs again soberly, having realized well enough that never again must she attempt to express the inexpressible to a father who *was* Emmettsville—Emmettsville walking about in tired flesh and shiny blue serge. It was necessary to admit to no one but to herself just what the tournament in Detroit meant to her—and even this secret meaning was vague, beyond definition. It comprised the "nice people," of course, and the possibilities which such people offered to Nora Gilroy who was very young and very greedy for life.

There was no doubt that she would go—she and Dick Marple together. She thought of Dick for a moment, wondering with some amusement if he would be a social asset or a social handicap. He would be neither, she decided in the end. He would be nothing more nor less than two tennis racquets and three new tennis balls, walking quietly around. When Dick wasn't playing tennis he was thinking about it—perfecting his serve in a tennis court that ran through his mind about level with his eyebrows.

Nora smiled. But she almost despised herself, thinking about Dick. She played for love of the game too, of course—but likewise for love of her white frocks, of the woolly socks folded so deftly over her ankles, of the bright silk band that she wore about her hair. Yes, and for love of the little courtesies of the game, of the charming people who sang out, "Sorry!" and, "Well played!" as they danced about the courts.

"But this is my chance," she said aloud fervently. "This is my chance!"

THEY were feted and made much of—the players from the backwoods. Nora was satisfied that her tennis clothes were even more expensively simple than those of Nita Ellis, daughter of the motor magnate. There were too many white buttons down the front of Nita Ellis's dress, Nora thought, and was naively pleased. Nor was it difficult in the evenings, when two straight yards of gentian blue crêpe de chine gave her an air that was Parisian.

As for the tournament itself, Nora did not distinguish herself. She lost in the preliminary matches to that same Nita Ellis of the too many buttons. But Dick Marple went through to the finals and emerged with a little silver cup which he kept wrapped up carefully in its green velvet blanket. He went back to Emmettsville immediately after the last set.

But Nora stayed to conquer—and to be conquered, if possible. She stayed in the Detroit home of Mrs. Theodore Olmstead who moved in a world in which there was occasional talk of finance, but never any talk of money. It never occurred to Nora that the women of this world married, had

babies, grew old and had grandchildren. Miraculously they seemed to have escaped the inevitable order of life as it obtained in Emmettsville. Nora Gilroy thought of them, forever pouring tea, dancing in bright dresses, lounging in great fan-backed chairs through the lazy summer afternoons.

Yet underneath this enchantment was still her innate shrewdness which saw that Daphne Connor would have been just as pretty as Nita Ellis, if Daphne could have bought her clothes in the little shops on the Rue de la Paix, as Nita did. And Daphne had better-looking legs, she decided.

To this degree she was loyal to Emmettsville. Yet, she thought exultantly, she had been right and her father wrong—there had never been anybody like Alan Harman in her own home town!

Alan was a friend of young Dinky Olmstead's, and in the house frequently. He had been in the tournament—only defeated by Dick Marple in the finals. But Nora thought that Alan's game was better than Dick's. His forehand drive was strong, precise and beautiful to see. Nora watched that forehand drive of his through a hot glaze of tears. She knew now what people meant when they talked about a knife twisting cruelly in a person's heart. It was rather like that, she thought wonderingly.

THE tournaments were over, as well as the third day of her week with the Olmsteads, and she had not spoken more than a dozen words to Alan Harman. She had danced with him several times, but always in silence. She could not say to Alan that the night was marvelous and the music keen. Perhaps he was bored with the night and with the music and with her. He would only say something about the summer nights in Paris or the music in New York . . . and then where would she be? Talking about Emmettsville, all hot and bothered.

So she said nothing and he said nothing and the third day of her week with the Olmsteads was at an end.

But on the afternoon of the fourth day, when Nora was alone on the tennis court, batting balls over the net as listlessly as if they had been so many spoonfuls of ice cream, Alan Harman joined her, having strolled away from young Dinky at the steps of the house.

For a while they rallied, Nora played tennis better than she did anything in the world, and had an honest pride in it, but now her wrist was weak and she struck ball after ball into the net. They had a game and she was defeated miserably, in spite of the fact that he tried to give it to her.

She thought, "He'll think I have an idea this is 1890. I ought to play croquet in a hoop skirt. Just about my speed. Oh, what a fool he'll think I am!"

But she managed to smile brightly enough.

"Ready?"

Her serve was weak. The ball bounced lightly at his feet and just as lightly he struck it just over the net. She had been expecting the famous forehand drive. But when she ran forward to return the easy ball she smashed it over the line.

She came to the net, bouncing the stray balls to her racquet.

"Game!" she said. "Sorry—I'm a bore today—"

He was courteous. He paid her some casual compliment, but she felt that he was indifferent if not a little amused. They were standing on either side of the net and she looked up at him anxiously in a sort of silent apology for being alive and in the same world with him at all.

Then, quite suddenly, he bent down and kissed her. And immediately afterwards he was bouncing a ball up and down as if he had not kissed her at all. She thought confusedly, "It may be just a kind of custom—just what they do as a matter of course—in New York." Constrainedly they walked back to the house together and at the foot of the staircase he left her, just as abruptly as he had kissed her.

There was no other word of him until that night when, at the dinner table, Mrs. Olmstead spoke of him lightly to her young brother-in-law:

"I'm sorry your friend has left us, Dinky. I liked Alan—a nice boy. By the way," she added, turning casually to her other guests, "Mr. Harman told me he was sorry he couldn't say good-by to you individually. You were so scattered. Oh, Mrs. Olden, how did the tennis come on this morning?"

And that was all. Nora agreed miserably with the man on her left that the night was an unusual one for July, so balmy, so like a night in spring.

Upon her return to Emmettsville, Nora found that May Purdy was engaged and that Mrs. Jack Darrow had had her baby.

"It all seems so—so unimportant," she told Marjory.

Marjory smiled good humoredly.

"Wait'll you see," she said.

"Yes?" said Nora, rather acidly.

It would have been impossible to confide in Marjory. Marjory, after all, was engaged to Robert Harper, who was about as exciting as the front page of the Emmettsville Times. And as a consequence Nora thought of Marjory's excitement about him as an inferior order of palpitation, absurd and rather undignified. It was rather as if her mother should suddenly begin giggling over the telephone when engaged in conversation with her father.

But it was very difficult to tell anybody of Alan. As if a swift, sparkling star had shot through the summer sky—and no one in Emmettsville had seen the star—or, being told of it, could appreciate its glory.

Alan's kiss had been rather scornful, she thought, a perfunctory gesture—but very pleasant. And she could not blame him for his casual kiss and his casual leave-taking. Any Emmettsville boy would have felt committed to further attentions, to renewed ardor. Nobody else could have kissed her so, and gone away so nonchalantly. She decided that this must remain a cherished memory, rather like an episode in some exciting memoirs of Mayfair. But she wished terribly that he had not gone away.

MARJORY noticed that she was grieving—"moping" was Marjory's word.

"Greta Garbo's been on a whole week. You adore Greta Garbo and you haven't even—"

"Oh, Marjory!"

"Well, ever since you've come back from Detroit you've been different. Maybe it's our table manners. Maybe they're small town. Did anything happen to you? Did you fall in love?"

"Yes."

"Oh!"

"You don't know anything about it," said Nora rudely. "You couldn't imagine—nobody in this town could possibly imagine—what it's like, what he's like, what the whole doggone thing's like. There's no good your trying. It's all just so much Main Street to you and Robert and May Purdy and Tom and all the rest of you. Well, I don't care!"

Marjory pulled the child to her lap. From the time she was six years old, saying sturdily, "Well, I don't care!" she had been pulled to people's laps.

Nora cried for a little while.

"I'm sorry I was insulting," she said at last.

"All right," said Marjory affably. "But you've got to snap out of these blues, honey. Because, leaving Bob aside, they're all alike. One man's as good as another—same old run around the block. D'you mind a blind date tonight?"

"I'm not going out. I'm going to put new shoulder straps on my brassieres."

"You've only got one brassiere and you never wear that. Now don't talk a lot of rot, darling, and besides I want you to help us out. This is a friend of Bob's he wants especially



Nora looked up into Alan's face and saw there something that she didn't quite understand. The word of apology froze on her lips

to entertain. He says he's not bad looking. Kind of a shrimp but not bad looking—as men go. He's from Portersville and he and Bob are going to do some research work together there, in the lab at the U. He's going to get his medical degree next year. And Bob says he isn't a bit bad looking really. Please, Nora!"

RESIGNEDLY Nora put on her brocaded silver slippers and pinned a narrow silver band about her curly hair. The extremes were charming. But the old green dress would do for the medical shrimp, she decided. She could not wear the new slippers and the dress of gentian blue, because that would have been in the nature of treachery. And she was annoyed because Marjory said the old green dress was much more becoming, after all.

"Blue's my color!" she insisted crossly, and went down the stairs with Marjory as their father called, after his fashion, "Marjie! Nora! Boy friends!" [Continued on page 96]

The SPORT of



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Minot Amory as very much interested spectators at the Laurel Races. Mrs. Amory was formerly Margaret Emerson of Baltimore, but she is known, in racing circles, under the nom de course of the Sagamore Stable

International

*There May Have Been
a Time When Racing
Was Controlled by Pro-
fessional Gamblers!
But Now the Feminine
Half of the Social Reg-
ister Has Stepped into
the Game*



Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt and Mrs. J. P. Widener at the opening of the Westchester Racing Association meet at Belmont Park. These names are as well known at the track as they are on Park Avenue

International

AUX LES DAMES! Racing, long and honorably known as the sport of kings, has of recent years become more and more the favorite recreation of women high in the social world until today the members of the fair sex who maintain stables of thoroughbreds are legion. And just at the time that the Prince of Wales has disposed of his horses! Is there something sinister about this? Will the turf in future years become feminine to the extent of overshadowing such names as Harry Payne Whitney, Joseph P. Widener and W. R. Coe? It must be remembered that the two most important three-year-old classics in America, to wit the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness at Pimlico, have been won by members of the so-called weaker sex, the filly, Regret, winning the derby for H. P. Whitney, and Nellie Morse, named for the cartoonist's mother, capturing the Maryland stake for "Bud" Fisher.

There is a famous turf adage that racing is romance. But racing is much more than that—it is healthful, fascinating, and it must be confessed usually quite profitable. It is well known how Mrs. John D. Hertz of Chicago paid eleven thousand dollars for Reigh Count and won something like a hundred and fifty thousand with him in two seasons. This colt, the most popular American thoroughbred today, is at present in England, seeking new worlds to conquer. Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt paid a Kentucky breeder fifty thousand dollars for her splendid red gelding, Sarazen, and has won more than four times that amount in purses, together with enough silver plate to decorate a mansion. Glade, a filly, was bred by his owner, Mrs. Payne Whitney, and won one race, the Pimlico Futurity, which netted fifty thousand dollars.

MRS. PAYNE WHITNEY long has been one of the most enthusiastic sportswomen in this country. With her, racing is far more than a hobby. Using the *nom de course* of the Greentree Stable, her colors, pink, black stripes on sleeves, and black cap, are famous wherever the sport flourishes. She is a familiar figure at Belmont Park and Saratoga, taking the keenest sort of interest in her horses, naming them with care and racing them with honor and profit.

Perhaps Mrs. Payne Whitney's favorite among her horses was that gallant mare, Cherry Malotte, named for the brilliant character in Rex Beach's "The Spoilers," and a jumper with a glorious record. Her mistress' love for this honest

Queens

By W. CAREY
WONDERLY

thoroughbred is well known on the turf and many tales are told to emphasize this affection. One of Cherry's sons is Cherry Pie, another special favorite of Mrs. Payne Whitney. Of more recent years probably her best horse was Jolly Roger, himself a steeple-chaser like Cherry Malotte, and generally conceded to be the best animal through the field in America. Glade, who distinguished herself by winning the Futurity at Pimlico, and who never did much of anything before or since, will chiefly go down to fame as having captured first honors in the race which brought about the defeat of Reigh Count, the top-heavy favorite, and caused the license of Earl Sande, premiere jockey, to be revoked by the Maryland Racing Commission.

Mrs. Payne Whitney wasn't present at the historic Maryland course that gray November afternoon, for Glade wasn't conceded the ghost of a chance of winning and it was only due to her owner's fine sporting instinct that the filly's heavy dominations and starting fee had been paid. But Mrs. John D. Hertz, owner of Reigh Count, had come on from Chicago with a party of friends, very confident of the favorite's victory. Also, Mrs. Walter M. Jeffords of Philadelphia, in whose colors raced Bateau, daughter of Man O' War, and the disqualified member of the fracas, was in the club house, with Mr. Jeffords and their guests.

DURING the running of the race, turning out of the backstretch, there occurred a mishap which threatened a turf war for a time, and the favorite, Reigh Count, was seen to falter and almost go down. His jockey, Chick Lang, made a claim of foul against Earl Sande, astride Bateau, and this claim was allowed by the stewards, resulting in the disqualification of the Jeffords' filly and the taking up of Jockey Sande's badge. More than one million dollars was lost in wagers on Reigh Count that day, but his fair owner, far from being downcast, started the colt back in the Walden, six days later, which he won in a fighting finish, thereby justifying Mrs. Hertz' faith in her color-bearer. Incidentally it is a noted question how many men would have accepted this undeserved defeat in the Pimlico Futurity with the calm philosophy displayed by Mrs. Hertz. And now she is spending thousands and thousands of dollars to show her splendid American colt (which this summer came in second in the Ascot Gold Cup Classic) to the British turf fans.

It was while Reigh Count was being buffeted about on the backstretch that Mrs. Payne Whitney's filly came along and snatched the big money in the race. Worthy of mention is the fact that of the field of fifteen which went to the post in the Futurity, eight of the thoroughbreds raced in the colors of women.

Famous as the owner of Sarazen, who, among other accomplishments, defeated the French champion, Epinaud, at Laurel Park, is the lady who prefers to call herself Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt, she who was Virginia Fair, and who in turn divorced William K. Vanderbilt. I well remember seeing Mrs. Vanderbilt, escorted to the stewards' stand at Laurel after one of Sarazen's popular triumphs at that Maryland course to accept a piece of silver [Continued on page 117]



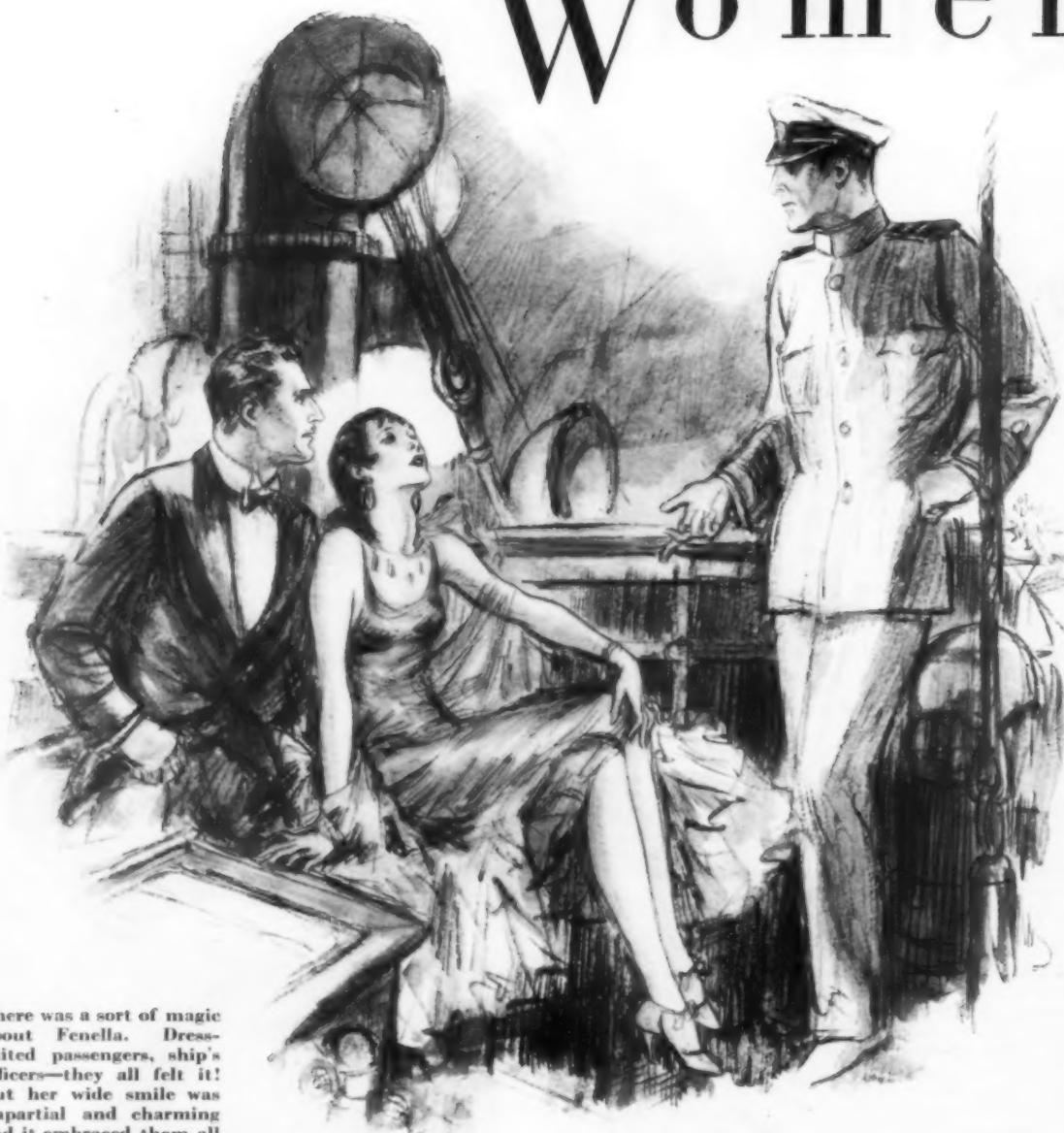
Wide World



International

Mrs. Payne Whitney's victory smile (she often has a reason to wear it!) from a snapshot taken at the ever popular Saratoga track. Above: Glade, Mrs. Whitney's filly—winner of a rich—and richly contested—Pimlico Futurity

Women



There was a sort of magic about Fenella. Dress-suited passengers, ship's officers—they all felt it! But her wide smile was impartial and charming and it embraced them all

FENELLA was a spoilt girl. She had had too much of her own way. All the people she had ever met gave in to her, because it was easiest. She lived with an uncle on the Isle of Man. He did not care what she did, as long as she left him in peace in his pleasant over-heated library for the greater part of the day. By the time she was fifteen, Fenella had already had a series of devastating flirtations, and was the cause of at least one curate's removal from Kirk Braddon with his Bishop's words singing in his ears.

Fenella was not pretty. But she had one of those un-beautiful animated faces a man does not forget. Her short hair was cut in a fringe, like a Chinese doll's, and her mouth was too large. Her friends said that her nose was amusing. Fenella got away with it, anyhow. She was so jolly. So full of life.

She dressed beautifully at her uncle's expense, and then

marred the general effect by some colossal piece of slovenliness. Holes in her expensive stockings or down-trodden heels to her French shoes. On board, she wore white pleated skirts, and she had a number of colored jumpers, with beret caps to match, that were, said the dressmaker who supplied them "le dernier chic."

She might have been right if Fenella had worn them as intended. The scarlet beret cap with the scarlet jumper. Orange with orange, and green with green. But Fenella never could find the one she wanted at the right moment, and so was usually seen with an emerald green cap and a scarlet sweater. An orange cap with the jade green. And upon her expensive pleated skirts there was usually ink, or food, or both.

The reason for her presence upon the S.S. Royalshire outward bound, was this. Her uncle on the Isle of Man was getting old and he foresaw a day when he would no longer have

at Sea

By
DOROTHY BLACK

Illustrations by ADDISON BURBANK

Fenella—Who Is the Third Woman—Had Always Gone Her Own Way Until She Met Captain Gerald Grace

the strength of mind or body to extricate Fenella from her escapades. Besides, he realized with a start one morning that Fenella was now twenty-one, and still unmarried. So, he decided to send her out to his sister, her aunt in Rangoon, as he had always heard that the East is a wonderful place for picking up a husband. Fenella picked up every man who landed on the Isle and with the utmost rapidity, whether they were married or single. But she never seemed to marry any of them, and when he inquired about it, she always shrugged her shoulders and said they were too futile for her.

Her uncle felt this swelling of the ranks of the futile to be a serious matter, for Fenella was a girl who ought to be settled in life, for everybody's peace of mind. So he cabled to his sister, who, having successfully married off her only daughter, found her appetite for matchmaking whetted, and cabled back that she was willing.

AFTER that Fenella went to London and shopped at her uncle's expense, but the thought of having the winter to himself, no wilting curates with broken hearts waiting to speak to him in his hall, made it appear cheap at the price.

Being a proper man, Fenella's uncle now cast about in his mind for some one to look after her on the voyage, for he knew from experience she was bound to want looking after. Casting his eye over the pamphlet issued by Messrs. Libby Bros., about their line of steamers running to Rangoon, he came upon the name of Captain Gerald Grace.

He remembered Captain Grace. They had met at a banquet given to the Lord Mayor of Liverpool to celebrate something or other. Fenella's uncle no longer remembered what, but two things he remembered. The turtle soup—good. And Captain Grace. So he booked Fenella's passage by the S.S. Royalshire, and sat down to write Captain Grace a letter.

"I do not know whether you remember me," wrote Fenella's uncle, "but we met at a banquet to the Lord Mayor in Liverpool. And as I am sending a niece out to Rangoon for the season, I have arranged to send her on your ship, hoping you will let her travel in your charge and keep an eye on her."

"She is a (Fenella's uncle had written) good—" but he crossed that out, and put—"nice girl. Perhaps a bit wild but all she wants is a steady influence."

"If ever you are over in the Island, I would be very pleased if you would come and see me. It is a pretty place."

Yours truly, Tom Quayle."

On the strength of that, Captain Grace went to see the purser. Mr. Gordon sat in his subterranean office in the bowels of the ship, surrounded by ledgers of every size and shape, in which he wrote hieroglyphics that mean nothing to any one but pursers.

"A Miss Quayle is traveling to Rangoon in my charge. Better put her at my table."

Mr. Gordon made a note of that. He was a young man, extremely good-looking. His mother in Egremont was always pestering him to marry and settle down. He had no real intentions of doing so, having been crossed in love in his early youth. But it did lend a certain glamour to the voyage, this feeling that he might marry eventually, just to oblige his

mother. And he fell to wondering about Miss F. Quayle, on a voyage where any moment he might meet his Fate.

The captain did not come down to dinner the first night, while the ship was in the Mersey, and Fenella was seasick for three days after that, although she called it neuralgia. She lay on deck looking interesting, but plain. Mr. Gordon caught her eye, and she smiled wanly. She thought the voyage might be fun after all, if there were many of his sort on board.

Mr. Gordon had already inspected her with an experienced eye as she lay there in a canary yellow jumper, and an emerald green cap. He knew she wasn't his sort. He did not return her smile. He looked at the green, green sea which was what so upset Fenella. Mr. Gordon, the purser, was vamp-proofed throughout, after the manner of pursers.

The captain, when he first saw Fenella, merely thought "Dear me!" From what he remembered of Tom, he thought him worthy of a better niece. Fenella's fringe had grown very long, right down into her eyes, and she could not cut it because she could not find the scissors. So when the captain came down to lunch and found her sitting there for the first time, she shook it back like a shetland pony, and smiled her enormous smile at him. He bowed impartially to right and left. He knew most of the people at his table by name—Jean Adair and David Field. Mr. and Mrs. Duvesant, a bridal couple—the man looked old enough to be her father. A Miss Maris Templeton's place was reserved further down—she would join them at Marseilles. Major Morphiston he had traveled with before. As usual, he was talking about his digestion. The quiet woman with the long face was Miss Champneys, going to Rangoon as a Hospital Sister.

There was a smattering of young men going East for the first time, all very like those innumerable other young men he had taken out East, on other voyages. Vaguely he remembered that the one upon his left was called Mr. John Tiller, and had been on the Royalshire before.

Then Fenella said, leaning over the table toward him, "Captain darling, I thought we were never going to meet."

He said, stiffly, "My name is Grace, not Darling," and did not realize that he had made a joke until it was too late. The table rocked at his humor—an auger of what the whole voyage was to be. Fenella was perpetually making him appear funny when he did not mean to be.

He thought her remarkably ugly and he feared she had not been brought up very well as a child, for she behaved oddly at the table, monopolizing a great deal of space with her elbows, and making the most embarrassingly frank remarks to the right and the left of her. Yet there was something about her that made him want to look at her. It was as if he had to keep on being sure that she was as ugly as he thought she was when he last saw her.

"So you knew dear uncle," she said. "What a kind man. I am sure he has been father and mother to me, and his poor hair has gone completely gray with the effort. For years we've lived together and he has never said a cross word, though I'm sure I have given him plenty of opportunities."

INTO Captain Grace's mind floated Tom Quayle's letter. He saw it as clearly as if it lay on the white cloth before him, the word "good" crossed out, and the word "nice" substituted for it.

"I am one of those people," went on Fenella, "things keep on happening to. I mean, I am always in some scrape or other."

Captain Grace said coldly, "I hope you will keep clear of scrapes whilst you are aboard my ship. I don't allow that sort of thing."

"Oh," she said impulsively, "can you stop it? How charming. Then you must be the man I have been looking for all my life."

No one has ever been able to stop it before."

He felt himself flushing under the laughter that followed. Behind his chair he knew a steward was quietly enjoying the fun. The "Old Man" being taken down a peg! He endeavored to ignore Fenella and talk to the young man on his left. Mr. John Tiller was long, thin, and good-looking, but as far as the captain was concerned, he was like a tin of sardines without an opener to it. There may have been something in him, but the captain could not get it out. Mr. John Tiller sat, like a moon calf, gaping at Fenella. He had eyes, and ears and conversation for no one else.

The next time the captain saw Fenella she was turning cart wheels on the after hatch.

HE SENT for her to speak to him on the bridge. "I must ask you, Miss Quayle, to try and behave like a lady while you are on this boat."

"But what was wrong?" she demanded, wide-eyed. "We all do them at gym. If you like I can put on my bathing suit. I am starting a gym class on board."

He shuddered.

"Skipping and things, you know. So good for the liver. Do join us."

He vetoed the gym class entirely. It had, he gave her to understand, not his sanction, and therefore could not be. But he had a dark idea that it still went on, secretly, round corners. Ribald mirth would greet his ears, but should he try to track it down, every one would be in their chairs, reading books or gazing innocently out to sea. And Fenella would say, "Wasn't it a nice evening?" and somewhere, in a secret fashion, somebody would laugh.

The captain looked at his own face in the shaving mirror in his cabin. He thought, angrily, "I ought to be able to deal with her. I am old enough to be her father."

Impossible young person! Never had he been made into a figure of fun before. He became determined to put her down. And that bumptious young man, John Tiller, with his raucous, "Haw! Haw! Haw!" at every futile joke the girl made.

Captain Grace quite understood Tom Quayle's motives in sending his niece to Rangoon.

IT WAS during his morning inspection of the ship, that he came upon Mr. John Tiller, parading the upper decks in a pair of abbreviated khaki shorts. Now upon the steamers that ply East under Messrs. Libby's flag, an edict had gone forth of old, "Gentlemen are requested not to wear shorts on deck."

So old, so honored was this unexplained rule, that no longer was it even hung upon the notice board, being long ago written on the hearts of all Messrs. Libby's regular passengers.

The captain went down to the purser's office, and disinterred the notice with some difficulty from Mr. Gordon's blotter, where the purser had done a few sums on the back of it.

"Have it put on the notice board," said the captain, firmly.

Whether Mr. John Tiller read the notice or not, is a matter for conjecture. Probably not, as he had eyes and ears for nothing but Fenella. His head held high, he came into the dining salon for lunch, dressed as before.

The purser stopped him at the foot of the stairs.

"I am sorry, sir, but you cannot enter the salon like that."

Mr. John Tiller looked blank.

"Like what?"

The purser regarded his legs. Mr. John Tiller regarded his legs. He knew he had nothing to be ashamed of in that direc-



tion. They were good legs. Fenella had said so. Indeed it was Fenella who had encouraged him in the matter of this dress.

"Those legs, John," said Fenella, "are, frankly speaking, too good to hide from the world in those gray flannels of yours, which resemble twin skirts but lately taken from their mother."

Mr. Gordon said, "Rule of the ship, you know, sir. If I were you I would just nip along and change."

"I'll be blown if I'll do any such thing!"

Mr. Gordon was all sympathy. "I am extremely sorry, Mr. Tiller. But the stewards will not serve you like that."

Mr. John Tiller looked for one second as if he might do something to Mr. Gordon, but he changed his mind. The purser was extremely muscular for all he was so handsome.

Mr. Tiller retreated, saying what he thought about the Royalshire, her captain and her crew, her rules and everything that was hers.

Mr. Gordon was unmoved. He had heard it all before.

Fenella from her seat next the captain watched this going on.

"But why," she demanded, "is he being sent away?"

"Because it is a rule of the ship that people come to meals properly dressed, Miss Quayle."

One by one the passengers filed into the dining room led by Fenella. Male and female, they wore shorts, and khaki shirts, open at the neck. Every eye was upon the captain to see how he would take it, so he tried to be calm



"Of all rotten and futile things that I have ever heard."
"I prefer not to discuss it with you. I did not make the rule. I am a servant of the company, and merely have to see it is kept."

"I don't want you to discuss it with me, Captain darling. All I want is for you to sit there, looking pretty like you do, and listen to what I have to say about it. It's the most idiotic and prudish—"

Nothing he could do would stop her. The whole table encouraged her. A steward stood, grinning secretly, just behind the captain's chair. The captain felt the back of his neck growing hot, and left the salon without any pudding. Discipline had to be maintained, and Fenella was deliberately undermining his authority.

THE captain went up on to the bridge. He had a talk with Mr. Tiller on his way there. Mr. Tiller, foodless and full of vengeance, was pacing the upper deck alone. He was easily pacified, and by two o'clock, was reclining in his deck chair, clad in spotless white flannels of extremely wide cut.

The captain could see him, from the bridge. No passenger has any conception of all the captain sees, from the bridge. The decks open out before his eyes, both port and starboard,

like the kingdom of men, and all that goes on there is not hidden from him. Eddying breezes waft whispered conversations up in a manner the speakers little dream of.

So it was that Captain Grace heard every word Fenella said to Mr. John Tiller, when, later, she joined him.

"Old spoil sport, isn't he? But I've a plan. I'll tell you about it. You just wait. I'm going to make him squirm."

Mr. John Tiller said, "You can't. He is made of reinforced concrete, Fenella. With a heart made out of a bit left over from the Old Victory. You know British oak. Perhaps a touch of dry rot about it, but serviceable still."

"Can't I? I'll tell you this. I've never yet said I was going to do a thing and failed. You watch me."

"Does she suppose," thought the horrified captain, "that she is going to vamp me?" But after that he laughed, a little sorry for the presumptuousness of Fenella. She was so young. Did this slip of a girl imagine she was going to rush in and succeed, where many a married woman of unquestionable experience had failed? The captain was entirely vamp-proof.

FROM the bridge he looked with the greatest scorn upon the flirtations that flourished around him. Nothing so sickens a man of sentiment as life on a passenger ship. It often seemed to Captain Grace, who was a plain man, that his decks were inches thick with fascination, spread over them like glue upon a fly paper, and in it he had the pleasure of watching his passengers stick, one by one. Mostly they disentangled themselves before they got to port, and flew away, washing their wings. Occasionally they didn't, and then there would be tiresome scenes. People bringing their broken hearts to him for advice, or, what worried him even more, trying to discard their jilted persons over the side of his ship.

He thought the whole business childish, and discouraged it as much as he could. Indeed he had come to look upon love as a malady somewhat akin to sea-sickness, brought on by warm weather, and frozen food and vegetables.

Five young men were by this time passionately in love with Fenella. The captain got awfully tired of hearing their passionate protestations to her, wafted up on to the bridge. Besides, he knew that from the terms of their contracts they were debarred from anything but the lightest of flirtations for ten long years. But facts don't worry

people when the moon shines on the sea, and the world is an indigo bowl in which stars float like gold fish. The captain had seen four of the young men kiss her, and heard the fifth. In spite of this, the poor child seemed to think she was going to vamp him!

He smiled sourly, set his shoulders square, and paced the bridge, watching the sea birds float like leaves blown from a note book, all around his riggings.

HE BECAME very cold with Fenella after that. And one night, finding her on deck with Mr. John Tiller at midnight he ordered her off to bed.

Fenella turned on him, speechless with rage. "Of all the sauce! You don't imagine I am going to obey you?"

"You are traveling in my charge, and must do as you are told. I do not allow young girls who are in my care to sit up all night. The lights have been out more than an hour."

"I am old enough to decide for myself when I will go to bed."

"The night watchman is large and strong," said the captain. "He comes when called and obeys my orders without question. But I feel sure you will not put me into the unpleasant position of having to call him." [Continued on page 88]

*Is Education Taking Away
the Modern Girl's Desire for*

Love, Marriage and Children

By
D. E. WHEELER

Drawings
by
ELDON
KELLEY



The world has moved a million miles since the day of the "female seminary." Croquet, then, was the supreme excitement

LAST year, one father in sending his daughter to college, wrote to the dean:

"See that Sally lives in a first-class house, keeps well, behaves herself, gets her lessons, has some fun, and lands a good job.

"P. S. If she should get engaged to a good clean chap, it would be all right with me."

Simple as his words are, they sum up the conditions and objectives of an education for a girl, not excluding the naive consent to a romance in the postscript. For the trouble with much education has been that it has left out life and—love!

What a riot of emotion there was at Radcliffe College, some twenty years ago, when William James, the great psychologist, stood before its body of fair students and told them pointblank that the chief value of an education to a woman was "to know a good man when you see him!"

Titters and whispered jeers ran around the room; puzzled frowns were seen on the more classic brows, but this distinguished teacher of teachers was in dead earnest about what he said. Not only was he thinking of that inner capacity for appreciation and understanding so essential to getting the most out of life, but he was also scoring the tendency of college women not to marry.

William James believed that marriage should go on in spite of education and that the filling of the head should not mean the emptying of the heart!

Knowing that, we wonder what the eminent psychologist-philosopher would have said to the results of a recent questionnaire sent out to some seventeen hundred college girls, which asked them to state their aim in life.

Only seven of the seventeen hundred maidens replied that they were looking forward to becoming wives, mothers and homemakers!

Careers were what the rest wanted, and make no mistake about it, please.

Even if most of these careering young ladies were talking through their little felt cloches, and dear old Mother Nature would have something to say on the subject, by and by, the returns



It has been said that the low marriage rate of college women is due to idealism. Average men cannot measure up to the popular dreams of what a life partner should be

represent the general attitude of our collective college girl, especially in the East.

But no matter what the point of the compass is, the college girl cannot know her own mind at the beginning of her course. How could she? She is only on the threshold of maturity, and the period of real thinking is still to be achieved in her life.

Educationally, the world has moved a million miles since the days of the female seminary and the finishing school wherein the young lady learned how to conduct herself in polite society and display those charms and accomplishments best calculated to win a husband.

Those schools of fifty years ago paralleled the horse and buggy, the bustle and the veil, while those of today line up with the airplane and the short skirt. In the female seminary a business career was hardly dreamed of, while the word sex was never mentioned! But the girls did have a home and family in the back of their heads.

BY WAY of contrast, let us listen in on three Alpha Omegas as they sit in their cozy frat house, sipping tea, smoking cigarettes, and discussing the eternal problems of life and learning, and whether it is better to be or not to be—just human.

"Well, I know one thing," said Alice, crossing her beautiful silky legs. "No biological urge is going to make a slave of me for the sake of having a husband and kids. It's too ridiculous!"

Opposite her, Belle blew a smoke ring. "Oh, I wouldn't say that, exactly. If a man is the right sort he won't want to tie you to the kitchen stove—providing you have one—nor mind if you don't want children, either. Most of the nice boys I know agree that a girl should have a career, if she prefers it to a family."

"But, my dears," protested Clara, with whom money solved

all difficulties, "why not both a business life and a family? I simply wouldn't marry a man who hadn't enough income to pay servants to take care of the house and look after the children."

"Every girl can't marry a millionaire," said Belle.

"Oh, why consider it necessary to tie up with any man, rich or poor?" asked advanced Alice. "It's really terribly old-fashioned to think you must marry. Nobody binds himself for life in any other human agreement. Why in marriage, for goodness' sake? At least, why so in these days of grace when a woman can earn her own living independently? Marriage as a protection to the helpless female is no longer necessary or desirable."

"But divorce is so easy, Alice," said Clara, "that one needn't bother her head whether the marriage ceremony says 'until death do us part,' or not. To promise to live with anybody all your life long is a silly blasphemy, anyhow!"

"Of course, it's the children that make a lasting marriage the ideal," said Belle, lighting a second cigarette. "And I believe most girls want babies of their own, if they would tell the truth about it."

"I would say *some*, not most, girls," corrected Alice. "Just because some women have the maternal instinct, it shouldn't be forced on to all of us with the alternative of being looked upon as unnatural monsters if we don't happen to have that glorious feeling. I say let those who want babies, have 'em, and those who don't want 'em, have a good time."

"Oh, you are positively brutal, Alice!" cried Belle.

AT THAT moment the house-mother came into the room and conversation took another tack.

Fortunately for the race, not all college girls think or talk like Alice and Clara. Still less do they act according to these ideas. But whatever the cause may [Continued on page 90]

The GIRL on



LILA
THE GIRL

*Lila Tried to Be
Sophisticated But
She Was Only a Hick
From a Big Town*

IT REALLY was impossible to tell the difference. From out front they looked exactly alike. The six of them. Lila was the one on the end. Sometimes she wondered at the magic of it. Strange, how it worked. You rushed into your dressing room. Six girls. All in a hurry. All leading variegated lives. Not one dressed the same offstage. With the aid of make-up plus costumes, you became six girls, cast in a common mold.

Six utterly foreign personalities changed into one glorious being that stood breathless, waiting for its cue. Then twelve shapely golden legs, prancing across a stage. Six red satin rhinestone studded tights bobbing rhythmically up and down. A dozen glittering gloved hands clutching neighboring shoulders that swayed. Twenty-four rainbow shaded ostrich plumes waving from brilliant silver wigs, as little feet stamped out the beats. Six girls stepping rapidly, madly along, in a swift, great, unbroken motion. Girls cut from an identical pattern. Their silver curls shaking together. Kicks on a line, limbs arched as one, fingers waving together, smiles stereotyped. As the orchestra booms louder, into the wings, up the stairs, back to the dressing room, and off with the costumes; the one figure dissolving into six personalities, busy with their dates and lives.

LILA felt that she had been swept into it. Swept by the same masterful tide which gathered in the others. It began with that notice. The one the dramatic columns played up; they featured such news every spring.

"On Tuesday afternoon promptly at two P. M. on the stage of The Earleton Theater, Joseph Earleton will interview applicants for the chorus of his forthcoming edition of his annual revue, 'The Brevities.' No experience is necessary. Only those possessing both beauty and brains need apply."

Lila had stood waiting with the others: those who read the news in the papers, who heard the call over the radio, who came crowding outside of that theater, forming a line over a block long and two rows deep. They came. From every small town. From a choir. From a beauty contest. From a stenographer's desk. From the school room. From the Broadways of the world. Young, hopeful, not-knowing-exactly-what-they-wanted girls, led

the END ~

Illustrations by
EDWARD
BUTLER

By
NANETTE
KUTNER

on by the stories they read, the glowing tales they heard, the plays they saw, and the futures their dreams painted in the most over-publicized profession in the world—the theater.

Girls, poorly dressed or richly gowned, but with eager eyes. Girls, some beautiful, some just pretty, others awkward, a few graceful, but all young. Very young. Girls, seeming frail and small to pit themselves against Broadway. Broadway standing, stolid, powerful. Broadway that would be there long after they had gone.

SEVERAL looked nervous. A great many pretended to be calm. All, at intervals, opened their vanities and doused their noses with powder. Some of them, while they impatiently stood there, kept up an incessant chatter which reached Lila.

"For the love of Pete, why not take a chance?" argued the little fluffy-haired thing. "S'better than working in a button-hole factory, ain't it?"

"That's what I said to ma," answered the tall dark girl. The one with the flowerlike face. "Gee, I kin always learn how to be a typewriter! Yuh kin make more money on the stage, too. An' it's like play! Look at Maizie. She's in 'The Pastimes.' Leads the life of Sweeny. Sleeps all day. Yuh get paid for gettin' dolled up in swell scenery. A cinch, I tell yuh! Besides think of the rich men yuh meet. I told ma; y'know I ain't so dumb maybe—"

Lila could hear the lazy drawl of the well-tailored girl who stood near by. The one wearing a monocle.

"I said to fawther. There's plenty of respectable people on the stage. Royalty too—look at Bea Lillie, and for that matter—the Barrymores!"

"Keep quiet!" admonished her companion. "We're getting near."

Near meant the stage door. Just inside sat a young man. You had to pass him to reach the already crowded stage. When she finally did get into the theater, Lila thought the ordeal would never end. The tedious business of sifting down; of being assorted like so many cakes. Earlington stared at you; then you were told to stand over on one side of the stage. An hour; two hours would go by. Earlington stared at you again; you were instructed to stand on the other side of the stage. Thus the afternoon and the better part of



the evening passed. Lita forgot food, forgot everything. She just stood where she was told to stand, waiting with those others, and like them, longing to be chosen. Finally Earleton's secretary took her name and address—*she was in the show!*

EARLTON liked her from the beginning. It was fascinating the way her red gold hair clustered about her small head. Like a halo. And her eyes. Green blue with an I'm-having-a-swell-time look about them.

"That's the girl to introduce to Jed Macy," Earleton had instructed his press agent on the third day of rehearsals.

"Yeah," assented the latter, and then waited by the stage door for Jed Macy, the popular Broadway columnist, who had promised to write a story about the new girls who graced the revue.

It was her first newspaper interview, and Lila felt scared. Still, she was glad they picked Jed. Not that he represented what the well-dressed gentleman should wear. No good newspaperman holds that distinction. His clothes seemed to hang on him. He appeared to have been carelessly slung together, and yet he boasted a certain hold-you-against-your-will style. An air of careless ease.

At first he asked her formal questions.

"Were you born in a small town?"

"I wouldn't call it that," She smiled. A smile that caused her face to glow with animation.

"You wouldn't call it that," Jed mimicked. "Where was it?"

"New York City," calmly replied the girl.

He laughed.

"What sort of life did you lead? Would it make a good story that people would read?"

"I'm afraid not," Lila answered. "My life's been like most every one else's, I guess. I went to school. Ate three meals a day. Got up in the morning, went to bed at night. Kept house for my father. Then, after he died, I had to work. I'm choosing the stage, because I wanted something different—and money. There's a chance here."

"A chance for what?" he asked.

"Everything — life — excitement—success! Why, already you're interviewing me for a newspaper. Giving me something different than just plain living, eating and going to bed. Why, I've never been outside of New York City!"

"Just a hick from the big town," he commented. "That's what I'll call the story. Never mind telling me any more. I'll write what I want, anyway!"

And they both laughed. Young happy laughter.

Afterwards, Lila always pictured Jed as she saw him that first afternoon. Cigarette between thin lips, clothes in need of a pressing, chin boasting a day's beard, black hair shaggy. His face had that night-club pallor, the strange whiteness which comes to those whose business continually demands they rise in the afternoon and go to sleep when others are just waking.

You could barely see the upper part of his countenance, for like most of his tribe, Jed Macy wore his gray hat pulled down, and it hid those often bloodshot dark eyes. He was no motion picture hero when it

came to tonsorial appearance, but he had a certain masculine charm. Lila liked his broad shoulders and his strong hand clasp, and the friendly way his eyes narrowed when he left her on the stage after the interview. You wanted to be honest with a man like that.

"Good luck, kid," he had said. Somehow she knew he meant it.

He was nearly gone, when she spoke. Quickly.

"I—I hope I'll see you again."

"Sure thing. I'm always hanging around the theaters. That's part of my job."

"I didn't mean—job." She was surprised at her own daring.

He smiled.

"Let me give you a tip, Sister. After you're once set in this show you'll meet so many rich men that you'll never notice any one who isn't listed in Dun and Bradstreet's!"

"You're wrong there."

"We'll see. If I'm wrong I'll let you snatch a doughnut with me sometime." And he departed.

LILA learned quickly. You must be alert in the show business. At the beginning the rest of the girls seemed one great herd of young humanity. In rompers, in bathing suits, in very short dresses, they practised, and worked, and waited for Earleton to change them into butterflies.

Gradually Lila became acclimated. So did the others. They gossiped at rehearsals. Talked about the steps and the numbers and the girls who had pull. She grew accustomed to new jumbled impressions of the theater. The stage manager scolding the girl in black for coming in late. She was his wife. A

There were lots of parties and plenty of rich men—but, after all, the girls knew what they were doing. They could take care of themselves. This was life!



nice kid, they told you. Two stars quarreling because each one wanted the Number One dressing room. Earlton settling the argument by tacking a tin number 1 on each door. Paying Equity dues. Signing a contract. Laughing at the girl who claimed you had not developed a graceful walk unless you could balance a book on your head, then privately trying to balance the book.

LILA worked until she was muscle bound, and she felt certain she would never be able to dance another step, but she lived through that unbelievably monotonous eight P. M. until ten A. M. dress rehearsal. The chorus was divided into units of six. Lila was the girl on the end in her unit. At first she made a mess of her make-up until the others showed her how.

There was trouble during the finale. A great deal of trouble. For in this number several chorus girls were supposed to step from their units and imitate the stars. Lila overheard Adele Baker, who put over most of the show's song hits, complaining to the stage manager.

"I don't like the girl who imitates me!"

"Sure not! She's too good!" was the frank reply.

"Well, you can tell Earlton for me—"

"Awright, have it your way; we'll put some one else up there."

Lila, because she chanced to be the first one upon whom his eyes rested, was chosen. After some rehearsing she stood with the chorus, then stepping down stage, sang one of the numbers that Adele crooned earlier in the revue. Lila felt nervous at first. Calmer afterwards. It did not go very well. Adele seemed satisfied and Lila was allowed to keep the part.

This extra bit meant no more money, but Lila was thrilled because they chose her.

The show opened first in Atlantic City during the crowded season, and Lila was glad to share a room with two other girls. A room in a second rate hotel that cost them eight dollars each, a day.

"They can gyp you when it's jammed. They know they've got the upper hand," remarked one of her companions.

The good places did not want chorus girls, although, through Earlton's influence, they admitted a few. Most of the better establishments claimed there was no room.

Jed came down during the Atlantic City week.

"To give the show the 'once over'!" he explained.

He took Lila to dinner. She was glad.

She had always heard about opening night parties. There were none in Atlantic City. Most of the cast were glad to crawl into bed after the tiring rehearsals.

A pleasant surprise came on Saturday afternoon. Salaries. She had almost forgotten about working for money. Seventy-five dollars a week. It did look a lot. Why, whole families lived on that sum. Several of the others borrowed theirs in advance, but Lila had her money handed over intact. It seemed a fortune.

IN NEW YORK again life straightened itself out. She leased a two-room kitchenette apartment with three of the other girls. It was cheaper living that way. The seventy-five dollars did not appear so much now. Not when you had to spend for manicures and facials. Besides, silk stockings wore out so fast, and if you bought a new dress, you simply had to have hat, shoes, pocketbook, gloves and handkerchief to match. She was always intending to save, but never came around to it. She began to long for the more expensive clothes. She could not help that. It was difficult to change back to a plain suit and blouse after nightly wearing the Earlton costumes of real ermine and silver cloth.

If her dressing room chums were not talking about girls who were once in the chorus and had now achieved movie stardom, they were discussing the ones who married millions. It seemed as if each one wanted to be the wife of a rich man. In the meanwhile they contented themselves with getting dinners at the expense of smart aleck college boys. They tried little gold-digging tricks such as inventing birthdays and sick mothers. Lila thought it would be a good idea to practice on Jed, but when the time came the words could not be uttered. It seemed a cheap trick, trying to gold-dig him.

THE theater began to be a business. Between scenes you played bridge, and Lila often had to dress when she held an exciting hand.

Frequently celebrities such as a movie star, a boxing champion, or a mayor sat out front. Word carrying this news would get backstage, and you would smile your prettiest at the honored guest.

Lila earned extra money posing for the magazines that used photographic illustrations. Some mornings, she would protestingly [Continued on page 100]





The Loyal Lover

some questions, and, with a little maneuvering, got him aside for a few moments and found that he actually knew Louise Bartine.

MILDRED leaned back, feeling that a part at least of her quest was over.

"Who is she and where is she?" she asked.

"My dear child," said her uncle slowly, "she is a woman who, I would have said, if things were as they used to be, was not a good person for you to have dealings with. But I don't know. As girls are today—"

Mildred was getting tired of the assumption that all the girls today had turned into some strange wild animals. She wasn't!

"Just regard me as a human being, please, Uncle Robert," she said, quietly. "What

is this Louise Bartine person like?" "She's very attractive," he said, "if you like that flyaway kind. I don't. I like restful women."

Remembering kind Aunt Ethel, Mildred thought that if she were a man's ideal, flyaway ones would certainly have no charm.

"What is her name now?" she asked.

"She is a Mrs. Redding," said Uncle Robert, "and she has made a good deal of trouble for the Holliday family."

"Then she is," cried Mildred, and had to stop to explain. "I met her on the boat; I thought she'd hunted me up because of Uncle Martin. But she threw me off a little by saying she knew you and had wanted to meet me because of that."

She stopped herself before she went into details about Billy and Mac. Better wait till she heard the other side of that.

"She ran away from her first husband with a man named Wilton Marshall," Uncle Robert went on, "when she was very young. He died—Marshall, I mean. So did Redding. Since then she has lived more or less by her wits. Sometimes on women who admired her and had her for long visits; latterly on her daughter's income."

"She—" he cleared his throat, "has a seventeen-year-old daughter, Wilhelmina, by Redding, the first husband. Wilhelmina was brought up by her mother's mother till she died, too; the girl was eleven then, and made straight for her mother. Seems to adore her. Louise Redding is one of those

MILDRED PUTNAM was on her way to America for the first time since she was seven. The trip was being taken in fulfillment of a promise made to her Uncle Martin just before his death at the old manor house in Devon. The promise concerned the distribution of his vast fortune. Half of this was to go to Mildred, and the other half was to be divided between her cousins, Janet and Mac Holliday, if Mildred found these Americans worthy of it. If they were not, the money was to go to Ranulf Wycombe, a young English nobleman, whom Mildred had known all of her life.

Louise Bartine, another relative, was also to receive a bequest, if she were deserving, but Uncle Martin had heard of certain indiscretions in connection with her, and Mildred would have to find out the truth.

On ship Mildred met Lola Redding and her daughter, Wilhelmina. She was surprised to learn that they had planned to visit her Uncle Martin, and that they knew the Hollidays. She had a strange feeling that Lola might be Louise Bartine. But she forgot about this when she stepped off the gangplank and saw a handsome stranger, the same one whom she met later on a train going to the Hollidays' camp in the mountains. He was seeking the high altitudes for his health, and proved to be Hugh Bannard, a friend of the Hollidays, who insisted that he must stay at their camp.

After dinner one night shortly after her arrival, Mildred felt that she could wait no longer to ask her Uncle Robert

Her Aunt's Camp, in the Adirondacks, Seemed Like a Paradise to Mildred. Until She Discovered That, As in Every Eden, There Was a Snake!

By
MARGARET
WIDDEMER

Illustrations by
JOHN ALONZO
WILLIAMS

people no one seems to be able to take temperately. That's one thing I have against her. Both men and women either have crushes on her, or they detest her—as, frankly, I do myself. From what I have heard of her she is neither an honest nor a good-tempered woman."

"She had a queer effect on me," Mildred confessed. "She charmed me, and yet I couldn't like her. I did like the queer little bad-tempered daughter, though. She was honest."

"You have heard their side of that, I suppose," said her uncle.

"Yes," said Mildred. "But like you, I don't feel that Mrs. Redding would necessarily tell a straight story."

"Let Mac tell you about it. He's the party most concerned. I'll ask him if he minds talking it over with you—I don't think he will. He seems to have taken a shine to you already."

"I have to him," she answered.

SO NEXT day, when they were together in the canoe, drifting down the lake through shade and sunshine, with a fresh wind blowing through the leaves, Mac told her about it.

"Dad says old Uncle Martin asked you to look up Mrs. Redding and be kind to her," he began pointblank. "And he wants me to tell you about Billy and me."

She nodded.

"He said you were the person most concerned."

"That's like dad. The deentest person. After all it is my affair."

Mildred put a comforting hand over Mac's.

"You know, Mac, I never believed, really, in being able to be fond of relations just because they were related, unless



Full in their path, clad only in a bathing suit, stood Billy. She stared defiantly at Mildred and Mac

you'd been brought up near them. But I do now. I feel as if we'd been cousins ever since we were born. It isn't like telling a stranger—really."

"No. I feel like that too—you're my folks. That's why I didn't kick at telling you. Well, here goes for the sad tale of my blighted life."

He laughed.

"Go ahead. Let me say to begin with that I know Billy and I like her."

His eyes lit up. "Isn't she the greatest kid? And the biggest little pigheaded idiot, too—"

"All that," Mildred agreed because of the experience on ship. "I met her at a commencement down at college. Somebody else, some other girl, had dropped out, and they pulled Billy in at the last minute. That's the sort of a life Billy's had. Always on the edge of good times, taking the scraps of fun she could get, and getting more out of them than Janet gets out of everything people can do for her."

"Why is Billy on the edge?" Mildred interrupted.

Mac flushed under the deep tan.

"Lots of reasons. No way of paying back when she's entertained. Most girls have parents who can let them have cars and theater tickets and pull parties, and invite the particular gang they go with to dance places and all that. Billy's mother gets most of the kale in that home, if you ask me. And—Lola is better-looking than Billy, and when they're together she'd snap anybody, man or woman, from under Billy's nose. She tried it with me, I know. Much good it did."

"Poor Lola, she doesn't seem popular with the Holidays!"

"That's the plot of the piece. To continue. Billy and I fell for each other on that house party. The sun shone bright, till we got to the point of thinking how nice it would be to be married to one another."

Mildred nodded.

"But I'm planning to be a doctor—a surgeon. It takes time and money, and the hardest kind of work, to be a surgeon nowadays. It puts me pretty much in dad's hands about money, you see. Dad's the best there is, but he has more or less hard sledding himself. He makes a big income, but somehow he never manages to save any of it. Janet hasn't any sense about money, and he can't refuse her anything. So it's all the finer of him to say he's going to carry me for the next few years. And it makes me feel as if—well, you know. I feel as if I owed him more."

"I know," said Mildred. "Noblesse oblige."

Mac nodded, a little embarrassed at having his thought put into uncompromisingly honorable words.

"May I interrupt a minute?" she asked. "Mac, your father and mother are fine. They haven't an idea whether I have a penny in the world, and they are taking me in as if I were their daughter. Well, I have enough to live on—honestly I have. Don't you think they'd let me pay my own expenses here this summer?"

"You might suggest it to mother," Mac said. "But as a matter of fact, Mildred, we keep open house. If you weren't here some other girl would be. The camp is always full up all summer. It's the scale father's slipped into living on that makes the trouble, and your living would be neither here nor there."

"I will speak to her, though," Mildred determined. "I'm sorry I interrupted you about Billy."

"WELL—" Mac batted the water viciously with the flat of his paddle. "Lola was the trouble. I found out that with Billy it was about twice as thick as 'love me, love my dog.' Lola had to live with us. Lola had to be put on the map as regards all our friends. As far as I could see Lola was to be given a coming out party and an engagement shower and a house and lot and the crown jewels of Persia."

"Aren't you putting it a little strong?"

"Couldn't. I mean it. Lola is—well, she isn't exactly declassée, but pretty nearly. If it had just been one little elopement perhaps all might have been forgiven. But I don't know whether you found that Lola has a queer temper. Not an honest temper like Billy's, but a way of flying out at peo-

ple outrageously for nothing, if she happens to feel like it. Two or three of mother's friends have had their heads bitten off by Lola. And some of them nearly had their husbands bitten off, too. Lola can't see any one, down to a cow in a pasture, that she doesn't feel has to fall for her. And that makes complications. Lola's not very possible, that's the long and short of it."

"And you wouldn't help Billy make friends for her mother?" Mildred asked in a neutral voice.

He colored again.

"Yes, I would. I was just that much of a blamed idiot. But I wasn't financially independent. Dad was willing to help me out, though he wasn't wild over Lola. But presently Lola

pulled a scene with mother; tragedy, hysterics, what not; spilt any amount of beans.

"After that, naturally, I could ask my family till the cows came home to put Lola on the map socially, which was a crazy thing to ask anyhow—they wouldn't be apt to do it."

"You see mother never wanted me to marry Billy much. And to expect her and dad to do all that for Lola, whom they conscientiously dislike, as a price for my getting Billy—well, they won't, or mother won't, and I think myself it's a lot to ask her. They'd welcome Billy, poor kid. But they won't adopt the angel Lola and Billy will take nothing less. She loves me but hang it, that mother of hers has a sort of claw down in her soul. She won't marry me unless I see Lola as an injured saint. And I can't if I would, and I'm not sure I would if I could. Lola was pretty outrageous to mother."

It did seem a tangle. Mildred had seen the girl's helpless, violent, reasonless loyalty.

"There doesn't seem to be any

way out," she admitted, "and yet there must be."

"The worst of it is that I've queered any chance I had with Billy by letting out that I believe Lola ran off from her father with another man, and that she cadges more or less."

"Oh, why did you? That was silly."

"Because, of course, I thought she faced it. But Lola's story is that the other man was a noble friend who helped her at a crucial moment and no more. And Billy would take her mother's word against the angel Gabriel's."

THEY had been paddling aimlessly along as they spoke, and Mildred, looking across, saw that they had come to the same place she had found the night before, when she was by herself.

"I saw something strange there last night," she said. She wanted to make poor Mac stop thinking of his love affair.

"Did you?" he said absently.

"Yes. I landed and went in between the trees a little, and I saw a girl or a woman, I'm not sure which, draped in a long hooded cloak—one of those romantic looking things you buy in the Alps to keep out the rain—sobbing as if her heart would break, with her head on her knees. A big police dog was with her. I couldn't see her face, of course, but I suppose she was somebody who lives hereabouts."

"Not if she had on an Alpine cloak, she wasn't," said Mac. "The home talent hereabouts wear Sears-Roebuck clothes and high-heeled satin slippers on the mountain trails. Let's explore. She may have left by now."

Glad to have taken his mind from himself for a moment, Mildred assented, and they tied the canoe and followed the trail.

"No weeping lady. No leaping dog—which is poetry," said Mac. "Janet likes poetry. Wally makes it, I hear. He is thinking, indeed, of possessing a poetry magazine all his own, so he can publish unhampered by space or jealous editors. All the editors in America hate that boy, because he does such grand work. He told Jan so himself. He—Great Galusha!"

GAMES of CHANCE

are sometimes settled by the turn of a card or the revolution of a wheel. But when one makes "A Gamble in Futures" there are other and more important deciding factors. Sometimes a girl's happiness is in the balance—or a man's life. And sometimes Fate takes a hand. Read the story which Porter Emerson Browne and Joseph Hilton Smyth have written for October SMART SET



Mildred tried not to watch Hugh, openly. She tried to keep her mind on the golden light that lay across the water, on the black of the pines against the sunset sky

Full in their path, clad only in a one-piece bathing suit—stood Billy Redding. With her was the police dog Mildred had seen the night before. She stared defiantly at Mac for a moment, and then ran down the trail. The dog, with a final defiant bark, turned and galloped after her. Without an instant's hesitation Mac followed.

MILDRED stood still, watching the three figures disappearing, and wondered what Mac intended to do about Billy when he overtook her.

She found out the latter in a moment. He came back in a moment, laughing a little, panting a little, with Billy, struggling furiously.

"There. Now sit down and give an account of yourself, or I'll tie you to a tree with the canoe rope. Behave, now."

"You fool, do you think I'll fall for that cheap cave-man stuff?" she said.

"Not cheap," said Mac who was as calm as she was angry. "The very best cave-man stuff possible, I assure you, darling."

"Let me go!" "Mildred, would you mind getting me the rope from the canoe? I think we can walk home from here. I know the trail."

"Not at all," said Mildred. "I think I can pull it up so it won't float off."

"Oh, all right," Billy snapped, "I'll stay. Much good it will do you."

"What can do me more good than the light of your bright eyes? There's a lock of hair over one of them. Really your only lock, sweet."

[Continued on page 109]



Drawing by John Held, Jr.

GRANDMA'S DAY—AND NOW

When they mentioned underclothes,
Grandma's color swiftly rose;
And, if they had more to say,
Grandma fainted dead away!

Now we do not blush nor faint,
Nor do anything so quaint
Overclothes, this summer, bore us,
Now our underclothes speak for us!

She *Kneaded* a Job

*Making a Perfect Loaf
of Bread Was Gudrun
Carlson's First Step
Toward a Post in the
Diplomatic Service*

By

HENRIETTA GEE

PROBABLY it was fortunate that as a little girl, padding down the country lane of a Minnesota farm on her way to her first "cooking school," Gudrun Carlson could not look ahead and see that she had that morning started on a difficult road from which she would one day emerge as official representative of the United States government to one of the most picturesque capitals of all Europe.

But kings and queens, princes and diplomats, if they existed at all in the mind of this little country girl, were personages of story-book land rather than real people with whom some day she would mingle in the brilliant social gatherings of the Old World.

Gudrun Carlson is one of the youngest and most interesting persons in the foreign service of the American government. Early this year she was appointed United States Trade Commissioner to Norway and assigned to Oslo, its capital, to act not only as spokesman in Norway for American business, but also as official consultant to Norwegian organizations interested in opening up new trade relations in the United States. Indeed the creation and maintenance of good will in trade relations between these two countries is primarily her responsibility, and on such harmony as this rests the very foundations of international peace.

She is the third woman to be sent abroad by the government to carry out work of this character and she is one of the three highest ranking women in its entire foreign service. This honor she shares with Miss Viola Smith, stationed at Shanghai, China, and Miss Elizabeth Humes, assigned to Rome, Italy, but Miss Carlson is the first woman to receive an appointment direct from the examining board of the Department of Commerce, made up of men who are authorities on international relations. And it was a formidable oral examination that she passed, embracing all manner of questions relative to Norwegian and American markets, tariffs, and business procedure, and it included a quiet appraisal of her naturally gracious charm of manner and the poise with which she answered their complex questions.

BUT no such brilliant career as now is hers was in Gudrun Carlson's mind when, as a little girl in St. Peter, Minnesota, she made up her mind to take cooking lessons, yet this decision influenced directly the whole trend of her life. In those days the height of her ambition was to bake a loaf of rye bread as savory as those her mother could produce in the family kitchen.

"My earliest recollection was of standing on tiptoe while mother tried to teach me the art of kneading rye bread," she says. "Everybody who has kneaded rye bread and knows its sticking quality will understand the difficulties that beset my amateurish efforts."



Miss Carlson at her desk, directing the affairs of state. She is one of the youngest and most interesting persons in the foreign service of the American government

But even in those days she gave evidence of the tenacity of purpose that is one of her marked characteristics, and apparently the trying ordeal with sticky dough did not lessen her desire to be a cook.

"I remember vividly, too, the keen disappointment that I experienced when I was in the seventh grade and was not admitted to the cooking school. Only a few schools in our part of the country had such classes and I failed to be one of the girls chosen from our room to attend. I had to wait a whole year to be admitted, but once I was allowed to join, I walked or rode a bicycle almost four miles to class. I wanted to learn how to cook so that I might teach domestic science."

But cooking and sewing, prosaic as they are, are all the better for the imagination that goes into them, and Gudrun Carlson is an example of how far the gift of imagination may carry an expert cook if it is supplemented by ambition, vitality and courage. When she entered the state university to work for her degree, she did what seemed odd—at the time. She enrolled for an eighteen weeks course in animal husbandry to study how meat—veal, beef, and pork—should be cut and cooked. More than that, she did the actual cutting, and her notebook, neatly filled with data and drawings of bone and lean and fats of many cuts of meat, is still among her treasures.

Certainly this was not an aesthetic subject, but it was this grim course rather than excellence in fine needlework or interior decoration that indirectly prepared her for the highly enviable position she holds today—a position which gives her a social rank second only to the members of our diplomatic corps abroad.

GRADUATING from the state university she followed the routine of any young woman similarly trained. She taught two years in high school; then [Continued on page 102]

*When an Ugly
Duckling Turns
into a Swan She
Wears What Is
Known As*

Conquering

RAGE boiled within Santee Rockingford as she watched the tableau on the veranda. She had almost forgotten how much she despised these riotous house parties. That Caton Wells, whose attitude toward her fiancé had been one of unveiled hostility from the first, should be an on-looker only added to her fury. Other men might make fools of themselves over Mrs. Carston-Jones but Dick as part of the sickening spectacle was more than she could endure.

"How I wish I could see you working on plans for those wonderful dream-buildings," Mrs. Carston-Jones' voice had an ecstatic catch as she turned an intimately worshipful gaze upon him.

Dick, Santee noted savagely, tried to look deprecating and succeeded only in being sheepish. So that cup-custard blonde with the ink still damp on her divorce papers, could wind the most original designer of skyscrapers New York had seen in years around her red enamelled fingertips with such tripe and goulash!

"Dick can't even stand a telephone in the room when he's working," Santee flung out.

A second later she would gladly have bitten off her tongue for Dick looked at her in sharp reproof for telling the simple truth. A glance of humorous penetration from Caton implied that she, Santee Rockingford, brilliant sculptor and scorner of feminine wiles, was jealous of that frilled nitwit at whose feet her fiancé was reclining.

Caton's long legs dangled from the rail and a well-nigh irresistible urge to kick his shins for his devilish understanding welled in her.

"We can't all be clever like you, Santee," the rejoinder of Phyllis Carston-Jones came with purring sweetness. "Some of us are humble before great talents."

Suddenly conscious that talents clad in muddy brogues and blunt tweeds are poor weapons with which to combat whirling comets of pink and lavender organdie as applied by Madame Lanvin on a silver blonde, Santee swung abruptly into the house. She'd been a fool to bring Dick to this idiotic house party of her aunt's, anyway.

HALFWAY across the gallery of the main room she heard her name and hesitated.

"It's hard on Santee but I only invited Phyllis for Caton Wells without dreaming she'd steal Santee's young man," Mrs. Phylfie Rockingford wailed. "My poor niece takes after my departed husband's family. Hopelessly unattractive, you



know. The earnest type, frightfully dowdy and aggressively masculine. I doubt if she ever had another chance and I feel so guilty!"

"It's not your fault, my dear," responded James Fielding silkily. "If it weren't Phyllis it would be some other charming woman. What men want is the colorful softness appealing to the senses. The feminine allure, which you possess to so high a degree." Santee could picture his smirk. "As for your niece, I'd as soon make love to a cigar store Indian."

Livid with fury she leaned over the balcony and confronted the ancient and dapper admirer of Mrs. Rockingford.

"And I'd as soon let an over-ripe herring make love to me, Jimmie Fielding," stated the young woman. "Dick Marr can have a baker's dozen sticky-sweet grass widows for all I care!"

As the outraged lady and gentleman were gathering breath Santee flounced into her room and banged the door.

She kicked aside her heavy oxfords and pulled a sweater off over her head, making her wiry hair stand out like porcupine quills. Dick Marr, her discovery, whose devotion had been

Plumage

By
VIRGINIA LEE

Illustrations by
EDWARD RYAN



A slim gown of ivory satin encased Santee's superb figure. Her small head was held proudly high, and her ears were set with the molten gold of topaz. "She's done it!" exclaimed Caton, and clutched Carleton's arm. "She's done it! And how!"

the bright spot in her existence the last year, was being taken from her by a doll-faced idiot who thought a flying buttress was a variety of airplane.

Santee clenched her fists till the nails bit her palms. Dick was like the clay she shaped with her strong fingers. He would become merely another conquest for that semi-pro siren.

Nice intellectual companion she'd make for a high-strung mentality like his. The knuckles of her hands blanched. "Appealing softness! Feminine allure!" Great guns! What rot the older generation talked about love! Any one who understood the man knew he needed a stimulating mind to buoy him through fits of despondency which are the curse of all creative intellects.

Caton's warning given months before, "Marr will use you or any other woman to his personal advantage," she shrugged off.

Caton was too civilized to understand genius in the making. She'd be eternally consigned to limbo before she'd let that woman get Dick!

People usually considered Santee, who was orphaned at ten and heiress to a considerable fortune, a talented young eccentric without feminine charm. At the age when most girls dress dolls she was modelling in clay. To the relief of Mrs. Phylle Rockingford she refused to come out at eighteen and hid herself to Italy. With cheerful disregard of teas at the Plaza and dances at Sherry's, she spent hours in the dissecting rooms in Florence, learning anatomy with the same gusto her peers spent dancing.

THERE she met Dick Marr, an architect, seeing the glories of the Old World for the first time. He was striking looking in a rough-hewn fashion, though a trifle narrow between the eyes, and given to periods of depression and self-doubting. The latter quality touched the maternal in young Santee, who had robust confidence enough for a dozen.

The acquaintance begun in Florence continued in the working place she set up for herself in New York. Possessed with the rare virtue of being able to lose herself in the difficulties of another, his struggle to gain a foothold in the city enlisted her sympathy. His dependence upon her was almost pathetic and she found herself seeking opportunities for him.

Seated on the model's stand after the day's work was done, Santee would watch the shadows of the city extend themselves across the East River and listen, while Dick laid plans for the future. Often she thought how young he seemed with his unpressed clothes and rumpled hair,

in spite of his ten years advantage over her, and reflect that in all genius there is the quality of unquenchable youth.

CORRECT to the waxen perfection of the gardenia in his buttonhole, Caton Wells dropped in on one of these afternoons. After Marr's departure he remarked blandly that the future projects all seemed to embrace friends and relatives of the Rockingford clan.

"Doesn't His Nibs talk about anything except the Great Guy Marr?" said Caton. "Careful or he'll ride to the market place on your shoulders."

Santee's lip curled at this six feet of winter resort tan and excellent tailoring. It was easy for the possessor of solid wealth to sneer. Since childhood Caton had mocked her gods.

"He has great ability," she answered in quick defense. "I'm proud to help."

"I only want the best for you," he dropped the easy smile for an instant and his eyes had a queer expression as they met

hers. "I'd say he was out for all he could grab."

Santee's pupils narrowed to pin points. Deep in her that same idea had been refused recognition, but that only increased her resentment. Caton had presumed too far on an old acquaintance.

"You needn't come here to make malicious statements about my friends," she said hotly. "You're afraid of having your own superiority challenged!"

A dull red crept under the brown of Caton's cheek. "I only hate to see that bounder make a fool—"

Santee trembled from head to foot.

"Will you please go, at once!"

He took an involuntary step toward her but her anger checked him.

"Whatever you say," he acquiesced.

The easy smile was resumed as he bowed himself out.

Santee darted toward the closed door and then turned back. In fairness to Dick she couldn't have gone on listening.

THE next morning, Santee, clad in a dusty smock, flung open the door to a thunderous knock, wondering who dared disturb her working hours, and found Dick in the hallway.

"Santee, Santee, I got it! I got it!" he cried. Catching her in his arms, he whirled her madly about the room before the scandalized gaze of the scrub woman serving as a model. "I'm half crazy but I got it!"

"It" could only mean that Mark Carleton, head of the trust company which administered Santee's estate, had accepted his design for a monolithic tower for the heart of New York's financial district. Santee yielded to a surge of joy. Her pleas and threatening cajoleries against the peace of mind of the great financier had borne fruit at last.

"Buy yourself a Rolls Royce," cried Santee. She thrust a ten-dollar bill into the gnarled hand of the model and bundled her off. "There'll be no more work today!"

Freed, she gave herself up to exultation with Dick.

The witchery of twilight found them still lost in dreams of success to come. They had drawn together before the dying fire among the tongued shadows of the vaulted studio. In the gloom the rough modelling of his head was magnified into heroic proportions.

Suddenly he was kneeling beside her and his arms were around her.

"You'll marry me soon," she heard him intone the words like an incantation. "Together we can do anything!"

The acrid smell of pipe smoke from his coat filled her nostrils and her strength of will seemed to ebb through her fingertips.

"You will, Santee. You will!" His voice came from far below her.

Some faint overtone in his pleading made her abruptly aware of herself, aware of her sallow plainness in a dirty smock. Too used to the rôle of ugly duckling, she felt a nameless distrust of this turbulent emotion sweeping her.

Her head turned restlessly and she struggled to repel his lips. Once more he caught her, viselike. His lips found her mouth and suddenly she responded with feverish warmth.

FEET at last on something solid. Santee was forced to admit Dick had changed in subtle ways. An arrogance where diffidence had been, crept into his manner. Perhaps the pressure of the new work and its attendant publicity had begun to tell on his nerves.

"My aunt's giving a party up in the country," she announced casually. "Better drop things and come. You're looking all fagged out."

"I'm a busy man," he sputtered in protest. "Besides, I'm not accustomed to the idle rich."

"Don't let a lot of gold fish scare you," she attempted to



laugh lightly. "There is sure to be some one there who might be useful to know."

And Dick with quickening enthusiasm had agreed, only to succumb before the heady charms of Phyllis Carston-Jones.

Caton Wells, for whose amusement the lady had been invited, would have done just that—been amused. But Dick was swallowing doses of flattery like a thirsty man too long away from water.

Santee slid out of her clothes and into the shower. Where were his fine perceptions that he couldn't see the woman was second rate and shoddy?

Glowing into the mirror, she dressed. She studied herself with supercritical honesty. Amber eyes well apart, decent enough nose, rounded chin, olive skin. Not actually ugly but plain and swarthy beside Phyllis.

Her figure was better. One didn't need to be a sculptor to recognize the perfection of the neck and shoulders or the lithe grace of the legs.

"It's a shame to cover you up, Miss Santee," sighed Mrs. Rockingford's maid as the stiff folds of the magenta dinner frock spread over her. "But you never cared much about looks."

Santee flung a savage glance at her reflection. What could have possessed her to buy that hideous garment!

"The sales person waited to get rid of it and she saw me coming," she reflected bitterly as she went downstairs.

THOUGH the guests at dinner had a Bohemian savor out of compliment to her artistic inclinations and contrary to the usual taste of Mrs. Phyllis Rockingford, Santee felt painfully ill at ease for the first time in her life.



Santee was suddenly conscious that talent—clad in rough brogues and blunt tweeds—is a poor weapon with which to combat a blonde in pink organdie. She was acutely sorry that she'd brought Dick to the house party

Nose streaked with powder, hair hanging in wisps, and in a gown ten years too mature and deadly with her coloring, she looked with sudden envy upon her aunt, white hair waved softly, and superb in silver lamé. A shining immaculateness had replaced Dick's usual negligence and he hovered over Mrs. Carston-Jones, who looked like a sea anemone in a foam of green tulle.

A queer ache to possess beauty for herself came over Santee, who had spent her life creating it for others.

Caton Wells was beside her.

"The moth and the flame," he said, as Dick bent to light the divorcée's cigarette. "Better warn your genius that lady's out for big game."

Santee turned venomously but something in Caton's eyes held her. It was as if he had drawn an invisible circle around them, leaving the others out. The mocker turned champion.

"I was a beast to you the other day," she began, but he took her hand and drew it through his arm.

"Got what meddlers deserve." His voice was very kind. "Only don't let Phyllis get away with anything you want."

"But, Caton," she spoke with a new humility. "I'm no good at that—" Mrs. Carston-Jones was leaning toward the architect with neatly painted lips half parted and unveiled admiration shone from mascaro-fringed eyes. "Besides, I'm homely as the devil."

"Ever seen Phyllis without her fighting paint?" he demanded. "I'll lay you a nice bet you could make her look like a washout if you'd half try."

Santee's laugh had an edge.

"Aren't you kind!"

"You're an artist, you little fool!" the mockery came back. "Why put that sickly red against your dark skin! Don't you ever use your brains when you tog yourself out? A gracious Providence gave you a lovely figure and you cover it with sartorial insults!"

"I've something else to think about."

"It's every woman's business to think about looks," he was saying when Dick approached.

"I've just been telling Phyllis about your studio," he said, his manner a trifle apologetic. "She wants to come some afternoon. I told her I knew you'd be delighted. She has such a sympathetic grasp of things."

The woman was actually planning to invade the sacred twilight hours Santee always shared with Dick. Her world was slipping from her. Her throat, hot and parched, now became frozen.

"Of course," she gulped. "Any time."

"Phyllis was always devoted to the arts," said Caton apropos of nothing and Dick, vaguely distrustful of the remark, stammered, "I'll bring her Monday," and returned to the charmer.

The grip of Caton's fingers tightened as he drew Santee to the open window. A damp wind fanned her temples.

"You're a darn sight too fine to be in love with him," he said gently. "I'm no genius but she wouldn't get to first base with me. He laps up the [Continued on page 103]

POLO *for* Limited Incomes



By

DONALD
OGDEN
STEWART

Drawing by
HELEN E.
HOKINSON

When he is old enough he can be taught to let
you sit on him long enough to be photographed

INDICATIONS seem to point (when I was a little boy I was taught *not* to point, but that is another story) to the fact that polo is rapidly taking the place of golf as the most popular sport in America, especially among the members of the *beau monde* (beautiful world) and I, for one, am glad to see that my predictions in this respect are gradually being fulfilled. (Other interesting predictions of mine were the World War, the use of rubber for automobile tires, and the marriage of Lindbergh to Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte.) Golf, after all is said and done (say about 11:30 these hot evenings) has its limitations.

In the first place, the name does not at all describe the sport, and perfect strangers (a rapidly dying-out race, by the way, and I can remember when you used to be able to shoot perfect strangers right where our apartment now stands and a day never used to pass without my father bringing home ten or fifteen) who are asked to play "golf" can well be pardoned for not knowing what is meant. The word "golf" can well be pardoned for not knowing what is meant. The word "golf" describes nothing, and is also constantly being mixed up with other words such as "gulf" and "golp."

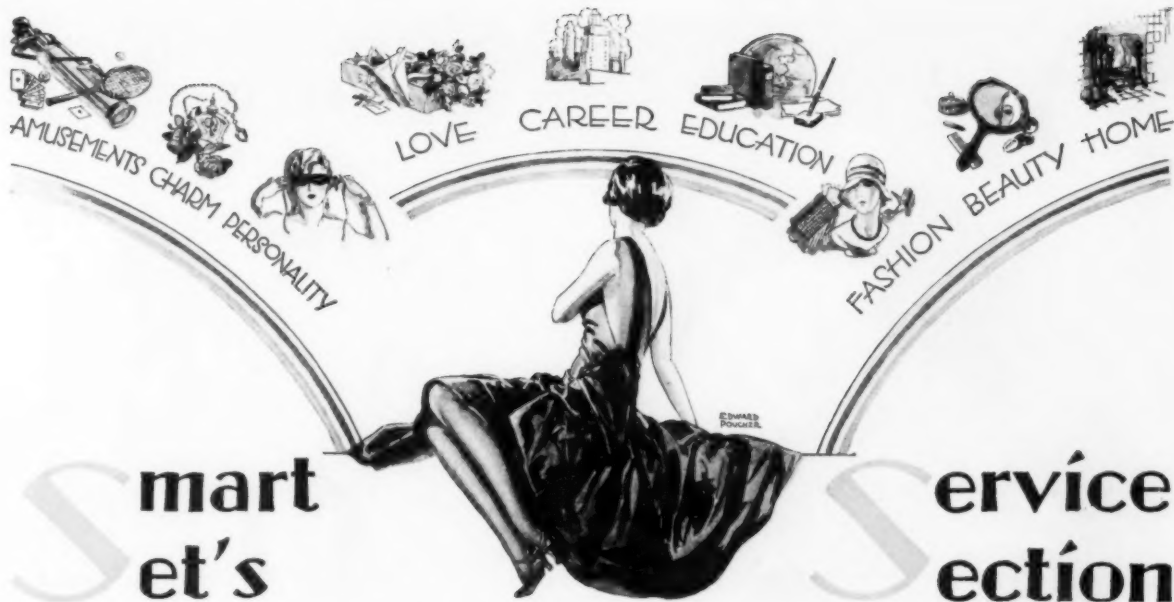
Then, too, golf, even at its best, involves a certain amount of walking, which is bad for any one except those who enjoy walking, and if walking is made any more pleasant and interesting for the majority of us it is apt to have a very bad effect on the automobile industry and if the automobile industry is affected the stock market will be the first to feel it and we shall have another panic as in 1907, resulting in the loss of hundreds of dollars and the probable embarrassment of the Hoover administration and anything that embarrasses the administration (other than a run in Mrs. Willebrandt's stocking or Mr. Hoover forgetting to bring a handkerchief) is bad for the country.

Furthermore, the "bunkers" on a golf course are full of sand which does not belong there at all and should by all

rights be on some beach and if this wanton stripping of our beaches had been allowed to go on we should have soon found ourselves in the ridiculous position of being a nation without a beach or, at least, without a beach on which there was any sand, and we should have become the laughing stock of Europe, for without any beaches we should not have had any use for the ocean and with both oceans useless we should very soon have become an inland country like Switzerland and had to learn to yodel, which is the worst thing that could happen to any nation.

NO, GOLF had to go—and in its place, wisely enough, we have begun to put polo. And by "polo" I don't mean "water-polo," which is an entirely different game and is played, as the name would suggest, in water except where there is no water when it is called "basketball" and as neither of these two sports are the subject of this article I shall not refer to them again except where necessary.

Polo like Caesar's wife retains all the virtues of golf without the necessity of being played in knickerbockers, and for that reason alone it should endear itself to those thousands of beauty lovers all over this country who hate to see our natural scenery rendered hideous by the works of man. Furthermore, polo is played on horses, which will do much to solve that ever-present question of, "What to do with our horses?"—a question, incidentally, which the Republican party has so far completely overlooked in spite of their frequent promises during the campaign of 1928. The invention of the automobile and the telephone threw on the market hundreds of thousands of horses who literally had nothing to do all day and as a result they began to get into all kinds of mischief and raise h*** (hell) in general in the communities in which they lived. It is customary, I know, to blame the War with all the present unrest—the divorces and gin drinking and mixed dances and what-not of the [Continued on page 114]



THE group of us who run this magazine were gathered together recently deciding upon candidates for our picture gallery of successful women, which we publish every month. Somebody mentioned little Betty Ford, aged seventeen, who, upon her graduation this summer from Stanford University, was described by psychologists as "an extraordinary example of genius."

Betty's record is that she walked when she was seven months old, talked and knew the alphabet at nine months, read before her third birthday, and at the age of seven had a vocabulary of some 13,000 words. Even now, despite her university degree, her entire scholastic life is only six years long.

We women on the magazine were all impressed. We were, frankly, all envious. What, we thought, could have been sweeter than being pronounced a first water genius at the naive age of seventeen?

Then a masculine member of our staff spoke up.

"She may be a girl and a genius," said the gentleman, "but unless that youngster also possesses glamour, her genius will probably avail her little in life except heartache. It's glamour that gets a man and glamour that keeps him and it's that that every girl wants."

AND there you have it. Glamour, from the male point of view, is the most necessary quality in woman.

Probably there was never a woman born who didn't instinctively recognize this. Women know, that when they love at all, they love more sincerely than men. When a woman becomes charmed by the profile of a Jack Gilbert or the crooning voice of a Rudy Vallee, she recognizes it instantly for what it is—a crush—and permits herself such emotional nonsense in the same spirit that she permits herself an extra ice cream soda. It is a temporary indulgence that she knows she'll soon get over. It is only from the male side that the everlasting cry for glamour comes, the persistent demand for those subtle arts of love enchantment that are so ephemeral and so deceiving.

Glamour

by

Ruth Waterbury

STILL this demand for glamour has, until lately, made things very hard for the average girl. The rich have always cultivated their charm and their appearance. But for generations, Little Miss Average has had to pass up glamour because she literally couldn't afford it.

But now, good news. Do *you* want glamour? And you, and you? You can have it. For ten cents, or thereabouts.

This summer on one of the hottest July afternoons the New York weather bureau has ever sweated to record, I sat, with other members of the press and a crowd of buyers, in the spacious salons of a wholesale garment manufacturer. The air was heavy with the fragrance of expensive cigars and heady perfumes. Mannikins, lovely as creatures of a dream, undulated before us. Sales forces hovered over us. The whole atmosphere was of wealth, taste and accomplishment.

The news angle of the affair was that the garments being shown for the fall and winter trade were not frocks to retail at prices between fifty and one hundred dollars—but frocks to sell at fifteen dollars each. Yet those dresses were better designed, better cut and made than any sixty dollar gown of even five years ago. Nor were the models mere drab, daytime things. They were dresses for every hour of the day from trig little office outfits to orchidaceous gowns for evening wear. There was everything there that any girl could wish—and could get—if she had the fifteen dollars.

It is the business girl with her slender but

wisely used purse who has put this across. The business girl, buying steadily and cleverly, has without knowing it, produced for her own glorification such a corps of assistants as the world has never known before. In the days when Europe was a land of kings, individual women triumphed, as witness a Madame de Pompadour or a Lola Montez. Yet the modern miss commands for a dime more aids to glamour than those darlings could command with an army.

Throughout the civilized world scientists work to discover means of helping her. Nor are these merely the delightful helps like perfumes and cosmetics but real pointers toward health and hygiene.

Advertisements in newspapers and magazines give without charge beauty recipes which Cleopatra would have sold her pearls for.

That's one side. There's another—the development of taste. In order to sell a ten-cent soap a manufacturer has designed a series of bathrooms, in which to photograph that soap, which must have made the ancient Romans (who were proud of their tubs) do a backflip in their graves. But it sold the soap and it taught millions of girls a limitless amount about interior decoration.

A cosmetic firm, spending nearly a million dollars a year advertising a four-dollar an ounce perfume, retails it in a flacon designed by the greatest and most expensive glass designer. And for the girls who cannot afford the four dollars and can get along without the lovely bottle, tiny vials of the same essence grace the dime-store counters.

IN EVERY direction the tendency is the same. One of our greatest universities offers correspondence courses in everything from astronomy to making alphabet soup for prices that used merely to buy a dress hat. And one publishing house puts out products of the world's greatest literature for the unbelievable price of a nickel.

Very few of us can be geniuses like little Betty Ford. But certainly with beauty and brains thus spread out on the bargain counters we can all of us command that little touch of glamour that makes the whole world sing.



Courtesy of Paramount Pictures

The eyes are beauty's truest allies, personality's twin mirrors. Yet too frequently we disregard the rules for their care and work them eighteen hours a day

WHOEVER said that the eyes are the windows of the soul was almost—but not quite—right. Of course, if you're tired, or ill, or discouraged, or sleepy, your eyes will give you away just as plainly as they do when you've been weeping. But there are times when the eyes look dull and tired when you yourself don't feel that way at all. You may not even know that you look as if your very soul is weary. Sometimes a perfectly well managed house has dirty windows, but they never stay that way very long. If they remain dirty a long time you know that that house, after all, is not well regulated. Once or twice you may be forgiven dull or weary eyes. After that your best friends should tell you to see your doctor, or your oculist.

So much of our expression depends on the eyes. They are the most precious of all our features, magical and delicate. Without them there would be no beauty! Actresses know more about the care of the eyes than most girls. Certainly they know all about the expressiveness of the eyes. I know a famous actress who is noted for being late at the theater. When she has only a few minutes for making-up for the stage she uses almost every bit of that time on her eyes. Then there are movie actresses, often exposed for long hours to powerful lights, stronger than footlights, and they simply have to guard their eyes and keep them clear and fresh and strong.

Every one knows the first principles of caring for the eyes. First you must keep in the best of health! You must get a full night's sleep! And avoid eye strain! But business girls in these days of desks and artificial light cannot escape a lot of grueling eye strain. If your job keeps you at a desk all day, looking down, gradually gathering little wrinkles under your eyes, the best thing to do is to look up occasionally. From time to time through the day cast your vision around,

*Seeking Beauty,
Personality, Charm?*

The Eyes Have IT

By

MARY LEE

out of the window, at the ceiling. Look out of the car window instead of reading the paper part of the way home.

You are lucky if you can catch a wee little nap at noon or in the evening before dinner. A little nourishing cream or special eye cream patted into or rubbed gently on the tender, easily wrinkled skin of the eyelids and beneath the eyes is a good precaution against crow's-feet. If you have a tendency toward little puffs of skin beneath the eyes, better see a doctor; that may mean that you aren't in tip-top condition physically. All patting or soothing with creams should be gentle.

PLAY is often as hard on the eyes as work. A long ride in a rumble seat without a windshield may torture your eyes into real suffering if you aren't careful. Constant unshaded exposure to sunlight is very hard on the eyes. And dust! Yet I sometimes think that a little dust is a blessing to the eyes, for after dust you usually bathe them. Lots of girls never really wash their eyes except after a long journey by train or motor.

Almost as much dust gets into our poor sensitive eyes in the city or country, about our daily tasks, as gets into them when traveling. Only it isn't whipped in quite so hard. Often when our eyes smart they are just crying for a delicate eye wash or eye lotion to relieve them. A very, very mild solution of salt water, artificial tears—helps a lot sometimes, though it is a bother and less apt to be used than a regular eye wash always in the bathroom or on the dressing table.

A lot of people, I think, are discouraged from washing their eyes by the way soap burns when it accidentally gets into the eyes. But soap was never made for the eyes. Eye washes and eye lotions are. Soap or cleansing cream should be used regularly around the eyes. There are many careless girls who neglect more than any other part of their daily beauty care, the part of the face around the eyes. They are afraid to risk getting soap into the eyes, or they dislike going over the little corners of the eye sockets with cleansing cream. At any rate, I have seen the results of this sort of neglect in darkened skin around the eyes. Soap is horrid in the eyes themselves. But if you take your time and cleanse carefully you will add a look of healthy brilliance to the eyes themselves by simply



Courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The light that lies in a girl's eyes can be made to lie much more subtly by the use of the proper make-up. Their very size and color may be changed if one becomes artist enough

keeping the skin around them lovely and free from wrinkles.

After cleansing the eyes and the lids you are ready for bed—or ready for grooming to go out! If you are going to bed, a little nourishing cream or a special eye cream will do wonders toward making them beautiful when you wake up. Frames are as important for eyes as settings for jewels. Making up the eyebrows and eyelashes requires good taste and a steady hand. If your eyebrows are terribly light, don't make the mistake of darkening them too much. For most brows I think the pencil is best. If your hair is blonde, a brown pencil is apt to be more natural than a black one. Mascara should be applied carefully to the lashes according to directions, and should be washed off thoroughly at night.

Eye-shadow on lids is effective, but it too should be skillfully applied. The best types of eye make-up come with good directions for their use.

It is much easier to pluck a hair than to replace it; so let me caution you about plucking your eyebrows too much. The natural shape is almost always the best curve and size for you. If there are straying hairs pluck them, being careful not to continue plucking until you get the habit of trimming your eyebrows down to the absurdly thin looking line affected a few years ago. If your eyebrows tend to be a continuous line over the bridge of the nose it is perfectly permissible, and advisable, to remove the hairs in the center. Here again the plucking should not go too far. If the brows are too widely separated you may look odd and unnatural. This is the way to go about it. First, use plenty of warm water or hot compresses, then seize the hair with a tweezer and do it quickly. The skin around the eyes is tender, and should be handled gently and patiently.

Although it is wise not to use a great deal of make-up about the eyes in the daytime—saving the best of your tricks for

parties!—there are girls who find it necessary. Protruding eyes are much less noticeable if a tiny bit of eye-shadow is filmed over the upper eyelid. The make-up of the entire face of round-faced girls has to be managed so as to emphasize the eyes. Eyes vary much less than faces do—and the face and size of a person often gives the impression of large or small eyes, or deep-set or protruding eyes, when the real problem is one of contours, make-up—or buying the right color in a dress. Very pale blue-gray eyes, for instance, usually look almost washed out if too bright colors are worn. A great deal depends upon your own individuality and temperament! The color of your hair, your skin—your height and weight.

Not long ago I was having tea with a lovely young New York artist, and she suddenly announced that she never used make-up of any description.

"Not even around your eyes?" I asked, for her lashes were marvelously long and curved ever so slightly, just right!

"No," she said, "I don't even accentuate my eyelashes, but I do use a bit of oil on them, just to keep them in condition."

That was her little secret of patience. We have been taught to believe that long graceful eyelashes

are only given us by the right ancestors. They are so surely an indication of breeding, of aristocracy, even. All the celebrated beauties of the world have had poems written about their eyelashes. Most of you will probably find that make-up is a sure and certain method of controlling the color and thickness of your eyebrows and eyelashes, but if you are patient enough you can give them a dark sheen by keeping them oiled with petroleum jelly or a special eyelash grower, and the oil will encourage their glossiness and healthy growth.

I don't believe that many people pay half the attention to their eyes that they do to their skin [Continued on page 132]

It's EASY to be BEAUTIFUL

BEAUTY today is no longer restricted to perfect features. We have grown wise and make our own beauty. Still we need rules to guide us. Mary Lee knows these rules. Write her, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a personal solution of your particular beauty problem. Address Miss Lee, in care of SMART SET, 221 West 57th St., New York

SMART
LET'S
SERVICE
ECTION

FASHION

Turns Serious

THE mad young maidens of the mode are getting madder every moment. While they are still being scorched and seared in the name of sun-tan by the blistering summer sun, they are suddenly confronted with the prospect of burning the midnight oil at school and college before long. Flaming youth, it appears, must always play with fire—theirs is no empty title! It's a serious moment.

Following a summer of bare legs, bare arms and backs, you might think that Dame Fashion would offer at least a temporary armistice in the form of a restful September, but that volatile lady doesn't know what the word rest means, and so the harassed younger set must remain on its collective toes.

There was a time, and probably your mothers will remember it, when fashions for school and college were sedate, conventional affairs. It was felt then that the academic semester was a time for study and hard work and that students who were really smart academically would not find it necessary to be smart in dress.

Later, in the hectic behavior of the post-war years, clothes became so important in most schools and colleges that some of them actually went in for style courses.

Today we have struck a rather nice balance between the two. While fashions are not the one absorbing topic of the modern student they play a very decided and significant role. To put it briefly, while the collegiate young persons of today do not exploit the really bizarre style themes of the moment they do and must wear only those clothes whose chic and smartness have passed every recognized test.

Don't think for a moment that collegiate clothes are necessarily confined only to those young women who are pursuing various forms of the higher education. The college fashions of today are being worn by a quickly recognizable group of girls, some of whom are in the professions, some of whom are in offices and some of whom are still in that happy and care-free state when junior proms and senior hops are still the all-absorbing topics of the moment. And so in my shopping tour this month, while I am going to pick out what are generally recognized as collegiate styles, I want to emphasize the fact that these clothes can be most smartly worn by that group of girls who are hovering around the debutante years. They are a distinct and distinguishable collection and they occupy a place in fashions which belongs to no one else. They come from offices, schools and colleges and in the ranks of fashion they constitute about the smartest sorority in the mode.

AFTER a few seasons of easy and almost careless informality, changeable Dame Fashion has suddenly decided to revive some of the strict barriers of the past. Possibly this is just as well. Inasmuch as the heart of style is novelty, when fashion laws are easy in one direction, it simply means that they are going to become complex in another. The fad of bare limbs and of a deep tan décolletage are two instances of what can happen when time hangs heavy on the hands of the French dressmakers.



Gebor Eder

Back from vacation, Miss Autumn 1929 wears a jacket ensemble of tan wool crepe with an egg-shell crepe blouse, a linked choker of dull gold, a tan felt hat and pumps of brown calf. She carries a double breasted topcoat of tweed, a beige calf handbag, beige slip-on gloves.

And the very new striped luggage
Entire Ensemble Courtesy of Lord and Taylor

*A Preview of Fall Styles
Especially Selected for
the College Girl and the
Young Business Woman*

By
GEORGIA MASON



A long sleeved black lace frock, a youthful wrap of black velvet, plain black satin opera pumps. The total cost is negligible, the total effect is charming

Courtesy of Russek

And so this season there is going to be no beating about the bush. Paris and New York are going to call a spade a spade, and if you are not dressed smartly during the coming months it will be because you have been unable to read the plainest handwriting that fashion has written upon the wall in many years. You won't have a single excuse for not being smart and you may have to make some drastic changes in your wardrobe.

In the first place—and this is why the new collegiate mode



Kamera

For the girl who must dress on next to nothing a year, this flattering frock combined with the across-the-page ensemble and the evening outfit below would make a very adequate wardrobe. Being sleeveless, this dress may be worn for afternoon or evening. Its skirt is tiered and its collar pleated

Courtesy of Stewart & Co.

is going to be so important—youth is going to be quite firmly established at the head of the style procession. The sudden flair of more matronly fashions last season was just one of those Indian summer revivals that never last very long. This one almost died aborning, and at the August Openings, youth rode high again.

Let's analyze the coat situation in our shopping tour this month. Probably the most important wrap for the college type is the sports coat. I have photographed a model for you in which lines are simple and straight yet giving the coat that swagger effect which is such an important part of the campus atmosphere. This model will also be found well adapted to traveling either in the late and more crisp days of summer or in early autumn. This particular coat is developed in pottery blue Gazzah cloth, a new wool fabric, but it also comes in chocolate brown, navy blue, copper beige, sun beige and oxford.

The felt hat that is worn with this model is quite English in tone and is obtainable in almost any color you might wish. The scarf is by Rodier and, although you cannot notice it in the photograph, its colors are extremely vivid.

You will, of course, require a formal coat in your new wardrobe and here I want to call your attention to one



Gabor Eder

Though autumn comes, there will still be days when the weather is all hot and bothered. To conquer them nothing equals a black and white outfit. Here a cardigan jacket and skirt of black flat crepe combine with a white sleeveless blouse on which soft black polka dotted silk is appliqued

Courtesy of Bonwit Teller



"Be smart at sports," is the young modernist's slogan. The girl who wears ribbed silk socks over French clocked hose and golf moccasins of perforated tan calf need not worry about scoring

Courtesy of Shoecraft



Shoes for the lady are these smart slippers of bisque royal kid with a straight toe tip and shaped collar and strap of dark brown lizard. Adaptable to all daytime wear

Courtesy of Shoecraft

Joel Feder

of the distinct departures which is going to differentiate the approaching season's models from the present ones. Your new formal coat must exploit a flare in the vicinity of the hemline. It should also follow what are known as princess lines. Possibly you don't know what princess lines are. Any of your mothers could tell you but in case you have no mother handy let me explain. Historically, this princess silhouette dates back to before the war—the Gibson Girl, about whom you have heard so much, was one of its great exponents. The line itself follows a fitted contour over the bodice, suggests but does not exaggerate a fairly normal waistline, holds snugly to the hips and continues in a straight, if sometimes liberally cut line, to the hem.

You are going to hear a lot about this princess silhouette next season and it is just as well if you get the correct impression from the start. Back fullness is another feature which I recommend for your late summer and early autumn coat, and I also prefer fairly deep cuffs which will reach almost to the elbows. You need no longer shy away from fur trimmings, as ermine, astrakhan, fox and lamb are all going to appear in profusion on the coats of the coming season.

OUR next consideration is the ensemble. There are two distinct types of this particular costume: one is the full length coat variety which has its greatest appeal for the older woman, and the second is the short-jacket ensemble which is not only the more important of the two but which in addition carries the melody of youth much more harmoniously. Now I want to call your attention to another point of departure between the new mode and the old. Last season the jacket portion of these short-jacket ensembles were hip-top affairs. This season they are sharply longer and while they do not approach the length of the skirts, they reach to approximately two-thirds of that distance. In a word, the new short-jacket ensembles are a little longer—instead of being half portions they are two-third lengths. Bear this strongly in mind as the hip-top jacket will be quite out of the picture before many more weeks.

Item number two in ensemble fashions is the tuck-in blouse, a truly collegiate theme which is pert and swagger and which carries with it a genuine undergraduate chic. But I do not want you to get the impression that this tuck-in blouse completely eclipses the overblouse, for it decidedly does not. If you are a little over the average in stature you will find that those ensembles which incorporate the overblouse are far better adapted to your type than those which feature the tuck-in blouse. It is really a matter of choice and I will tell you frankly that I have no per-

sonal preference about them so far as chic goes.

I have selected from the shops three ensembles or suits which I think best typify fashion leadership. One of these comes in the suit category. It is made of brown tweed—that still so essential woolen—and it includes a two-third length jacket whose brown caracul cuff bands reach almost to the elbow, and a fairly severe matching skirt which permits not even a faint suspicion of the knee to appear from beneath its hemline. This suit comes in black and white, yellow and red tweed and is obtainable in all sizes between fourteen and twenty.

THE tuck-in blouse ensemble which is photographed is developed in a novelty knit jersey and its tuck-in sweater is in a harmonizing tone. You will observe that a belt appears in a position which is just underneath the normal waistline. The high waistline is very much in favor among smart young women at this moment and its future for autumn is practically assured.

The over-blouse ensemble which is shown on page sixty-six, is an extremely light weight affair of tan wool crepe with a blouse of egg-shell silk crepe. Observe that the young lady is carrying a coat upon her left arm as a protection against the rigors of the crisp early autumn evenings. This coat is of tan and black tweed and is of the ulster, double-breasted type. The ensemble itself is quite modestly priced and if you are inclined to be of the more feminine type you will find it better adapted to your uses than the other two. A tan felt hat, a beige calf handbag and brown calf shoes complete the ensemble.

Our shopping tour takes us to the daytime dress department. Before [Continued on page 133]

Very smart wrappings for the chic collegiate or insouciant business girl. The excellently tailored, untrimmed coat is of the new Gazzah cloth. The English felt hat is ribbon banded. The gay striped silk scarf is by Rodier

Courtesy of Franklin Simon

Today's Oxford is built so daintily it becomes a real dress shoe. Here burnt copper kid combines with checked satin kid in beige tones. Matching hose in beige mesh silk

Courtesy of Delman



Pub



Color
Editor



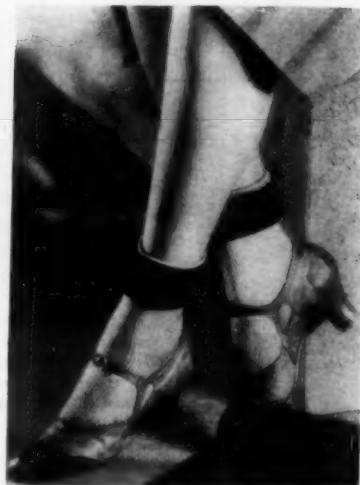
Color
Editor

"Tweed, tweed, tweed," chirps the fall mode. Which is fortunate for the girl with a limited income. This tweed dress with its interesting neckline, silk jabot, suede belt and box-pleated skirt is a wise purchase. Moderately priced, it may be worn fall, winter and spring with equal correctness

Courtesy of Saks 34th Street

This shoe of brown kid on brown watersnake would make a perfect footnote for the tweed costume above because of its tailored lines achieved by the perforated modernist tip and medium heel

Courtesy of Shoecraft



Just
Editor

Autumn Approaching? Your Clothes All Suffering from



There's nothing like costume jewelry to perk up a discouraged frock. Try a choker, earrings and bracelet in ebony and ivory and a finger ring of ebony and watch the effect

PARIS Pep for

THESE late-summer—early-autumn days, when you feel as if you just didn't have a thing fit to wear Paris is waiting with a hundred happy solutions to offer for your particular problem. Somehow there always is, at the end of summer, that feeling that you and your wardrobe need just a little perking up!

It is a difficult situation, for it is too early to do your fall shopping, and yet both for your appearance's sake, and for the psychological reaction on yourself, you do need that "something different." There are many pitfalls along the way. It is so easy to satisfy that need by buying an extra dress that is decidedly summery, and that you cannot possibly wear for more than a few weeks. And the worst of it is that you will probably have to buy a new set of accessories that you didn't count on when the dress tempted you. And the price of the dress, even if bought at a bargain sale, plus the hat and the shoes and the purse, can so easily make deep inroads into your fall dress allowance that it is really an extravagance, and an exceedingly unsatisfactory one to boot.

On the other hand there are the sensible things that you can do. Here is a true story that happened in Paris this week. One of the most popular of our American film stars was here, and suddenly found she wanted something different to wear. Yet she didn't feel justified in buying a whole new outfit. Looking over her clothes, she found a soft brown wool skirt, that proved the basis of what her husband called the best-looking ensemble he had ever seen her wear, barring none.



Just a two-timer is this amusing dress of checked brown and beige silk. It has two tunics, one checked, one plain. You pay your money and you take your choice. The coat dress, right, is dark green georgette with under cuffs and jabot in light yellow



Get yourself an unlined flannel coat. It goes with everything

That Tired Feeling? Follow This Last Ruse of Summer

Weary Wardrobes

As we went through her closet we spied a beige crepe de chine blouse. Taking it out to see if the colors blended, what was her delight to find that the shades were perfect, and to add to her happiness, that the buttons on the blouse were finished with a dark brown edge, just the color of her skirt. Then she remembered the felt hat that had gone with the suit of which the skirt was a part. So the only thing lacking was a jacket. In one of the shops we found just the thing, in a tête de negre shade, in unlined flannel. And I have told you already the verdict of her husband on the completed outfit, which cost her, honestly, almost nothing.

These little unlined coats are the most useful things I know of, and they are the smartest of the late summer's smart things. For the big week at Deauville—and you know that resort lives for its one week when Society, with a capital letter, from all over the world, flocks to its beach and casino—they are the first thing that is being offered.

THERE is another essentially smart new idea launched in the unlined suit, which I think you will find useful. Either plan it, using some of the things you are tired of, or—if you just must buy something—this is a wise purchase. The suit is of soft tweed, or rep, or one of the new kasha mixtures. You may have the skirt either pleated at each side of the front from a deep yoke foundation or cut with godets in front.

The tricky idea is in the coat. It is cut without a collar, and is absolutely without lining, the seams being turned back about two inches and finished by overcasting or a flat ribbon binding. And this is the secret. Each [Continued on page 115]



A scarf of red crepe de chine with a design in blue, a matching belt fastened with a gold horseshoe nail, inexpensive aids to chic, but oh, so nice

By
**DORA
LOUES
MILLER**

Sketches by
**FANNY FERN
FITZWATER**



Agnes fashions a perfect turban of jersey and antelope



More new tunics. Over a straight simple chiffon dress, tie a dropping tunic and be ready for your dinner date

Take an unlined tweed suit. That's for Indian summer days. Add a detachable inner lining and who's afraid of autumn days

HELEN WOODWARD *says*

*That Many a Girl Has Gone into Impractical Work,
Just Because She Liked Nice Things*

Be Honest With Yourself

IT IS not always possible to tell a girl what she ought to do to make a living but it is only too easy to point out certain things that she ought not to do. It seems to me as though nearly every girl wants to be an interior decorator, a writer, an artist, or to work in a publishing house. And the rest want to keep gift shops. And not one of these is good for most girls.

A few months ago I said something in one of these articles to the effect that interior decorating was not the thing for a poor girl because so many well-to-do women are willing to work at it for nothing or for a few dollars a week. You see

SMART
ET'S
SERVICE
ECTION

it's supposed to be a ladylike business. Just because you "like nice things and love to arrange a nice home" doesn't mean that you are fitted to be an interior decorator. Good taste is such a small part of what is required for this really exacting business. There is, of course, many a woman who calls herself an interior decorator

but whose equipment consists in having some delightful clothes and a pleasant manner, and she thinks she is working when she is picking out a pretty cretonne or selling an antique bureau to her friends. This is not really being an interior decorator. A competent one needs a sense of architectural design and a certain knowledge of architecture.

One of the greatest interior decorators I ever saw, although he would resent being called so and never does anything about it except for his own home, is the famous sculptor, Gutzon Borglum. The sense of form which makes a great sculptor and the general craftsmanship which some artists have—all these he uses to make for himself a beautiful home wherever he lives. In his work of making public monuments he has to live in a new city every year or two. In each of these cities he makes for himself an interior of such beauty as interior decorators seldom equal. Suppose, however, you had a little knowledge of architecture, a thorough understanding of fabrics, a sense of design, and the almost superhuman amount of tact needed in dealing with idle rich women who buy new homes—suppose all this, even so, it would not be a good business for you because of the rich women who compete.

THE next supposed-to-be ladylike business is that of writing. To people who have spent years in writing, the idea of deliberately setting out to make a living by writing without experience seems fantastic. In the first place, writing is not in the least a ladylike business. It is just plain hard work. Most people who make their living at it work eight and ten hours a day and usually they are not much good for anything else while they are working. They do not, as a rule, make good golf players or tennis players or bridge players, though there are exceptions. Just forget completely the thought that you might like to write because it's a pleasant thing to do. It's not pleasant. Its only pleasant aspect is that you are sometimes free to live a rather wandering life and are not tied to one spot.

The way to approach the idea of writing is from exactly the opposite point of view. People who make good writers don't approach it with the idea of making a living, although they frequently do make a financial success. They become writers because they have something they want to say so urgently that they've simply got to put it on paper. It may not be an important idea, indeed it might be nothing much, but they cannot rest until the thing is written down and other people have read it. Now if you have something in your mind that you simply have to write down and if it's interesting enough



Helen Wills in action. It looks thrilling in photograph and news reel—it IS thrilling—to be a tennis star! But back of the thrill there is steady training, heart-breaking monotony, and a great deal of self-sacrifice



A gift shop is fun—of course! It's fine to work in an atmosphere of loveliness. But the average self-supporting girl cannot compete with the rich woman who is in the business

so that somebody else wants to read it, then you should be a writer. Otherwise, not. Then, after that, if you have such a something that you must tell, remember that it takes a long time to learn to write it so that it'll make good reading. Easy, smooth writing is almost never done as a first draft by inexperienced people.

So much for writing.

I AM continually amazed at the number of girls who think they are getting somewhere near literature by working in a publishing house, or especially in the editorial department of a publishing house or a magazine. The editors of this magazine would probably tell you, if you should ask them, that editorial work keeps a writer from doing other writing, and the average clerical work of a publishing house is just as dull as clerical work done anywhere else. To be sure people in such an office are apt to be pleasant people, but so are they in a great many other kinds of business.

Next come the girls who want to be commercial artists. The ability to copy a drawing from a magazine does not necessarily indicate that you have any talent as an artist. It's just like writing. If you have an overwhelming desire to draw—if everything you see—a bare wall, or a piece of paper, or a bare tablecloth—gives you an unbearable desire to make drawings on it of everything around you—if you have that—and if you are willing to go through a severe training, then you may make a commercial artist. You may even make a great painter. But if all you want to do is something pretty and nice as a way to make a living and if you like to make a little pleasant sketch in a few minutes, that will not make you an artist. Better turn to something else.

And then come the gift shops. It's understandable that a

girl who likes pretty and graceful things wants to have a gift shop. She thinks that it will keep her in an atmosphere of pretty objects. Well, that isn't the way to look at it at all. Most gift shops have more ugly things than pretty ones in them, and many successful gift shop owners have no real taste at all. They have instead something which is commercially more important. They know the kind of things that probable customers want and they also know where to procure them wholesale, how much profit they ought to make, and what rent they ought to pay. Above all, they are good saleswomen. It is really too dreadful to contemplate the vast collections of hideous objects squeezed together on the shelves of places which call themselves gift shops. Their main function seems to be to clutter up homes that should look restful and empty.

BUT more than all these, seem to be the army of girls and boys who want to go into the advertising business. Or maybe I just think so because, having been in that business for so many years, they are apt to come to me for advice. The ability to write a clever catch-line will not make you a good advertising woman. There are two important qualifications necessary. One is a sense of words and the second is the ability to sell goods. Now it may be that you are shy and cannot sell goods face to face but have the instinct and the desire to convince other people that your way is better than theirs. Such a desire put down on paper by people who can write makes good advertising. However, even with all these capacities, unless you live somewhere near some big advertising company or can go into the advertising department of some local department store or manufacturer, your ability will not do you much good. The situation is just the same as it is in interior decorating. A great many [Continued on page 119]

HOW DO YOU DO ?

A Graceful Introduction Creates a Good First Impression—Which is the Open Gate to Social Success

By

HELEN HATHAWAY



Clifford

It seems fitting that this article on Introductions should introduce a new contributor to you. Miss Hathaway is one of the youngest, and one of the most authoritative, writers on the subject of etiquette. She has also lectured on manners, poise and charm. She will talk to you through the pages of this magazine—and she will gladly answer all letters that enclose a stamped envelope and are addressed to her in care of SMART SET, 221 W. 57th Street, New York

ARE YOU one of those girls who hates to introduce people? Who stammers and stutters, forgets her best friend's name and finally finishes in a confusion of embarrassment that leaves every one ill at ease? "Miss—er—er—oh, yes, Miss Jones! I want you to meet Miss—er—er—oh, dear, isn't it dreadful! I never can remember names!"

So you fumble and flounder hopelessly, much to the agony of every one, quite aware you have made a mess of it. And the only alibi you can think of at the moment is: "Oh, how I hate to introduce people! I'll never do it again!"

But you will; you know you will; you'll have to. How can you possibly escape it? Unless, of course, you are a hermit, and that is a difficult role to play in these crowded times. Scarcely a day passes when

you are not obliged to present two friends to each other or acknowledge an introduction yourself. And scarcely a day passes that does not hold an introduction that may stand for success or failure in your business life or your play times. The way in which an introduction is made is often a keynote to character. No, not to character! To background and social ease. Clumsiness in the matter of making an introduction—or acknowledging one—has placed many a girl on the social ladder. Placed her many rungs lower than she should be placed, often! No wonder an introduction is a thing that people sometimes agonize over.

And why should you agonize over it? It is such a simple little ceremony and, when well done, so attractive, so indicative of poise on your part. To do it gracefully and without hesitation stamps you at once as a girl of careful breeding and experience, one familiar with the social graces.

After all, why should it be the bug-bear many of us make of it? If you have a few forms at the tip of your tongue and practice them on your family or friends (who don't care how many mistakes you make) you will be amazed how easily you do it.

Always remember—and this word of advice has to do with every question of manners—that practice will help! I once knew a girl who lived in a boarding house, surrounded by strangers. A girl who felt pitifully inadequate at parties, because she had not the background or the poise or the ease with which to compete with other girls. Of course, being in a boarding house, she had no family on whom to practice the social graces that she wished to attain. So she practiced in front of her own mirror—talking, introducing, being pleasant to herself. It wasn't a bad idea, either. It worked out ever so well, in her case.

It is amazing—I repeat—to see how easily you fall into the way of making a graceful—and gracious—introduction. Here are some easy, and correct ways:

"Miss Jones, may I present Miss Smith?" or, omitting the *may I present* say merely, "Miss Jones, Miss Smith." Could anything be simpler? These two forms are correct the world over, even in diplomatic circles.

Or, you may say it another way:

"Miss Smith, may I introduce Miss Jones?" or, "Miss Smith, this is Miss Jones."

Unless you want to ape the traveling salesman never say, "Miss Smith, meet Miss Jones," or still worse, "Miss Smith, shake hands with Miss Jones." These are crude to the point of *gaucherie*.

Equally incorrect are: "Miss Smith, I want to make you acquainted with Miss Jones," or, "Miss Smith, my girl friend, Miss Jones." They are colloquial and awkward.

MEMORIZE the forms that are correct, strike the incorrect ones from your mind, and it all sounds very simple. But where lies the stumbling block? What are some of the catches that make you hesitate, often slip?

One of these is a man in the case. He always complicates matters. Where does he come in, in an introduction? Why, at the end, of course. In introductions the rule is *ladies first*. It is always, "Miss Lady, Mr. Man." The man should be presented to the lady, never the lady to the man. It is

SMART
SET'S
SERVICE
SECTION

always stated like this: "Miss Lady, may I present Mr. Man?"

This rule holds regardless of the age or position of either of the two persons, with the three following exceptions which are striking ones, therefore not hard to remember. A ruling sovereign, a cardinal of the church, or the president of a republic all have precedence over the lady. At a White House reception you would be introduced to Mr. Hoover in this fashion—"Mr. President, I have the honor to present Miss Blank." His rank thus taking precedence.

But if some morning you should chance to find John D. Rockefeller in your office, the courteous employer would word the introduction thus:

"Miss Blank, may I present Mr. Rockefeller?"

Yes, ladies take precedence over riches.

THE second catch that may puzzle you involves difference not in sex but in age. Here another well-known rule applies. It is always age before beauty. If two strangers are of the same sex, the younger one is presented to the older one. It is, "Mrs. Elder, may I present Miss Young?" or, "Mr. Senior, this is Mr. Junior."

The acknowledgment of an introduction is always, "How do you do?" and this trite little phrase may mean anything or nothing depending on how you say it. There are how-do-you-do's that freeze the blood, how-do-you-do's that warm it and how-do-you-do's so colorless and neutral that your only reaction is indifference.

To say, "How do you do, Mrs. So-and-So," assuring her you have caught her name, is a gracious touch that will please her. "Charmed!" or "Delighted!" is an affectation; "pleased to meet you" is a provincialism. The conventional acknowledgment is always better. It's the way you say it that counts. In fact, as you go through life, you'll find that it is the way in which you say anything—or do anything—that really matters. It is doing the right thing, saying the right thing, *in the right way*, that is tremendously important. It is the right way that always makes people remember you! But—to go on—

As to the matter of shaking hands with the person to whom you are presented, circumstances rather than hard and fast rule is the better guide. Men invariably shake hands; women, less frequently; a safe rule for both to remember is, don't shake hands if it is awkward to do so. Don't shake hands across a table unless some one offers you his hand; then, by all means take it. Don't lean across a third person to shake hands; if you must, apologize. The occasion largely decides the question. When a man and woman meet, hers is the initial move. She extends her hand or not as she chooses. But if he gives his hand without waiting, she should take it with all cordiality. To refuse an offered hand is something no well bred person would do.

Another puzzle in this business of introductions is whether or not to rise. To bob to your feet when you should have sat still is just as awkward as to sit glued to your chair when you

should have hoped up. Invariably whatever you do seems the wrong thing.

A man has no choice in the matter. He must always rise on being introduced either to a woman or another man. The woman need not be so energetic. She should never rise to meet a man and she need not rise to meet another woman unless this woman is conspicuously older. Here she must be careful lest she offend the would-be young.

If she is the hostess, however, she rises to greet every guest, whether man or woman, and in addition gives him her hand.

FAMILY introductions are the very worst, for families will grow up; moreover, they will change their names. How to indicate the relationship and just which name to use is a social trick that requires lightning calculations.

If you are presenting an unmarried sister of the surname as your own, you say merely, "This is my sister, Margaret." But if Margaret has "gone and got married" you say, "This is my sister, Mrs. White." Failure to make clear the relationship, as well as the name, when presenting a relative, especially a relative by marriage, has resulted in misunderstandings as embarrassing as they are amusing. One young woman on shipboard was vexed to discover that her father-in-law had been mistaken for her husband. In presenting him to her new shipboard companions she had neglected to label him properly. When Mrs. James presents Mr. James without qualifying explanations, the stranger naturally assumes he is her husband.

As to the matter of husbands—the average girl knows how to get one, but very often she does not know how to introduce him once she has him. She should say, "This is my husband," as she says, "This is my mother," or, "my brother." To intimate she may say, "Mary, this is Jack." Only to servants or business acquaintances does she present him as "my husband, Mr. Brown."

Many people suffer stage fright when introducing a stranger to a group, but if you take time and use your head, what is there to fear? Don't do it in a wholesale fashion, as:

"MR. NEWCOMER, meet the crowd!" To do it gracefully give the stranger's name and the name of each guest in turn, taking time to pause instead of rushing along as though you were saying the alphabet. The stranger's name need not be repeated to each guest, but if the group is a large one it may be repeated so that every one may know it.

Some people acknowledge an introduction with the phrase, "I'm very glad to meet you." Lest you be misjudged you should save this phrase for the occasion when you really mean it, and so not dissipate its value. There are times when you never should use it. Never tell a man you are "very glad to meet him" even in these conventional words. Though you have been scheming it for months and are tickled to death to meet him, to tell him so is bad manners and bad psychology.

DO'S and DON'TS in Introductions

TAKE plenty of time in making an introduction. Half the mistakes occur from trying to hurry over it.

Pronounce the names distinctly. To mumble them so they are not understood robs the ceremony of all its usefulness.

Don't blush and stammer if you forget a name. Turn to the person in question and say, "I'm sorry, your name has slipped my mind," and don't apologize at length for this. The incident is too trivial.

Don't show your annoyance if some one mispronounces your name, nor correct the offender abruptly.

Don't take a woman across a room to meet a man. Bring him instead to the woman.

Don't grab hold of people when you introduce them.

Avoid, if you can, introducing people in public places, such as an elevator or a crowded theater aisle. You are giving their names to every one within ear shot.

Don't introduce two people at opposite ends of a room. Wait until you can bring them together.

Don't say, "Excuse my glove." It's part of your costume and needs no apology.





***D**I was undeniably angry. He had his shabby grip in one hand; he was filling it with his shirts and socks and extra shoes. "I'm going," he shouted, "and I'm never coming back! Sell my typewriter, if you want to. I shan't need it any more"*

Young Love Sometimes Causes Heartbreak and Disillusionment and Poverty. But to Phoebe and Dion It Brought

That First Fine Careless Rapture

By

GEORGE THORP RAYNER

Illustrations by FRANK GODWIN

PHOEBE sat very still in the corner of the green moire love seat in the bay window, still with that complete, overwhelming happiness that is like a warm drench of sunlight flooding through one; only more electric than that, she thought, more like sunlight with tiny needles in it.

It was her party, the christening of the new apartment. She saw the room in a glow of realization: the cream walls with the Picasso print and the crimson Mandarin coat, the little Jacobean coffee table and the Voltaire chair, the bright yellow breakfast nook with the tiny cactus plant in a lacquer bowl, the Toile de Jouy curtains that she had spent most of last week's pay on, and the Colonial windows through which you could see Washington Square.

"But you see," Dion was saying, his brown eyes alive with ardor, "America should be proud of us. We're going to do the real, the vital things. But she doesn't seem to care. She doesn't care about the people who are going to paint her great pictures or write her great novels. The great American novel will probably be written in a hall bedroom!"

He looked around at the rest of them and found his enthusiasm mirrored in their eyes. Why, he had taken the very words out of their mouths! They thought, lovingly, of the great pictures and the great American novels that were reposing uncompleted at that very moment in their own hall bedrooms.

"But one can't gamble on an unknown quantity," Mr. Henderson said slowly, a little uncomfortable amongst all this youthful genius. Phoebe looked at him with commiserating sympathy. He was sitting next door to her on the love seat, the creases in his tuxedo trousers looking absurdly like a miniature railroad track running down into his shoes. His forehead was quite shiny. She should have explained that the party was to be quite informal. Poor Mr. Henderson—he only worked in a bank! These people weren't really his people. He wasn't "artistic."

THEN she remembered, guiltily, that she worked in a bank, too. It was the bank that had helped her out of a furnished room with a battered electric grill and a bed with a broken spring into this adorable two room apartment with a bathroom done in green tile. She hoped every one had admired that bathroom!

"Di's right, I think," Phoebe said, her eyes brightly upon his curly black head, "America owes you all so much!" She saw Mr. Henderson's thin lips curling ever so slightly. She turned to him, her voice shaking. "Why, you should read Dion's novel!" Then she remembered that only two chapters were completed so far; perhaps he didn't want her to speak of it.

"It's so beautifully done," she said. "It's—it's—" They were all looking at her. She was only an outsider; what could she have to say? "I remember that bit, 'her humid lips, upraised to his'— That was awfully good."

Dion, who had been sitting on a pillow on the floor, stiffened suddenly, the knuckles of his clasped hands going white. "Oh, shouldn't I have—" She stopped, her words caught in con-

sternation. She realized, then, that it wasn't his novel, but that confession story he had written to get some ready cash. "Oh!" she cried, "I—I'm sorry!"

She was aware, achingly, of being on the outside looking in. She didn't write novels, or poetry, or study at the Art Students' League; she was only a bank clerk, and a rather important one, which was worse. But she'd always wanted an apartment, where she could gather all these charming people around her and offer them cocktails and initialled cigarettes. She had felt that even if she couldn't write or paint, perhaps by just listening quietly she could garner something of their charm, their aliveness—share in the ecstasy of their adventure.

Mr. Henderson coughed discreetly into her ear. "I think, Miss Martin, that I'd better be running along. I've a heavy day ahead of me tomorrow."

Her smile faded a little and she remembered that tomorrow was the last of the month and that she would have to stay overtime, too. Phoebe walked with him across the room and into the tiny foyer, her slim green-clad figure that of a rather tired but still happy dryad. An auburn-haired dryad with wide gray eyes. She looked up at him, at his firm masculine face and his eyebrows that always bristled upward as if they were angry, and wondered if he were going to kiss her, and wondered if she wanted him to.

But his eyes seemed only to see ledgers and statements and adding machines columnizing incredible figures. Poor Mr. Henderson, almost thirty-five, practically middle-aged. "These youngsters," he said, his lips beginning to curl again. "They don't know what a full day's work is!"

A thin anger warmed her cheeks. Why, these were *her* friends, *her* people! "But they're going to do very beautiful things—some day! And we—we're only automatons. Who'll ever remember us?"

He looked back into the living room. Her eyes, following his, saw Dion seated at the piano playing one of those sentimental Gay Nineties ditties and watched Inez Clarey, a pillow stuffed into her dress and her hair pulled forward on the top of her head, doing her famous Gibson Girl burlesque. The rest of them were sitting around on the floor, their cigarette ends like sleepy fireflies in the lamplit dusk.

"Who'll ever want to remember them?" Mr. Henderson was saying.

SHE walked back into the room, her gray eyes very bright. Inez had by now started in on the naughty part of her burlesque. Phoebe nestled down on a cushion next to Dion's and she felt his hand—warm and soft instead of cold and firm like Mr. Henderson's—slip over her hand. And immediately, as if the very touch of his hand were enough, the tingling ecstasy crept back into her thoughts on dancing feet.

"Give me a cigarette, Di!" she whispered.

He passed her his case inattentively. Phoebe joined in the



fun with the crowd, laughing at the right times, but inside she was beginning to feel heavy and inert again, just as if she had been to Childs' and eaten sinkers for a two-o'clock breakfast. She wished that she could get up and do something, too. Why must she always be like a not very bright child who sits in the corner with his hands in his lap? She wondered if they didn't rather despise her, if, after all, they thought she was trying to butt in.

AT THREE o'clock the party began to show signs of ending. Maurice and Lou were nodding on the love seat; some one had fallen asleep under the table in the breakfast nook.

Phoebe and Dion stood for a moment in the foyer saying good night while the rest of the gang waited downstairs. She looked up at him, an absurd fear balancing her ecstasy. She

Phoebe's anxious eyes took in the scene. Why, she thought, these were her friends—her own people

didn't really know of what she was afraid; perhaps of losing him because she wasn't quite keen enough—oh, why hadn't she Di's carefreeness?

"I'm sorry—" she began, "about—about what I said."
"Oh," he said, "I didn't mind. Only I'd quite forgotten I'd ever written a confession story." He looked at her suddenly, and a funny, wiggly smile twirled his lips. "Besides," he said, "I love you!"

PHOEBE stood at the door and watched Di and the rest of them troop downstairs and out into the night. Then she walked slowly back into the room, collected the ash trays and emptied them into the brand-new white enamel garbage pail in the kitchenette.

After she had turned off the lamps and slipped under the covers and felt the pillow smooth and cool against her hot

cheek she knew that she wouldn't be able to sleep. Thoughts, like little imps playing leap-frog, tossed themselves about in her mind. She thought dutifully of the statements that would have to be gotten out at the bank tomorrow; she could hear the clack-clack of the bookkeeping machines, could feel her fingers limp and anxious against the keys. Oh, why did one have to work?

Phoebe sat up in bed clasping her slim pajama-clad knees and stared at the pale wan blur of the windows at the other end of the room. She thought, now, of Dion—of Dion in dungarees and a blue sweater as she had first seen him in Provincetown last summer with the gang. She could never quite isolate Dion from the gang; he was so integral a part of it.

Phoebe had never known there could be anything like Provincetown. She had grown up in one of those sparse suburban communities that are little more than names on a time table; rows of houses with imitation lace curtains at the windows and velour davenportes in the parlors. She had gone to high school and then to business college with girls whose diminutive minds circled always about the boy friend, the corner movies, and getting a wave twice a week.

She supposed that all girls must be like that and that all the boys thought of nothing but taking you up to the Croton Dam in the "boiler." Then, after her mother had died and her father had married again and she had come to New York and found a place in the bank, she found that the girls with whom she worked thought of the same things, only in more sophisticated terms.

BUT Provincetown! Quite by accident she had discovered it. Zoe Clark, who worked in the little lending library near the bank, and who had become Phoebe's confidante, had asked her to come up to "the shack" for her two weeks' vacation. And Phoebe, terribly lonely, terribly eager for friends, jumped at the chance. She went, expecting to find a conventional seaside resort with a merry-go-round, roller-coasters and a dance hall.

Instead she found a village lost in time, a village that smelled of the sea. Zoe's shack perched precariously over the beach, a ramshackle hut with crimson curtains at the windows and a brass knocker on the door. Inside there were two beds, an old Franklin stove, a kitchen table painted bright green and a whale-oil lamp. Zoe seemed to know the whole colony; they came trooping into her place for informal parties—youngsters with sun-bleached hair and the smell of linseed oil about them. Tremendously vital they seemed to a Phoebe drunk with this new joy of living.

And Dion—he was doing bits with the Wharf Players, and had been put out of his rooming house for painting murals in the bathroom. He told Phoebe that she looked like a girl by Marie Laurencin.

She remembered Commercial Street with its green and yellow shuttered windows and its sagging fences; she remembered eating at Nelly's with the crowd and going out to the beach in some one's battered old Ford. She remembered sunrises on the dunes and fish nets silver with brine spread out over the meadows—church spires in the sun—walking barelegged with the gang along the beach—roasting frankfurters on a driftwood fire—

And Dion, telling her that she was like a girl by Marie Laurencin; Dion holding her hand; Dion's lips, warm upon hers, Dion—Dion!

IN MAY they were married. Dion brought her a corsage of orchids; the gang tendered them a wedding breakfast at the Brevort; and the girls at the bank gave them a cut glass cream and sugar set.

And then, because they didn't have enough money for a honeymoon—besides, they were going to Provincetown again on Phoebe's vacation—they came back to the apartment; Dion brought over his other suit and his typewriter and the half bottle of champagne that had been left from the wedding breakfast, and they were ready to settle down.

Phoebe helped him unpack, infinite tenderness in her fingertips as she lifted the few meager shirts and ties and socks—gracious, but they needed darning!—from the worn leather grip.

"I haven't very much to offer you," he said with a wounded sort of pride. His lips kept twitching at the corners.



Inez Clancy, a pillow stuffed into her dress and her hair pulled forward, was doing her Gibson Girl parody

She looked up from where she knelt, little sticks of pain in her arms. "Nothing, Di, but your genius!" She was glad she had remembered to say that; she had been treasuring it up. "And you," she added, humming it as though it were a gay sort of tune, "just you!"

"You sound like a musical comedy ingenue!" He laughed at her, all the humility gone now.

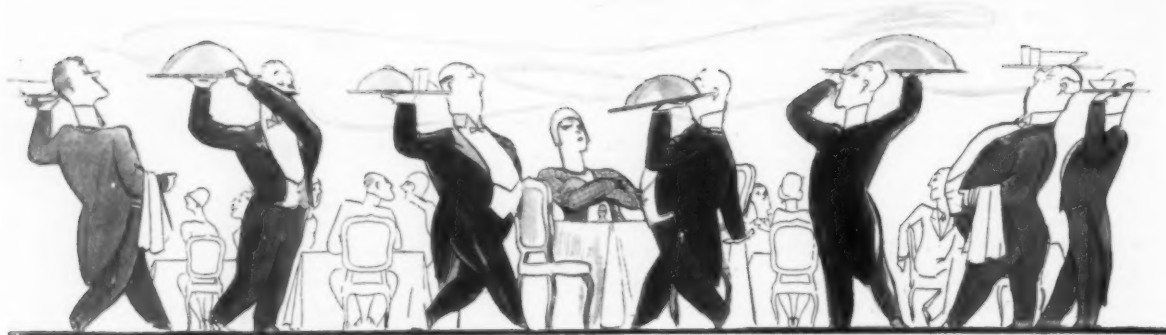
"Yes," she said, "I'd make a good one, wouldn't I?" She snapped her fingers provocatively and continued on with the tune, improvising as she went—but a tear overflowed and spilled on the front of her new china-blue silk dress.

Dion dropped at her side, his arms about her with a strength that made her gasp.

"I feel so preposterously happy!" she said in a tremulous whisper. "Just like the heroines of popular fiction do, just exactly that way, Di! Isn't it funny how banal we become just at the wrong time? How sentimental and drippy and everything? I can see Maurice sneering at me from over a copy of Aldous Huxley and the rest of the gang laughing up their sleeves—and—but life is beautiful, sometimes, isn't it, Di?"

"And what am I?" he was saying. "Nothing but a maybe—not even a hack writer, who at least could bring in the bread and butter! Why should I ask you to gamble on me? But then I wanted you so much, Phoebe; you're such an essential part of me, now. I couldn't let you go."

She'd been so afraid he'd talk like that. Hurriedly, trying to divert him, she held up a pair of socks. [Continued on page 98]



*If You Are Overweight You Can Prepare Yourself to Withstand
a Whole Procession of Waiters by Learning a Lesson from*

The Diary of a Diet

By

MAY CERF

Drawings by GEORGE SHANKS

NOT long ago a crisis came into my life. I was on the verge of becoming a Stylish Stout.

"Madame," a saleswoman said to me—there was pity combined with condescension in her voice as she eyed the reflection in a mirror of her own slim lines next to my generous bulk—"you'll find a wider selection of styles in the extra size department."

The word "wider" made me cringe. It was so apropos. Indeed I was wider than at any time in my career and proportionately sadder.

This inescapable revelation came to me at the end of a futile day of shopping. I had been unable to find one frock to suit my Junoesque proportions. Smart, youthful gowns were too small. Those in my size were too matronly. It seems there is no place in the modish sartorial world for a fat woman.

No longer could I ignore my predicament. I was perturbed but not hopeless. Two courses were open to me. I could submit supinely to impending overweight by continuing the error of my gustatory ways or I could go on a diet.

I chose the lesser of two evils. I decided on a diet. I vowed to stick to it, for I had reached the stage of desperation where it was "Malnutrition before the Stylish Stout Department."

Truthfully I am no heroine where it comes to food. I am so robustly healthy I crave food and lots of it. I also enjoy eating. Good food in my estimation is one of the recompenses of life and everything pleasing to my palate mounts high in the scale of calories. My will power in refusing some delectable dish has always left much to be desired.

In answer to many questions regarding the "Eighteen Day Diet," SMART SET is publishing the record of one woman's experience. We do not, however, recommend this diet, or any other. We feel that, before dieting, one should always consult one's personal physician.

Diet I would, but what diet? Surely in a worldful of expert dietitians there must be a diet list that would cause the pounds to magically disappear without the pangs of hunger driving one to distraction.

IN my hour of need there came a friend. I had not seen her for some time and I scarcely recognized her.

She was slim—desirably, enviably thin. She had reduced from a plump matronly 42 to a lineless, boyish 34.

"How did you do it?" I asked in breathless wonder.

"The eighteen day diet," she told me. "It's miraculous. I lost eighteen

pounds and Pierce (her husband) lost twelve and you don't get hungry."

I looked her over critically. She was a bit wabbly and anemic, to be sure, but she was slender and one can't have everything.

"Send me a copy," I begged. After all what's a mere eighteen days out of a gastronomic lifetime.

"I will," she promised, "you certainly need it badly."

It came in the first mail the next morning. I made up my mind to start on it at once and follow it unswervingly to its attenuating end.

First, I summoned up my courage to the weighing point. One hundred and sixty-seven pounds.

Then I had breakfast which was to be the same for all eighteen days—One half of a grapefruit and a cup of black coffee.

That was easy. I've always hated breakfast and curtailed it as much as possible. The only difference from my regular

menu was the omission of the buttered toast and the cream and sugar in my coffee.

The next step was marketing. I live in a one room kitchenette apartment. I decided to prepare as much of the diet as possible at home to avoid the food temptation of restaurants.

I spent the morning running around in search of a cucumber when I should have been working to earn my daily bread. But what was the use of worrying about daily bread when it wasn't on the diet? At last I found the cucumber in a shop dealing in table luxuries. It cost as much as an orchid.

FIRST DAY

Lunch: $\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit, 1 egg, 6 slices cucumber, 1 slice toast, tea or coffee.

Cucumbers and grapefruit—a combination I would not have dared under normal circumstances.

Dinner: $\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit, 2 eggs, 1 tomato, $\frac{1}{2}$ head lettuce, coffee.

An hour before dinner a friend, a bride of a year who prides herself on her cookery and well she might as she serves delicious meals, called me up to invite me to dinner. She does so often quite informally. I told her I was on a diet and I'd bring my own food. I did up the grapefruit, the eggs, the tomato, the lettuce in a bag and departed for her domain. She had creamed mushrooms and strawberry shortcake. I almost fell from grace but I didn't.

Weight 167 pounds.

SECOND DAY

Lunch: 1 orange, 1 egg, lettuce, 1 slice toast, tea.

I found it impossible to devour $\frac{1}{2}$ head of lettuce. Only a herbivorous mammal could do that.

Dinner: Broiled steak, lettuce, 1 slice toast, tea.

Again a friend, another matron, invited me to dinner. I told her about my diet. She asked what I could eat and I told her steak. "You can have lamb chops," she said, "that's what I ordered for dinner and lamb chops are not fattening." But I refused to compromise. En route I bought a steak and broiled it on arrival.

Weight 167 pounds.
Discouraged but undaunted.

THIRD DAY

Lunch: $\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit, 1 egg, lettuce, 8 slices cucumber, tea.

A healthy lunch. I used the half of the cucumber left from the first day and prided myself on my housewifely economy. No bad effect from the grapefruit and the cucumber, which led me to the conclusion that the cucumber is a much maligned vegetable.

Dinner: 1 lamb chop (trim fat before cooking), 1 egg, 3 radishes, 2 olives, $\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit, lettuce, tea or coffee.

This day was attended by a real calamity. I lost my best boy friend. He took me out to dine, as he did several times a week, to a high priced cafe. I ordered my dinner, giving the waiter minute instructions. The check came and it was a staggerer. The cafe had charged for two lamb chops, two eggs, a portion of olives, a portion of radishes. My dinner, slim as it was, had cost three times as much as the healthy meal of the boy friend. He was peeved. "The next time you are on a diet," said he, "I'll take you to a cafeteria." But there hasn't been any next time.

Weight 166.

Elated over the loss of the pound, but saddened by the loss of the boy friend.

FOURTH DAY

Lunch: Pot cheese, 1 tomato, $\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit, 1 slice toast, tea.

Pot cheese without cream is as tasteless as an oyster cocktail without catsup.

Dinner: Broiled steak, watercress, $\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit.

Fortunately no limit was placed on the size of the steak. Mine, at a restaurant, looked like a miniature roast beef.

Weight 166.

Never saw such stubborn scales. They refuse to move up or down.

FIFTH DAY

Lunch: Orange, 1 lamb chop, lettuce, tea.

The only redeeming feature about lettuce is that it's filling with no calories.

Dinner: $\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit, lettuce, 1 tomato, 2 eggs, tea.

How forlorn are 2 poached eggs without the usual two pieces of toast.

Weight 166.

Just about ready to weep—no loss except loss of temper.

SIXTH DAY

Lunch: Orange and tea.

What a lunch for a strong, healthy woman.

Dinner: 1 poached egg, 1 slice toast, orange, tea.

On this day I did the most heroic act of my life. A boy friend, another one, invited me to dinner. "No," said I for I knew it would look the acme of niggardliness to order one egg in a restaurant, "You come over to my house and we'll have dinner here."

True to my word, I prepared his dinner. Chops and candied sweet potatoes, cauliflower with a cream sauce, head lettuce with French dressing, but when it came to his dessert my courage failed, I gave him grapefruit. And I had the egg and the orange.

Weight 163.

Verily virtue is its own reward. I discovered later that the sixth day is the dietary crisis.

[Continued on page 135]



Lost in a forest of lettuce and grapefruit! Is there no way out?



"Not a soul," said Carl to Nile, "would ever recognize you"

The Backward Glance

A Very Short Story

By MAY LA FLEUR

Illustration by WILBURT ROSSER

NILE NOVELL was dressing for a party. Instead of the vivid dark rouge and lipstick which she usually affected, she applied rose-petal pink this evening. Carefully she painted a small pink mouth over her large beautiful one. She dusted her skin with pale flesh powder, and hid the jet black slickness of her hair beneath a blonde wig. Her gown, like her make-up, was palely pink, a color she never wore.

She found the disguise rather thrilling. In the dull lights with which Carl always shadowed his rooms, no one would recognize this lovely pastel girl as the willowy Nile Novell, who always dressed in vivid colors. Even her eyes, which were a mysterious sea green, looked almost brown under the yellow wig.

So for the last time she would enjoy one of Carl's studio parties. The idea of masquerading had come to her when Carl had assured her there would be only the most casual acquaintances of hers at this party. This acquired personality

would give her one last thrill of meeting and entertaining strange men; of matching her wits and ability to take care of herself against their wish for conquest.

She looked long into her mirror. "Even Luis wouldn't know me," she assured herself. "Luis, forgive me, darling, but I must do it."

Even though she was to meet Luis at the altar at high noon tomorrow, she must go to this last party of Carl's.

"I'll come as a blonde," she had told Carl.

"I don't care if you come as an African," Carl had laughed, "just so you come. It will be the last party to which you'll be invited. I wouldn't think of asking Luis Beldon's wife to my unconventional hearth."

"But—it *will* be a nice party, won't it?" Nile had asked in sudden alarm.

"ONLY as nice as you want it to be," he had answered.

Her last night of freedom. And she so wanted it to be a nice party!

Not that Luis Beldon wasn't worth passing up parties for. He was. Nile had known that two months ago when Carl had introduced them, and she had fallen in love at first sight.

She would never forget the day Carl had brought Luis over to her table in the little Russian restaurant. Carl had left them together, and by the time luncheon was over Nile had secretly taken back her vow never to marry. She knew that if he asked her she would say that "yes" in which all things for women begin and end.

That night Carl had rung her up.

"He's nice and also rich," Carl laughed. "I'm glad you fell for him."

"Fell for him?" She should have resented it, but she felt an impulse to be honest. "I did fall for him, Carl. I even decided I'd marry him."

"That's fine, for Luis told me he intends to get you at any cost," Carl sighed. "I'm glad, though I'll miss you at my parties. But you're too good for me and my crowd. I've been worried a bit about you. Afraid some of the artists you pose for might think you belonged with our bunch, instead of in the best social circles."

Nile laughed. "Don't you consider yourself good society, Carl? And

haven't I fitted into the artistic life pretty well for five years?"

"Oh, yes indeed. But one can't stay in such a crowd all one's life, not if one is young and feminine."

Nile and Carl understood each other pretty well.

Within a week Luis was making love to her, begging her to marry him. Nile was not sure that she was ready to move to Long Island and take her place with Luis so soon. She hesitated and lost out in the argument. Luis was such a dear. She loved everything about him—his straight blond hair, his fine clear eyes and even the tiny white scar on his upper lip where a dog had scratched him when he was a kid.

But tonight was hers. She had told Luis that she was superstitious about seeing him on this last night of her girlhood. He had smiled and said that it was all right since a few of his frat brothers were giving him a dinner that evening.

Nile snatched up her wrap and ran the two blocks to Carl's rooms. Good old understanding Carl! He knew that she would enjoy taking leave of her old [Continued on page 134]

Piquante Vivacious Chic

MRS GIFFORD PINCHOT II

A lovely young Parisian-American reveals the French philosophy of Beauty

LOVELY young Parisian—welcome to America! Born and bred in France, you bring its sunshine in your smile. Tell us your French philosophy of beauty! What is the secret of your inimitable charm?

"This is our rule," says beautiful Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II. "Be always meticulously groomed, *toujours soignée!* For beauty in France is chic, and chic is smartness, simplicity, fastidious perfection of detail.

"Yet to America we owe four wonderful ways to guard our loveliness—simply, swiftly, surely.

"Just the four steps of Pond's Method will keep one's skin exquisitely smooth and fresh and clear.

"The Cold Cream for immaculate cleansing is the best I have found anywhere. The dainty Cleansing Tissues are the perfect way to remove cold cream. The perfumed Freshener tones and firms the skin, and the delicious Vanishing Cream keeps your skin like velvet. In all the world nothing is finer or purer than Pond's four delightful preparations!"

WOMEN OF ELEGANCE in every land follow these four steps of Pond's Method:

DURING THE DAY—First, for complete cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, patting with upward, outward strokes, letting the fine oils penetrate every pore. Do this several times and always after exposure.

SECOND—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues. They are softer, more absorbent—a saving of laundry and towels.

THIRD—soak cotton with Pond's Freshener and briskly dab your skin to banish oiliness, close pores, tone and firm, preserve youthful contours.

LAST—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

AT BEDTIME—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.



Beautiful MRS. GIFFORD PINCHOT II, née Janine Voisin of Paris, is the bride of the young scientist-sportsman of this famous American family. A radiant "October blonde," her golden hair and brown eyes contrast with her fair skin. Imagine this lovely coloring set off by this Russian evening coat of crimson velvet richly embroidered in gold!



(left) On her Florida honeymoon, this young Parisian discovered the delights of deep-sea fishing.

(right) Pond's four delightful preparations—famous Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues for removing cold cream, and fragrant Skin Freshener to banish oiliness.

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Senoritas—Then and Now

*Showing Some Changes That Have Taken Place
among the World's Most Chaperoned Flappers*

By CONSTANCE TOWNER

NOWHERE, perhaps, have the antics of the new generation of young women proved more amazing than in Latin America. For the girls of these countries have always been so thoroughly sheltered that even a small degree of emancipation means much. They haven't quite caught up with the rest of the western world, but they are doing so rapidly.

In Porto Rico, where the ways of the United States have special entry, many of the old customs have already disappeared entirely.

Pretty, dark eyed Dolores has just taken her master's degree at Columbia, and gone back home to teach. She drives her own car, balances her own bank book, makes her own dates. But if Dolores had been born fifty years ago, her life would have been very different. She would have gone to a convent school at the age of six, and, with brief vacations, stayed there until she graduated. Then her education would have been complete. She would have come home, and led a life equally circumscribed.

Her friends would have polished their nails for diversion, gossiped a bit, read Spanish novels if they were "serious minded," embroidered if they were not. Clothes, afternoon calls, furtive glances at the gallant caballeros of the town through half closed shutters would have been the sum of their diversion. Their only escape was marriage, and as we shall see later, even that wasn't much of an escape.

There were only two or three ways for Dolores to meet men. Church was one. There she must sit, demure, gowned in black, eyes downcast, while the men walked up and down the aisles in discreet quest of a pretty face, a pair of long lashed eyes. One might see and admire Dolores. If he did, he would take pains to find out who she was, get himself invited to parties where she would be, and eventually meet her. Or, she might meet a man in the plaza Saturday nights. Each town has a plaza, a paved park in front of the Cathedral, bright with glowing hibiscus, cooled by the waving fronds of the palm trees. Great wooden rocking chairs used to be set out for the open air concerts Saturday nights. Here the girls went with their families. Dolores might be allowed to walk up and down with two or three of her girl friends. Perhaps one of the girls had a brother who joined them! Perhaps the brother had a friend! A few words were exchanged, tentative, respectful, before the girls modestly fled back to their parents. But this was, at least, a contact.



Americans remember with pleasure the demure princess who, two years ago, came to America as an unofficial ambassador from Roumania. This—Ilcana's latest picture—shows her in the costume of a senorita, at the Seville Exposition in Spain. She wears the mantilla with almost the native grace of old Spain

Carnival, however, was her big chance. Just before Lent Carnival came along, gay with confetti and colored streamers. It meant floats and pageants, gorgeous frocks for the girls, and balls, balls, balls. All kinds of balls, coronation balls, masquerade balls, children's balls—one every night for two weeks. Then the elders were a bit more lenient, remembering perhaps the romances that flourished in their own carnival days. Then the big Casino was alight with millions of candles, reflected in its great mirrors and polished floors. Lovely maids and gallant wooers! Then Dolores had her chance. She and her escort (the same one for all the balls, carefully chosen) might perhaps, have time for confidential chats. In any case they found time to fall in love! Soon after, if the suitor were serious, he would write a letter to Dolores. She must show it to her mother, and ask leave to start a correspondence. If she succeeded in this, the young man might ask her parents for permission to call. By that time the young man's social and financial status had been completely looked into, and, if they were acceptable, and he started to call, it was understood that "his intentions were honorable" and that he was Dolores' acknowledged suitor. He might call, perhaps, twice a week. But when he called, it was understood that he called on the entire family, who sat around in a circle in the parlor in great old mahogany rocking chairs. Their talk was courtly, pleasant, at times even merry. But the young man was

definitely on trial. And never, under any circumstances, was he allowed to be alone with his love! He was fortunate, indeed, if he caught her eye or a shy half smile that the rest of the family did not witness. This calling might go on for a year—sometimes longer. Then it was expected that the young man would broach the subject of marriage—to the parents, of course, not to the girl. If he did not, the father might do so, tactfully. And then—well, after a while, they were married.

AFTER the wedding the girl became mistress of her own home, of course. But she had no more real freedom than before. If she did not conform to all the conventions, there were whisperings about the town. She must never, under any circumstances, dance with any but her husband. She must, indeed, show little inclination to dance—her place was one of the little gilt chairs that [Continued on page 116]

98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for with Lux Toilet Soap . . .



Photo by U. Dyar, Hollywood

MARY BRIAN, Paramount—"The charm of a perfect skin is a business necessity to a star. Lux Toilet Soap keeps smooth 'studio skin' in perfect condition."

Mary Brian



Charming GRETA NISSEN has such beautiful skin. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap feels so delicious to the skin, and makes mine so wonderfully soft and smooth."



Photo by C. S. Ball, Hollywood

JOAN CRAWFORD, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's famous and fascinating star, says: "I have tried innumerable French soaps, but never have I had anything like Lux Toilet Soap for keeping my skin fresh and smooth."



Photo by C. Hewitt, Hollywood

LOIS MORAN, Fox star—The next time you see her in a close-up, notice how lovely Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. She says: "Even the finest French soap could not leave my skin more wonderfully smooth than Lux Toilet Soap does."

"Lovely Skin is the Most Appealing Charm a Girl Can Have," Say 39 Leading Hollywood Directors

IT ATTRACTS you instantly whenever you see it—a skin that is exquisitely smooth and lovely.

In Hollywood they know this so well! "I don't know a single case where a girl without really beautiful skin has been able to win enough popularity to become a star," says William Beaudine, director for Fox, voicing the experience of leading Hollywood directors.

Of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin lovely. The next time

you see your favorite screen star in a close-up, remember that 9 out of 10 screen stars keep their skin smooth with this white, fragrant soap. And all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

Buy several cakes of Lux Toilet Soap—today. It is made by the method France uses for her finest toilet soaps, and lathers so generously, even in the hardest water.

Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and **10¢**
\$1.00 the cake . . . now

*Because She Foretells the Future of Fashion
Tobé Collier Davis Is Known as*

A Prophet in Her Own Country

By CATHERINE OGLESBY

YOU probably haven't given a thought to the color of your next winter's coat, or whether it will be short and full, or long and tight, but there's a woman in New York who already knows all about it and ten chances out of ten she's right.

On her ability to foretell the future of the most fickle, the most surprising, the most amazing, the most inconsistent thing in the world, namely, fashion, Tobé Collier Davis (hereinafter called Tobé because her friends and clients do) has established a business that reaches from coast to coast and an income that mounts to figures many might envy—except at tax time.

Owners and managers of department stores and their staffs come to consult her from all parts of the United States with the same confidence, curiosity and wonderment as that with which the conquerors of Ancient Worlds approached the Delphic Oracle. And they follow her dictates and believe in her prophecies just as religiously.

But her method of prophecy is quite different, and much more comfortable. They find that Tobé is not swathed in voluminous folds of fabric. Nor is she equipped with a crystal ball, nor a map of the stars. That she does not go off into a seance, nor does she accompany her statements with the contortions customary to the oracle readers of former days.

They find her a charming woman, easily approached, considerate, elegant to her fingertips, who looks as if she might have descended from an upper Park Avenue mansion to play at business for a few hours. Tall, slender, dark-haired, dark-eyed, cello-voiced, there hovers about her an intriguing air of reserve. But her quietude is not static, nor is it temperamental. Rather it is like the silence of a taut violin string that awaits an awakening touch to shiver the air with its vibrations. Calmly, certainly, she makes her prophecies. She bases them on an analysis of her experiences. From a few known facts she visions generalities—thus in her fashion work she



Tobé Collier Davis is an exponent of romance in business. She tells great shops what people want—she goes even farther and decides what people should want! She was the discoverer of the chemise frock, the beret, Rodier cottons—oh, scores of things! She restated the short vamp shoe in the world of fashion. And it is all, her friends say, because her mind is both inquisitive and acquisitive

utilizes the modern method employed by the great scientists of the day.

Just as modern scientists observe the habits of a bee or a butterfly and thereby gain a knowledge of their habits, so Tobé studies the wearing habits of the few most modish women and thus discovers what the masses will want and will wear.

These facts, destined to be fashions, Tobé gathers by frequenting the trysting places of the smart world. She directs an army of style-scouts that pepper smart shops, stores, restaurants, streets, steamships, hotels and homes in a world-wide network of amazing intricacy. They report to her hourly, daily, from everywhere, not news of murders, divorces, adventures nor explorations, as reporters are usually supposed to do, but what women are wearing and how, when, why and how many are wearing it.

Tobé, too, frequents the gathering places of the chic. Her eyes, ears and wits are ever alert to every expression of women's whims and wishes. Though her headquarters are in New York she goes to Biarritz for the sea, to Palm Beach for the sun, to Saint Moritz for the snow—and from these vantage points, aided by her scouts, reports the news of fashion in time for American stores to prepare and profit.

Once a week Tobé's findings are trimly typed and sketched on periwinkle blue sheets of paper and sent to stores from coast to coast. To Canada. To Europe. And the future of the American wardrobe rests in them.

Yet it is only a little more than a decade ago that Tobé—as the door sign reads—was bored with doing nothing. Educated in a Mid-Western college specializing in home economics—Tobé came east when her father entered business in New York.

Then followed the oft-told tale of a father who chanced all to give his family more—and lost. This left Tobé but two roads to choose from—a mediocre marriage, mediocre because it lacked interest and emotion, or [Continued on page 118]

Will you pay half the usual price for *white,* *lovely* teeth ?

WOULDN'T you like to have snowy, gleaming teeth that are the admiration of others?

Wouldn't you like to attain them without a lot of tiresome scrubbing and rubbing?

Wouldn't you like to experience that delightful feeling of mouth exhilaration that you associate with the use of Listerine itself?

And wouldn't it please you to know that in getting these results you cut your tooth paste bill approximately in half?

If you've been using 50¢ dentifrices—and they are all good—switch to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube. Look for the results we have outlined above. Like thousands of others, you will be convinced you have made a wise change.

Only ultra-modern methods of production and vast buying power make possible such a dentifrice at such a price. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Your tooth paste
will buy you
a "wave"

Women who know values choose Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ in preference to other dentifrices in the 50¢ class, and spend the saving to buy things they want. A wave, for example. The saving is \$3 per year, figuring you use a tube a month.



25¢

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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Women At Sea

[Continued from page 45]

Fenella laughed scornfully. "Do you suppose that my friend, Mr. Tiller, would allow him to as much as lay a finger on me?"

She looked about her. Mr. John Tiller, foreseeing trouble, had vanished into the night and become part of it. Horrid the way Knight Errants fail one in these sad days. There was nothing for it after that but to shrug one's shoulders, registering scorn—and go. The captain stood on the empty decks, looking after her, a strange little smile on his face.

The blue and golden days slipped peacefully by. It almost seemed, after that night, as if Fenella settled down a little. Her manner toward the captain took on a certain restraint. She did not rag him any more at meals. Stewards no longer smiled furtively behind his chair. Mr. John Tiller, also, appeared a trifle cast down, which was all to the good. The captain was no longer deafened with his, "Haw! Haw! Haw!" all meal time.

So that when this chastened Fenella asked him could they not have a fancy dress dinner, and a gramophone dance after it, the night before they reached Colombo, he did not refuse her. He even went so far as to say, "I will have the deck made nice for you. A few flags. Some colored lights." He wished her to see that, if other people behaved themselves, he was a reasonable enough man. He did not wish to appear hard on any one, but discipline had to be maintained, and it dawned on him that Fenella had realized it at last, and was a chastened character. Probably he had done the child good.

HE WAS coming up from the purser's office that evening, after giving the order about the lights and flags, when he met Fenella in an entirely novel guise. There she was, her hair all damp with exertion and heat, carrying David MacMorrison out of the bathrooms. David was folded up into a parcel with a bath towel.

"And what are you doing?" he asked, taken aback.

"Bathing him. I've done it ever since it got hot. The bathrooms make Miss Champneys feel sick. So I took it on. He likes me, don't you, Davie?"

David made appropriate noises suggestive of liking.

"We have fun, don't we, Davie? Blowing bubbles. Show the pretty gentleman how we blow bubbles."

David blew one largely, without assistance of soap or water.

She ran off laughing down the gangway. "A good-hearted child, really," thought Captain Grace. "Her faults are the faults of youth, thoughtlessness, and a bad upbringing."

"Very few girls of her age would have bothered about poor shabby Mrs. MacMorrison and her infant. Especially at a time of day when fun on the decks was at its height, cocktail parties to starboard, and skipping parties to port."

He was a little surprised, when he passed that place where a kind company provides an electric iron for its lady passengers' convenience, to find the table deserted. There was usually a crowd to be found there before a fancy dress dance, ironing out frills, and pressing fairy's wings.

"It's an empty ship, of course," said Captain Grace. "I expect they got it all over this morning."

HE WENT down to dinner a little late that night. When he entered, he expected to find things in full swing. There was no one down, except Maris Templeton,

with her cold high-bred face, and Captain Belton, and the MacMorrison, who on the face of it could hardly be expected to take part in a fancy dress fete. An air of expectancy reigned. The captain saw the stewards smiling secretly behind pillars, and in the galley. A sudden conviction swamped him that it boded no good. There was something afoot.

Another moment, and he knew what it was. One by one the passengers filed downstairs. They had evidently been waiting for him. The whole thing was a put-up job, engineered by Fenella. Male and female, they wore shorts. Very short abbreviated shorts, and khaki shirts, open at the neck. The laughter started quietly, but rose to a roar. Every eye was upon him to see how he would take it. The captain tried to be calm, but he spluttered into his soup. He felt the back of his neck turn crimson. He saw Mr. Gordon, the purser, leave the salon hastily by a side door. The laugh was on him. It was fancy dress. He could do nothing.

"Your idea, I suppose," he said to Fenella, endeavoring to appear genial.

"My idea! And you've no idea how difficult it has been to find enough shorts to go round. At one time I thought I would have to drug you and search your cabin."

A steward made a hasty exit from behind the captain's chair. He could have wrung her neck. Mr. John Tiller brayed in his ear mercilessly. "Haw! Haw! Haw!"

"And do you think it's pretty?" the captain asked Fenella.

"It's certainly cool," she laughed. "I believe in comfort above all things. When I have a line of ships, every one, including the captain, shall be dressed just like this."

And he had put up flags and lights for them to dance by! He left the salon early, on pretext of urgent business aloft. From his elevated position on the bridge, he watched them dancing, later. Fenella, each of the five young men fondly kissing her hair in turn, looked up with equal ardor into the eager eyes of all five of them.



"Little wretch!" thought Captain Grace, sudden light coming to him. "She does not care a pin for any of them."

Apparently he was wrong! As he stood at the rail, letting the cool wind blow through his hair, and watching the stars, he heard Mr. John Tiller.

"Fenella, I am serious. Fenella, you must listen to me. The voyage is nearly over, and I've got to tell you—I love you terribly. You're the only girl in the world, Fenella. And if you don't marry me—"

The captain was a man of honor. He walked to the other end of the bridge and let the cool breeze blow through his hair, and regarded the stars. Far off and impartial, they blinked back at him, swimming like gold-fish in the indigo bowl of the night. Regarding them, it came to the cap-

tain that perhaps he was taking himself and his ship too seriously. Fenella, and her childish goings on, and the brayings of Mr. John Tiller, and all the tedious complications of ship-board life—their importance wilted when a man regarded the stars.

When he went back to his original stand, Fenella and Mr. Tiller were still seated together, below. The captain drew his own conclusions.

AFTER that he thought of other matters and resolutely forgot them. After all, he had no reason for feeling responsible for Fenella and her future. His charge of her was a purely nominal one, and ceased when they arrived in Rangoon.

He expected the girl would announce her engagement in some spectacular fashion, either in Colombo, or when they left. But she said nothing. John Tiller looked blighted and all the bounce was gone out of him. The poor young man obviously felt the parting. Captain Grace stifled feelings of impatience. A man gets very tired of all these interminable manifestations of love going on about him.

Fenella had changed her place at table, he found. When he went down to lunch, she was three seats away from him, and in her original place sat Miss Champneys, the hospital sister bound for Rangoon. Next to her was Major Morphiston, who was taken up with his digestion, so that the conversation had a medical flavor. This put the captain off his food, being a fastidious man. He was annoyed with Fenella for moving. He wanted to find out what plans she had made with Mr. Tiller. She was traveling in his charge and it was practically her duty to tell him.

Fenella, however, avoided him most pointedly. He was glad to be rid of her, and yet, strangely enough, he missed her. His importance seemed diminished at the table, now that she no longer ragged him. He had to keep on looking at her, too, which annoyed him. Trying to find out whether she really was as plain as he thought she was. He wondered whether she was a little sorry about the shorts episode. Or whether she had simply decided that he was a prudish old idiot, not worth bothering about any more.

"By that time," came the voice of Major Morphiston, "my feet were completely numb and every one was convinced I could not possibly pull through."

It had been an exceptionally tiresome voyage taking it all round. The captain was glad to think this was his last meal in the salon on the trip. But he decided he would go and see old Tom when he got home, and find out from him what had happened to Fenella. She was an odd girl. But, somehow, a man wanted to know what became of her. If she had some one who knew how to manage her, she might turn into a very fine woman.

"Shooting pains," said Major Morphiston, "all down the front."

Tomorrow they were due in Rangoon. Already the sea had taken on that rich muddy tinge that means the great Rangoon river is coming out to meet you. Ten days ashore, and then he would be off again, with a fresh cargo and passengers. It was a restless life.

"But believe me," said Major Morphiston, "or not, as you like, three days afterwards I was eating a ham sandwich."

SIR GERALD and Lady Wimpole came aboard to fetch their niece. Sir Gerald came up on to the bridge and thanked the captain for his kindness to Fenella. "She

says that you have been very good to her."

Captain Grace was a little taken aback. "Does she say that? I thought she would tell you I had been extremely brutal and interfering. I've had to assert my authority once or twice."

"They like that. The young like it," said Sir Gerald. "Good of you to bother. You must dine with us. My wife wants to meet you. Say Friday. Friday, eight-thirty. We'll send the car for you. Short coat. Good-by."

THE passengers were gone. The decks were empty and quiet. Far into the night, the captain paced the deck, restlessly. He hardly knew what he was thinking about, or why he was sorry, now, that the voyage had come to an end. In the course of his walk he looked into the cabin that had been Fenella's. How empty! How orderly, compared with the chaos that had reigned there when Fenella was in it! Shoes and jumpers, and underwear all over the place. Powder cast about as if a perpetual snowstorm had just fallen. An untidy girl, but all the same, there was something about her— It was as if, in his mind, the captain had emulated old Tom, and crossed out "good" substituting "nice."

He hardly recognized Fenella when she came into her aunt's drawing room on Friday night. She had had her fringe cut. She wore a white dress, quite tidy and quite long. She would have looked quite pretty that night, had she not been the unbeautiful type of woman a man never forgets.

Laura Champneys was there also, and Major Morphiston. It was Fenella's kind heart that had collected all the lonelier souls of the boat there, he knew. He found himself wishing, suddenly, that he had been more human with her on the voyage.

She was gay and impersonal all through dinner. Afterwards while people played bridge, he found himself out on the veranda beside her. She said, surprisingly, "I want to apologize for being such a beast on the boat."

"Why, I was just thinking of apologizing to you, Fenella."

"What nonsense. You were ripping, and I was a perfect pig."

For one moment he thought she was going to cry.

"It was a dirty trick, making people laugh at you. I do that kind of thing. I don't seem able to help myself."

"It was good for me. Very good, Fenella. I am getting old, and I fear, pompous. I need some one to take me in hand. But aboard ship, you see, there is never any one to do it."

He had not meant to say anything like that. He sat astonished, listening to himself.

"It was funny, Fenella, only I have grown so old and stodgy that I could not see it. I should have joined in the laughter. Teach me how to laugh, Fenella."

He was holding one of her hands. He never knew how it came about. Her short silky hair brushed his cheek.

"Oh, Fenella," he whispered. "I thought you were going to marry John Tiller."

She said, happily, "What? Him? Why, he's utterly futile."

"You let him kiss you."

She said, sadly, "Thousands of men must have kissed me by now. But you won't let any more, will you? It's so tedious."

"I certainly won't let any one else—"

"No. That's what I felt about you from the first—"

"If I were to catch any one—"

"You won't. I've had enough. But if ever you think I'm behaving badly, take a slipper to me."

"I certainly shall."

"That's what's so comforting," said Fenella.

"That's what I've always felt about you."



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YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

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Love, Marriage and Children

[Continued from page 47]

be, the statistician ogres assure us that only fifty per cent of women college graduates marry. Indeed, Miss Mary Van Kleeck, who made a special study of marriage in relation to the graduates of Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke, Radcliffe, Smith, Vassar, Wellesley, Wells and the female graduates of Cornell, placed the percentage at 39.1 per cent.

Compare this with the marriage rate for the women of the United States in general, which ranges between eighty and ninety per cent! Of course this comparison is not entirely fair to the college women, but it does afford us a dramatic contrast.

So far as perpetuating themselves is concerned, when the college women do marry they have only one-and-a-fraction child for those who become mothers, and a little less than a child apiece for all married women graduates. As a matter of fact, the birth rate in the families of both men and women college graduates has been steadily diminishing over a period of half a century.

Experts on population will tell you that to maintain their class in this country, the college women should produce three children each. Otherwise, it means the gradual extinction of an element in our society that cannot be spared without a vital loss to civilization.

WHATEVER is the cause of this trend among the cultured women of the country—and a dozen or more theories are maintained—can anything be done to check it? Are measures being taken? Are the women's colleges awake to the situation and are they trying to do anything that would encourage marriage and family increase?

It is claimed, and by those who have accumulated data to support what they say, that the low marriage rate and sterility among college women are simply class phenomena also evident in women of the same social status outside college. True or not, this does not alter the fact that non-collegiate women have between two and three times as many children per marriage as their learned sisters.

Aside from mere numbers, it is most desirable that college women have larger families, for their young are brought up with higher spiritual, mental and physical standards and the death rate among them is low for both mothers and children. Also college women are rarely divorced!

Quality counterbalances quantity, say those who advocate and defend the theory of one perfect flower against a half dozen indifferent blooms.

Then more college women should marry and be willing to accept motherhood, say their biological and sociological critics.

Why don't they?

AH, THAT is a question with as many answers as there are viewpoints, to say nothing of dominant economic influence and mass psychology which sway the world.

Foremost among the reasons put forward for the low marriage rate of college women is that the men they come in contact with do not measure up to their ideals of a life partner. Also, there is said to be a host of men who could fill all requirements, but who seek wives of another caliber, preferring mates not too intellectual.

Another factor in the low marriage rate among college women is that a large majority of the graduates drawn to teaching are natural born "singletons." Even had they not gone to college, they would have preferred celibacy, so their critics affirm.

Other observers claim that four years in a college surrounded by women most of the

time unfits certain feminine temperaments for enjoying normal associations with men ever afterwards. A similar change of attitude may take place when she becomes utterly absorbed in a profession or business.

In a word, love and marriage and all they connote may be minimized to the vanishing point in the life-scheme of a girl if she directs her energy and will to some ambition that demands her concentrated being.

Studies of the college in relation to romance show that in co-educational institutions the marriage rate of girl graduates is far above that found in the separate women's colleges.

The inference is, that the girl who would marry in spite of education and the fascination of a career had better go to one of the co-educational colleges! And the farther West she goes, the greater are the chances she will marry; according to the statistics tabulated to date. Kansas and California are particularly favored ground for the sure shooting of Cupid, if the marriage tables prepared by careful authorities are correct. But it must be also noted, while we are on this phase of the subject, that these States, together with others of their geographical location, are in the first rank of marrying commonwealths in the Union.

The advocates of the separate women's colleges deplore the propinquity of the sexes during the years of study as an element decidedly antagonistic to the best educational results. They claim that week-ends are amply sufficient for the social intermingling of the girl and boy students, and that real and beautiful romance is thereby fostered. Dr. J. Edgar Park, the president of Wheaton College, expresses this side of the question as follows:

"It is said that men and women have to live together in after life and they might just as well do so during college years. Nature, on the other hand, has other views. She has arranged that during college age many men and women have for each other so great and exclusive a fascination that the ordinary business of life cannot well be accomplished in each other's continual presence. Nature prefers to have, during this halcyon period, men working by themselves, women by themselves. Most men prefer this arrangement and all wise women prefer it too. It is true that the week-end then becomes specially interesting. This is as it should be."

Oddly enough, perhaps, while the women's college may fiercely combat any argument in favor of co-education, it is encouraging, more and more, the male element in its teaching staff, as well as feminizing its curriculum!

Up to five years ago, the average college for women was planned on the same lines as that for men. For a long time it was bitterly contended that education should be identical for both sexes. Bodies might be different, but not brains. Woman was equal to a man in every respect. The militant ones proved it to their satisfaction. But in spite of all proofs of equality there were still vital differences between man and woman.

As H. G. Wells put it, men are bludgeons, while women are bodkins, and it is the height of folly to treat them as if they were the same implement.

State colleges and co-educational institutions led the way by establishing courses in applied science adapted to the interests of home-building and social efficiency. But for years the woman's college resisted this feminine influence, frowned at the innovation, and stuck closely to its unadulterated classics, humanities and pure science.

Pressure of public opinion brought about self-analysis and reevaluation, however, and the woman's college has at last reached the stage of including household arts, child training and other home subjects in its curriculum, with such enthusiastic reaction that President MacCracken of Vassar states that its "Euthenics" is the second largest group of electives in the freshman class.

Miss Annie L. Macleod, the organizer and first director of this institute of living at Vassar, described its object in these words:

"The development of a Division of Euthenics represents an attempt to bring together and correlate the resources of modern science which bear upon the problems of living, and to focus the attention of educated women upon all that the natural and social sciences, particularly physiology, psychology and economics, have to contribute toward human welfare and world harmony."

LAST May a man's college, Yale, established a bureau of research for the study of human relations, with a particular emphasis on the child and its environment. Many predict that domology, or the science of home, will soon find a place in big university curricula.

But the change in the woman's college, as noted, is hailed as a sign of a remarkable educational awakening from within and from without. Even the students themselves are taking initiative in the dawning reformation, through voluntary and invited expression of opinion. They are growing bolder and assuming the right of the "consent of the governed" instead of submitting to established authority.

The truth in the warning words of James T. Tufts is being realized with greater force every day. He said:

"The educated woman is apt to feel vaguely that the whole household life, once the center of all industries and the place where discoveries and inventions had their chief seat, is now no longer a field for the exercise of intellectual powers of the highest order. This leads to the depreciation of such occupations, to strain in the family life, to the neglected child, to the divided and empty house."

IN ANSWER to that, managing a home and husband and bringing up children is now in the way of being taught as one of the biggest and most important tasks that a woman can undertake, requiring all the knowledge and experience she can acquire. If the ambitious wife also wants to have a career independently of this triple job, all well and good, but she must realize that she will be attempting something little short of superhuman.

Tens of thousands of girls will enter the fields of higher learning for the first time, this fall. Most of them have only the faintest idea what they intend to do, except that, in a hazy way, they feel they will be given every opportunity to pick whatever golden apples of knowledge they wish.

Young lady, what do you want of college? Not only do your parents and your friends and the college itself ask this question, but every one of us would like to know, for, as you see, your decision has much to do with the health and happiness of society.

Are you going to learn to live, or live to learn?

Whichever you choose, it would be the part of greater wisdom to follow your fine feminine instincts and intuitions and not allow your emotional powers to be absorbed by intellectual processes.

Does this sound like a hard saying?

It merely means: Keep your head and have a heart!

The Girl of Today

[Continued from page 23]

a percentage of rowdies—today's typical girl is sensible. She is comfortable; she has some sort of work as a means of self-expression; she is healthy; she is neither ignorant nor afraid.

In fact this girl is no more anxious to throw her life away upon bad food, bad hours, bad associates, bad stories, bad liquor—in short, she is no more anxious to make a false start than we are to have her make one.

WHAT we cannot seem to get through our heads is that many of the things she does are perfectly safe, for her.

They wouldn't have been safe for us, because we had been educated to believe that without a chaperon—who might be an idiot, and frequently was—no girl was ever safe five minutes with any man. The girl and man might tell a perfectly straight story about a storm, and a runaway horse, and a respectable hotel—it didn't make any difference. Nobody believed them for an instant. The girl was a bad girl, and the weeping relatives besought the man humbly to marry her.

This nonsense is unknown to the girl of today. If she tells a story involving a way-side inn, we believe her. Her life isn't ruined by our overdeveloped imaginations. Her eyes are open.

Of course a girl can run off the track, morally, if she wants to. But she rarely wants to. It doesn't pay. It doesn't pay her to wreck herself socially, any more than it would to eat bichloride of mercury, or to try to break into a bank.

Civilization rests not on forcing girls to account for themselves every minute of the time, and stay close to home and mother, but in opening their eyes to the irrevocable law of cause and effect. Once they see decency and disorder as they are, the fight is won.

So that I admire, and perhaps a little envy, the modern American girl. The way is made much clearer, much simpler for her, than it was for us, who came before her. She can take up a thousand interests; she can play a thousand games that were forbidden us.

Even at formal dinners she is comfortable, untrammelled, natural, and when she is out in the woods, swimming, fishing, tramping, cooking—she can dress in the picturesque sensible garb that would have marked us, once and for all, as "fast."

AN unless we believe—which we don't!—that our girls are so shaky spiritually, so unsure of themselves, that to give them liberty is to have them take license, then we can stop worrying about them.

When our boys start into business we don't imagine them as instantly trifling with the cash register.

Even if we have no particular trust in a boy's intrinsic honesty, we trust to his good sense.

In the same way, it seems to me, we can trust the girls. They may want fun, as the boys want money, but it is hardly fair to them to suppose that they are so essentially stupid as to be willing to go to any extreme to get it—and then not get it!

Whatever they are, they seem to me quite superior beings to the puff-sleeved, choke-collared, drag-skirted, petticoated, ignorant, curious, old-maidish creatures that we used to be!

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Why One Man Went to Prison

[Continued from page 20]

without the usual prison guard with him. And then Cotter began acting queerly.

He was suddenly more thoughtful than ever. At times when the warden passed him, the man seemed on the verge of speaking. That went on for a week. Finally the warden spoke to him one day as he stood on the porch of his home while the convict worked in the garden below him.

"Cotter," the official said suddenly, "what's bothering you? Sick, are you?"

The man straightened and looked intently at the warden for a moment, then he dropped his trowel suddenly into the dirt and walked on to the porch.

"I've been trying to get the courage to talk to you, Mr. Warden," he said tensely. "I want to tell you something in confidence and I don't know how to do it."

"Something about the prison, Cotter?" the warden asked, mystified.

"Indirectly, yes, sir." "There isn't a man inside that doesn't trust you," the official muttered. "If any one knows things, it would be you."

"I never violate a trust, sir," Cotter assured him. "I'm not—not a stool, Mr. Warden."

The warden smiled and nodded. "Well," he said, "you can talk to me any time, Cotter."

"I would have to trust you a great deal, Mr. Warden."

"Come into the office," the official suggested and led the way. Cotter stood respectfully before the desk as the warden seated himself. "Now shoot," the officer smiled.

"I'd have to have your sacred promise, Mr. Warden," Cotter said diffidently, "that you'll not use the information I give you for—"

"Hold on a minute!" the official interrupted vehemently. "We can't go any farther along that line, Cotter. I'm not making promises of that nature to—"

"Convicts," Cotter furnished the word with a faint smile wreathing his lips. "I had that in mind," he nodded. "I can quite understand. But you see—an injustice is being done, Mr. Warden. The rankest injustice possible. And I'm the only man who can stop it."

"You'll have to make up your own mind," the warden said brusquely, "about talking to me. I'll have to be the judge of what use I make of any information you give. I'm not going to urge you with promises I might later regret."

COTTER thought at some length. Then he asked, "Would you permit me the writing of one uncensored letter, sir? One letter that no one ever will read but the man to whom I send it?"

"I'm sorry," Kelsh answered, "I cannot agree to that either, Cotter."

"It makes it so hard," Cotter complained gently. But he stood still there before the desk, his mind hard at work, his words a matter of the most careful selection. At last he said, "Would it be possible for me to tell you something and not have to answer questions about identity?"

"You mean," Kelsh asked, "tell me something that happened, or is going to happen, here in the prison, then be immune to questioning?"

"Yes, sir. Something that did happen, sir. Several months ago."

"I will not commit myself, Cotter," the warden insisted. "I won't lie to you, old man. If I see it as my duty to use anything you tell me, I'm going to use it. I'm not going to insist that you tell me. But I am insisting that I remain the sole judge of my own course afterwards. I owe that

to the job. You understand that I'm sure!"

Cotter was getting desperate. He wet his lips and glanced about the room. Finally he burst out:

"There's a man in the city being held for robbery," he said shortly. "His name is Martin, Mr. Warden. Roger Martin. He's charged with robbing the offices of a big theater. The whole thing is in the newspapers along with a picture of the man himself. That's how I know all about it. That man is innocent. I know he is. I

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EMMA LINDSAY SQUIER has searched into the very soul of a country that, to most of us, stands only for dry cactus and smoldering revolutions. As the result of her search she has written a tender and beautiful story of Old Mexico—of truth and idealism and the love of a boy. Her "The Cloak of Desire" is in the October SMART SET.



want to get word to Henry Suntly."

"You mean Henry Suntly, the District Attorney?" Kelsh interrupted.

"Yes," Cotter nodded.

The warden thought matters over with a queer expression on his face. After a moment he asked, "What attention would Suntly give to a message from you?"

"Suntly will listen to a message from me," Cotter answered slowly.

"Do you know him?"

"Yes, Mr. Warden. I know him. I know Henry Suntly. I—I grew up with him."

"Is that so? I'm surprised to hear that. But tell me, Cotter, do you know this man Martin who is accused of the robbery?"

"I never saw him in my life," Cotter answered steadily. "But I know he isn't guilty and I believe that Suntly is out to convict him. I read it all in the papers—what Martin said about his own innocence, and the public promise Suntly has made to clean up the town. He's making an example of Martin, Mr. Warden. Making an example of an innocent man."

"How could you possibly know that, Cotter?" the warden asked. "You've been cooped up here for five years."

"Yes, sir. But I know!" In his earnestness, Cotter leaned over the desk and pressed his tense face close to that of the warden. "I know, sir," he repeated. "I know! I know!"

"How do you know?" Kelsh snapped.

"Because I heard the crime planned right here within these walls!" Cotter rasped hoarsely. "Knowing who did it, Mr. Warden. I know who didn't do it!"

Kelsh rose abruptly from his seat and braced his fingertips on the edge of the desk. He returned Cotter's steady gaze.

"You know full well what you're saying?" he demanded.

"As God is my judge," Cotter answered simply.

"And the message you would send Suntly is what?" Kelsh asked.

"Just what I have told you, sir—that I know this Martin is innocent because I know who is guilty. There were two of the robbers and the newspaper accounts of the crime tally exactly with the plan I heard perfected here in this prison before the men were liberated. Martin had nothing to do with it."

"Suntly'll never believe you," the warden grunted. "He'll pay no attention to your story."

"Suntly will believe me," Cotter snapped. There was light in his face, for the first time since he had donned his suit of blue. "He will, Mr. Warden. He's got to! Tell him I sent the message, Mr. Warden. Say this to him: 'Cotter knows Martin is innocent. And he knows many other things.' Tell him I warn him not to convict Martin. Tell him that in those very words, Mr. Warden."

"Are you out of your head?" Kelsh gasped. "Who are you to send such a message to the District Attorney? Do you know that Henry Suntly is the biggest political figure in the state? He can be Governor if he likes."

"Tell him what I say," Cotter repeated steadily. "Please tell him, Mr. Warden. I know who he is. I know what he is, too. That's how I know he'll believe me. Let him be Governor if he likes. But deliver my message or have an innocent man sent up here to worry your heart out for five or ten years. I've told you the gospel truth, Mr. Warden. The responsibility is yours."

THERE was no doubting Cotter. He spoke with the ring of truth in his voice. The warden paused, trying to assemble these amazing facts in his mind. After a time, he demanded:

"Who were the two men who planned this thing?"

Cotter pressed his lips into a straight line. His eyes blazed scorn of the question. "You'll be apt to lose your flower work unless you tell," Kelsh said, his eyes narrowly watching the convict.

The face of the man blanched and a queer sound struggled into being but died in his throat. He pulled his blue cap taut between his fingers, then said slowly, "I'd boil in hell, Mr. Warden, before I answered you that."

"I'd be the same way in your place," the warden said as though thinking aloud. Then, "Go ahead, Cotter, with those roses at the far end of the porch. I make you this promise. I'll tell Suntly personally all that you have told me. If he insists on questioning you later, that's not my fault."

A smile of delight spread over the convict's pale face. "Thank you, Mr. Warden. Deliver my message exactly as I told it, please. Be exact, and Suntly won't bother me."

Then he was gone through the door on to the porch.

IT WAS the visit of a horticulturist which served once again to break the commonplace relationship between Kelsh and Cotter. The display which Cotter was able to offer in the prison flower-beds roused tremendous interest. A horticultural society sent a representative who asked that Cotter might write an article for their magazine.

Kelsh found no regulation which prevented such a procedure and he promptly

granted the permission. Cotter just as promptly declined to do it.

"You cannot understand the matter," he told the visitor, "but the world outside this prison has ceased to exist for me. One memory of it I treasure. There is no other interest left me. I live for my flower-beds here and want no contact with the world. It never did anything but lie to me."

NOTHING could induce him to change his decision but he had no hesitancy about talking flowers with the visitor and the warden allowed pictures to be taken of the amazing results Cotter had attained in his circumscribed prison field.

"You disappointed that fellow, Cotter," the warden said when finally the horticulturist had left. "He wanted to use your name over an article of your own."

Cotter smiled wanly and shrugged an answer.

"By the way, Cotter," the warden continued, "your prophecy about Henry Suntly came true. I delivered your message exactly as you requested. He seemed to understand, asked how you were and told me he would immediately look into the matter of the Roger Martin case."

"I presume, inasmuch as I have never heard of a trial, that he found you to be right and liberated Martin."

"Yes," the convict said, "he found me to be right and liberated Martin. It was the only just thing to do. I watched the papers closely and saw that the indictment against the fellow had been *nolle-prossed*."

"What a break for him!" Kelsh said. "For all you know he'll never have the faintest idea that you are the man who saved him."

"That is a small matter," Cotter said slowly. "I like to have the knowledge that I did the right thing. I like to take that thought into my cell with me at night."

"I can understand that," Kelsh agreed. "And say, why is it, if you don't mind telling me, that there are never flowers in your cell? You love them so much."

"A cell is not a thing of beauty," Cotter said simply. "The man who said that all beauty is sheer contrast with the ugly never lived in a prison cell, Mr. Warden. A flower is a fine beautiful living thing. It would wither in no time in a prison cell."

"In some ways," the warden said with the utter frankness that official position affects toward State wards, "you're just as balmy as a coot."

"Perhaps so," Cotter nodded agreeably. "But I'm happy in it."

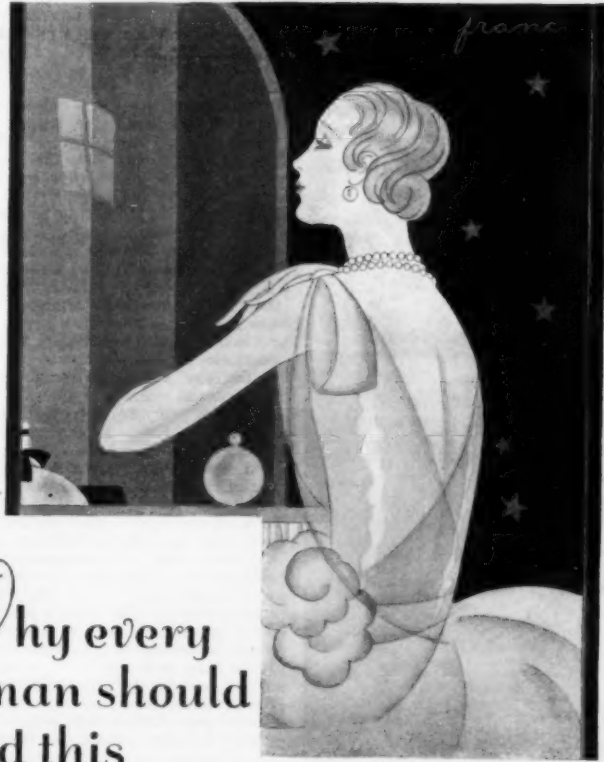
"Happy?" Kelsh queried sharply.

"Exactly," Cotter nodded vigorously. "I'm a very much happier man than you are, Mr. Warden. My only recollection of the outside world is a happy one. I found a very beautiful thing out there, sir. I took it for what I thought it to be. The fact that it was imitation did not prevent its showing me what the genuine could be."

"You're getting pretty deep for me," Kelsh grinned. "Those books you read are pretty heavy stuff. But I'm glad that you're settled and happy. The thought struck me the day I talked with Suntly that the contrast between you two boyhood friends had suddenly grown pretty sharp. He's a big public servant and you—well—you see what I mean."

"I see perfectly," Cotter nodded. "But I wouldn't change places with Suntly or any other man on earth, Mr. Warden. Everything in my thoughts is beautiful. I would rather have a bed than the bunk I sleep in, but I'll gladly sleep in the bunk in order to remain here with my flowers," he smiled.

Kelsh seemed for the moment serious. "You know, Cotter," he said speculatively, "I get a real thrill out of the situation you and Suntly present. The business of justice being directed by a murderer doing natural life, through a powerful district attorney who dangles on the end of a string the



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Cotter made no reply and the warden smiled wonderingly. "All right, Cotter," he said. "Go back to your flowers. Every man has a right to his own thoughts."

"Thank you, Mr. Warden," Cotter mumbled. "The finest thing you have ever done was to give me these flowers. I love them, sir. Life would be unbearable without them. I will always be happy so long as I have them."

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"I hope that'll be as long as you wish, sir."

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"Where's Cotter?" he asked of one of them.

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"Cotter," Kelsh said softly, "you awake?"

"Yes, Mr. Warden."

"Suntly's elected," Kelsh said slowly.

"Yes, sir," Cotter acknowledged vaguely.

"Yes, sir. Was there anything special about it, Mr. Warden?"

Kelsh was embarrassed. He felt a little ridiculous standing there reporting the election of a governor to an inmate.

"No," he said. "No. Nothing special, Cotter. Only, I happened to have business in this block and I thought I'd let you know. It might be very important for you later on."

"Thank you, Mr. Warden," the prisoner said dully. "I do thank you, sir."

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When Cotter read that one night in his cell his heart tripped in its beating.

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"If you will do as I say, Mr. Warden," the convict said simply, "I will put an end to this business."

A look of keen surprise crossed the warden's features. He held out his hand to the prisoner through the steel lattice.

"You're a mighty white citizen, Cotter," Kelsh said. "I'm proud to have you for my friend. I know you've a good deal of power with Suntly, but you'll need that for your own ends. I'll not, for the sake of a job, jeopardize your chances of a pardon and a new lease on life."

Dully, with the air of a man who has no hope of being understood, Cotter answered, "Please do as I say. I want you to remain here at the prison, Mr. Warden. You want to remain too. I know because you've told me so yourself. Do as I say. I'm not jeopardizing myself a single jot. I swear it on my honor."

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And Kelsh, hopelessly defeated in his own battle, carried out the instructions. In half an hour he was back again before Cotter's cell door. He whispered his words, but peering eyes from a hundred latticed cells looked on in flaming curiosity.

"I got him," Kelsh whispered. "Heaven only knows what you've got up your sleeve, Cotter, but it's potent. I talked to Suntly myself. I told him your exact words and he'll be here tomorrow. He'll motor to the prison, arriving during the afternoon. You'll want to see him, of course."

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"I'm sorry, John," he said stammeringly. "Sorry to find you like this." He glanced

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"I want the warden to stay, Henry," he said quietly. "You need offer me no sympathy. I'm the happiest man in the world."

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"Your own case," Suntly interrupted hastily, "has been in my mind, John. I had thought of considering a pardon. After all—an actress—"

"Do not stop me, Henry," Cotter said. "I want no pardon from you, nor from anybody. I got you here to tell you the truth. You and the warden. For her sake, I never have told it before."

HE PAUSED as though gathering his words, then leaned for support upon a chair and with his eyes fastened steadily upon the Governor, told his story. So simple and so stark was it that they did not interrupt him.

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"And that pistol—she had that, Henry." He laughed shortly. "She was taking it with her to kill you!"

"We were all so young then, and she was so inexperienced. I find no fault with you now. I merely state the facts. She had trusted you, Henry, and you lied to her, as she did to me. Then you scorned her. I know, Henry! Oh, how well I know! You wrote her that letter. I remember every word of it. I see it now."

He raised a gaunt hand stained deep with the color of earth and seemed to point at the letter there before him. He was transported by his own story back to the hour of his crime.

"I came home earlier than usual," he said slowly. "Sunny was just leaving and I knew that something was wrong. Her eyes were wild and she cringed before me, afraid. She tried to slip past me and reach the door. I caught her hand and the bag she carried jerked open. The pistol was there. It was the first thing I saw, and I snatched it from the bag in amazement. Sunny fought me to get it back."

"She was quite insane, I think. She taunted me with her own deceit—and yours. Then she hurled the letter at me. It fell at my feet and I read it with the gun clutched in one hand and Sunny twisting there on the divan."

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liter pulls, is an unusual picture indeed." "I had the truth, that's all," the prisoner answered, but as he spoke he became uneasy and turned away. The warden detained him.

"I'm not going to question you against your will, old man," he assured him, "but I've given the matter quite a little thought. You've been here a long time now, Cotter. A long time even as time in prison goes. I've grown to like you and trust you, but I've never even hoped to understand you. You don't seem morose, yet your crime, Cotter, is the sort that is apt to prey upon a man's mind as the years roll past."

"I committed no crime, Mr. Warden," the convict answered steadily. "What I did was anything but a crime."

"You've always admitted the killing of your wife!" Kelsh gasped.

"Oh, yes! But you see that only from the material side. If I thought I had done wrong—I would be miserable," Cotter answered. Kelsh laughed and shook his head.

"I suppose men are differently built," he mused. "Now if I had known you on the outside, I would have sized you up as a man of ambition. Your record shows that you were successful in business." He paused to allow time for an answer but Cotter made none. The official continued:

"I would have thought you'd be like your friend, Suntly. He always reaches out for more power. I have it straight that his party is urging him to run for Governor. If he runs, he'll win."

The warden paused again and his eyes fixed themselves steadily upon Cotter. There was tremendous suggestion in the glance but the convict met it with no sign of understanding.

"All politicians would like to be Governor," Kelsh prompted. Cotter merely nodded in the affirmative and again turned as though he would leave. Once again Kelsh stopped him.

"It's pretty evident," he said, "that you've a lot of weight with Henry Suntly. I've been thinking what a situation would arise if he were Governor. It might mean a pardon for you, Cotter."

"No," the convict said slowly. "No, Mr. Warden, it wouldn't mean a pardon."

Kelsh shrugged. "Well, keep your secret if you like," he said. "But I'll watch with a good deal of interest. Suntly, my friend, is the next Governor of this State just as sure as you're a foot high. I have never before known a case where the Governor was under the thumb of a natural lifer. It'll be fun to watch."

Cotter made no reply and the warden smiled wonderingly. "All right, Cotter," he said. "Go back to your flowers. Every man has a right to his own thoughts."

"Thank you, Mr. Warden," Cotter mumbled. "The finest thing you have ever done was to give me these flowers. I love them, sir. Life would be unbearable without them. I will always be happy so long as I have them."

"Okay, old man," Kelsh answered kindly. "I guess I needn't tell you that you'll have them as long as I'm warden here."

"I hope that'll be as long as you wish, sir."

"It's got to last quite a while," Kelsh laughed. "What good would I be for anything else at this late day?"

HENRY SUNTLY conducted his campaign for the Governorship of the State along the lines of reform. He laid a heavy hand upon corruptionists, trained the light of his investigations upon State institutions of all kinds, and carried to the people of the electorate a conviction that such a man as himself was needed at the helm of State affairs.

Kelsh read every campaign speech the man made and he wondered more and more about the strange relationship between this

outstanding public man and Cotter, the natural lifer who worked in his garden.

He knew without asking that Cotter was following the campaign with an interest even closer than his own. But he never spoke to the man of it; never tried to make the convict express an opinion.

WHEN election day rolled around Kelsh received the returns at the prison.

The campaign had centered very largely upon issues of reform in State institutions and the keepers of the prison, from the warden down, felt a greater interest than usual. The feeling was general that Suntly's election would call for sweeping investigations and many changes in methods.

Many of the prison employees gathered in the offices and watched the returns on election night.

By ten o'clock the big metropolitan daily that had most bitterly opposed Suntly conceded his election as Governor. Kelsh received this news with mingled emotions.

None knew better than he the dire results of an inexperienced hand endeavoring to change the routine of a prison. Yet, in spite of that, his first thought on reading of the election of Suntly was not of the prison and the troubles that must come to it. It was of the silent natural lifer, Cotter.

Actuated by he hardly knew what, the warden stepped from his office out into the prison yard and strolled toward the cell block where Cotter was locked. He nodded to the guards as he entered.

"Where's Cotter?" he asked of one of them.

"Number seventeen, sir," the man directed.

The lights were out, but Kelsh walked on to the door of Cotter's cell. The prisoner was reclining on his narrow bunk but as Kelsh stopped he rose to a sitting position, swung his feet to the stone floor and stepped to the door.

"Cotter," Kelsh said softly, "you awake?"

"Yes, Mr. Warden."

"Suntly's elected," Kelsh said slowly.

"Yes, sir," Cotter acknowledged vaguely.

"Yes, sir. Was there anything special about it, Mr. Warden?"

Kelsh was embarrassed. He felt a little ridiculous standing there reporting the election of a governor to an inmate.

"No," he said. "No. Nothing special, Cotter. Only, I happened to have business in this block and I thought I'd let you know. It might be very important for you later on."

"Thank you, Mr. Warden," the prisoner said dully. "I do thank you, sir."

"He's out to raise hob with State institutions," Kelsh said. "That's been his campaign and he'll have to make a showing at it. I suppose nobody'll know where his hammer'll fall next. But we'll hope for the best. Good night, Cotter."

"Good night, Mr. Warden."

For months afterward, the picture of Cotter that came first to the official's mind was that which he saw as he turned away. The gaunt figure of the man standing behind the steel lattice of his cell door. The shock of tousled hair that framed his steady serious eyes, the ridiculous prison underwear that bagged at elbows and knees and drooped away from his throat.

Dejection and defeat stood out all over that broken creature. Yet in his big eyes dwelt contentment and a definite happiness. The very simplicity of his glance was power in itself.

Henry Suntly was not long in making his inauguration felt in State institutions. He appointed a committee which, in turn, appointed inspectors and detailed them for investigation.

The heavy hand of politics fell upon Warden Kelsh and his organization. Like the man he was, he fought against it. Soon friction developed and it was rumored that Kelsh was at variance with the administration.

Suntly was asked about this and stated flatly that he expected the warden to comply with his economy and efficiency programs and if the warden did not see his way clear to do it, he would accept his resignation.

The record of the prison, however, was well known. Friends of the warden started a fight of their own to protect his rights. This brought matters to a head and focused attention upon the two principals. One or the other of them must relent and all agreed that it could not well be the Governor.

And that was what caused Cotter, the silent natural lifer, to explain at last that simple sentence which had been his only defense for the killing of his wife. The man had had no intention of talking until he read in the papers that Suntly and his assistants had definitely asked the resignation of the warden.

When Cotter read that one night in his cell his heart tripped in its beating.

He sent for Kelsh and the warden responded to his request. The official had altered a great deal. Lines were deep about his mouth and a haggard look filled his eyes.

"If you will do as I say, Mr. Warden," the convict said simply, "I will put an end to this business."

A look of keen surprise crossed the warden's features. He held out his hand to the prisoner through the steel lattice.

"You're a mighty white citizen, Cotter," Kelsh said. "I'm proud to have you for my friend. I know you've a good deal of power with Suntly, but you'll need that for your own ends. I'll not, for the sake of a job, jeopardize your chances of a pardon and a new lease on life."

Dully, with the air of a man who has no hope of being understood, Cotter answered. "Please do as I say. I want you to remain here at the prison, Mr. Warden. You want to remain too. I know because you've told me so yourself. Do as I say. I'm not jeopardizing myself a single jot. I swear it on my honor."

The stark drama of the statement was augmented because the words were uttered with absolutely nothing of emphasis or doubt or affectation.

"Go now," the convict said, "and get Henry Suntly on the telephone. Tell him this: 'Come to the prison personally at once. Jonathan Cotter demands it.' Say that, Mr. Warden, and nothing more. The Governor will come."

"That's pretty stiff, Cotter," Kelsh said doubtfully. "Henry Suntly is a big man."

"Tell him," Cotter repeated quietly. "Tell him exactly what I tell you. That and nothing more. And go now, sir. If there is trouble in reaching him on the telephone, use my name and make the demand clear."

And Kelsh, hopelessly defeated in his own battle, carried out the instructions. In half an hour he was back again before Cotter's cell door. He whispered his words, but peering eyes from a hundred latticed cells looked on in flaming curiosity.

"I got him," Kelsh whispered. "Heaven only knows what you've got up your sleeve, Cotter, but it's potent. I talked to Suntly myself. I told him your exact words and he'll be here tomorrow. He'll motor to the prison, arriving during the afternoon. You'll want to see him, of course."

"Yes," the convict nodded. "Yes. I'll want to see him. It will be strange after all these years, Mr. Warden. Henry and I will have changed a whole lot."

THEY met in the room reserved for the use of the Parole Board. The Governor was the more nervous of the two. He paced the floor while a guard went for Cotter and when the man was brought in, he gasped at his first sight of him.

"I'm sorry, John," he said stammeringly. "Sorry to find you like this." He glanced

suggestively at the warden who started toward the door. Cotter put out a detaining hand.

"I want the warden to stay, Henry," he said quietly. "You need offer me no sympathy. I'm the happiest man in the world."

There was a moment of embarrassed silence during which the convict seemed to realize that restricted use of words had left him partially inarticulate.

"I came to see you," Suntly said, "because the warden requested it."

"The warden demanded it," Cotter corrected steadily. "I want you to know that there is nothing I want for myself from you. I demand only that you allow the warden to remain here in charge of the prison as long as you are Governor."

"That's going a little far, John," Suntly said slowly. "After all, I'm Governor of this State and must think first of the people who elected me. I have not been entirely satisfied with the reports that come to me."

"Stop!" Cotter snapped suddenly. He stood in the center of the room with his baggy clothes hanging about his person and his untidy hair a mat upon his head. But there was power about him.

"I say, Henry Suntly," he pronounced slowly, "that you will do as I ask. I am going to tell you something you never knew—something that you only suspected—something which has hung over your head all these years."

"Your own case," Suntly interrupted hastily, "has been in my mind, John. I had thought of considering a pardon. After all—an actress—"

"Do not stop me, Henry," Cotter said. "I want no pardon from you, nor from anybody. I got you here to tell you the truth. You and the warden. For her sake, I never have told it before."

HE PAUSED as though gathering his words, then leaned for support upon a chair and with his eyes fastened steadily upon the Governor, told his story. So simple and so stark was it that they did not interrupt him.

"That day," he said, "when the pistol came so ready to my hand, Henry—you don't know what was to have happened later. You don't know that Sunny, as we always called her, was going to you. She had been with you before, Henry. You had both lied to me about that."

"And that pistol—she had that, Henry." He laughed shortly. "She was taking it with her to kill you!"

"We were all so young then, and she was so inexperienced. I find no fault with you now. I merely state the facts. She had trusted you, Henry, and you lied to her, as she did to me. Then you scorned her. I know, Henry! Oh, how well I know! You wrote her that letter. I remember every word of it. I see it now."

He raised a gaunt hand stained deep with the color of earth and seemed to point at the letter there before him. He was transported by his own story back to the hour of his crime.

"I came home earlier than usual," he said slowly. "Sunny was just leaving and I knew that something was wrong. Her eyes were wild and she cringed before me, afraid. She tried to slip past me and reach the door. I caught her hand and the bag she carried jerked open. The pistol was there. It was the first thing I saw, and I snatched it from the bag in amazement. Sunny fought me to get it back."

"She was quite insane, I think. She taunted me with her own deceit—and yours. Then she hurled the letter at me. It fell at my feet and I read it with the gun clutched in one hand and Sunny twisting there on the divan."

"You told her she was a fool, Henry. A fool to bother you and run the risk of losing a husband who could provide well for her, and hadn't brains enough to see that he had no other function. You said to her, Henry,



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that she wasn't the kind of a woman a man could take seriously. Then you asked her to be sensible and burn the letter and let you alone."

Once again Cotter stopped. His face was twisted and his eyes burned with a dull agony that held the others speechless.

"A sordid mess, eh, Henry?" he sneered finally. "You never knew I saw the letter, perhaps. You thought that Sunny had done as you wished with it, and I had discovered another intrigue in her life, and so killed her."

"But you never were quite certain. There remained always a doubt in your mind. The bigger you grew, Henry, the more this worried you. Now you have the truth. I shot her because she loved you, Henry. Loved you and hated you and sooner or later would have killed you."

"I loved her. So I killed her and kept her name clean. It was for her I did it, just as I said that day when she lay there before me. I hated you—hate you now as a man hates a creeping thing, Henry. But you were both very young."

"They found the gun in my hand, Henry—but not the letter. Where is the letter?" He laughed sharply, his voice high and threatening to crack. "Where is it? They never found that!"

His gaunt hands gripped the chair and he leaned forward and glared. "I—know—where—it—is," he said, spacing each word. "I know where to get it and hand it to the newspapers, Henry, with the signature of their reform Governor blazed across its face." He laughed again. "Yes," he repeated, "I know where it is, and so does the warden. We alone know."

"Tell me, now," he finished suddenly, "that the warden remains here. Tell me that, Henry. And tell him. And tell this committee of yours, and the newspapers."

THE next day Warden Kelsh stood again on the porch above the garden and looked down upon the stooping brown figure there at work among the flowers.

"I see by the morning papers, Cotter," he said, "that the fight between the Governor and myself has come to a happy ending. According to this account, his visit yesterday was made for the sole purpose of checking up on the situation here. What he saw caused him to express complete confidence in my incorruptible efficiency."

"Yes, sir," the convict nodded, a faint smile about his lips. "I'm so glad, Mr. Warden."

"There's no reason," the official said, "why your case shouldn't be brought before him."

"But there is, Mr. Warden," Cotter said earnestly. "As God above judges me, there is. I want no pardon. I want to remain here, sir. Here I have found the simple things that never fail a man. Here, among the flowers, I have found peace and happiness and quiet. If you are my friend, there will never be a pardon, sir."

"I can understand that feeling," Kelsh nodded. "I know of at least three men here who would not go. You are the fourth. They have been here so long, you see. But with your education—your background—"

"Here I stay," Cotter said simply. "I have no worries, now. I'm settled for life. I want no change. What others think is hard I have come to accept with no suffering. My books and my flowers are my own. The confinement of prison is a protection more than a curse to me, sir. If it keeps me away from society, so does it keep society away from me. The restrictions I have ceased to mind. They are less hard than what I should have to meet on the outside as a pardoned murderer."

"As you wish. But I am your friend. Cotter. Your real friend."

"I thank you, Mr. Warden."

They stood looking at each other a moment. "Life is a queer game," Kelsh shrugged at last. "I guess, after all, a man can't deal anything but the cards given him to play with."

Cotter smiled faintly and nodded.

"That letter," Kelsh said at last. "That one of Suntly's which you kept. How did you hide it, or having hidden it, how did you get it out of the apartment, Cotter, before coming up here?"

The gardener straightened and a smile twisted at his lips. "That letter," he said, "I burned, Mr. Warden, before they found me standing over Sunny. I burned it in the fireplace and ground the ashes under my heel. I had to do that to protect her. But I knew that Henry Suntly would be afraid to challenge me. A man who is a coward with a woman, is doubly so with a man."

"He's a smart politician, Cotter," Kelsh said sagely. "He's due for eight years in office, so we've little enough to worry us. But, as you say, he's certainly a coward. He knows nothing of the sort of courage you showed in sharing the secret you've kept inviolate until its telling would help a friend."

Cotter turned silently away and bent again to his work. It was as though he buried there in the earth the secret which he finally had shared and that secret took root and blossomed and made a flowerbed.

You Meet Such Nice People

[Continued from page 39]

This was always his little joke, his concession to the vernacular of the young. Usually Nora was amused by this frantic attempt at speed on the part of the ancient. But on this occasion she was not amused before she came to the stair landing because nothing would have amused her then. And she was not amused after she had come to the stair landing because there she discovered that Robert's friend was Alan Harman.

"But you're not—" She stopped short, furious with Marjory who thought that any man who didn't have to duck his head like Bob to keep from crashing through the ceiling was a shrimp. And not bad looking! Not bad looking! Not bad looking!

THEY were alone—not because Marjory and Bob were generous, but because they were selfish, fortunately enough.

"You know," Alan said quickly, "I ran away from you to get my breath. I didn't know what you'd—you'd—I've never done

anything exactly like that before in my life. Not in the broad daylight."

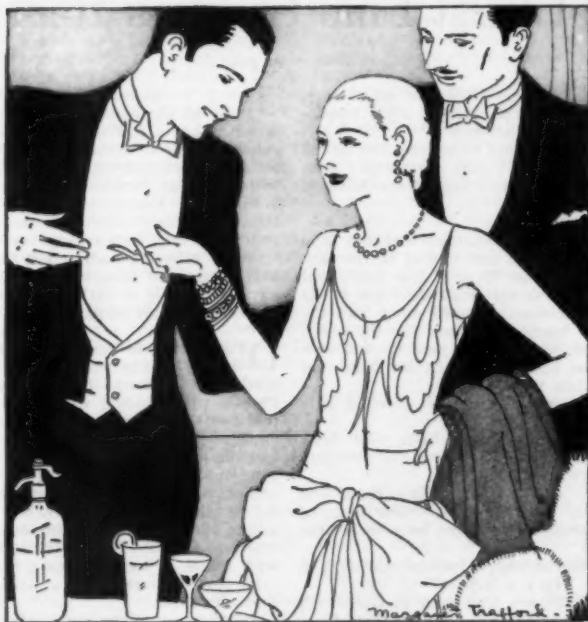
"An amazing coincidence our meeting again," said Nora politely.

"Coincidence? Good Lord, no! I found out from Dinky that you came from Emmettsville. That's what made me look up old Bob. I didn't have quite the nerve to pounce on you directly."

"I didn't dream you came from Portersville," said Nora happily.

"That sure is a coincidence, isn't it? Only forty miles away! But it's a funny thing. I always thought if I ever settled down—as a place for an up-and-coming professional man—well, you can't beat Emmettsville, can you now?"

Nora's eyes were radiant. "No, you can't," she agreed instantly. "It's a good town—a good gang here, really—and then for cute houses—well, I don't suppose they have cuter houses anywhere than they have in the Elmswood Subdivision. I mean I really don't suppose they do!"



Love Bores Me So

*Wrote Eleanor In Her Farewell Letter
And Then Success Came to Elliot*

By IRMENGARDE EBERLE

Drawin, by M. TRAFFORD

ELLIOT ROGERS opened the letter from his wife as he entered the apartment. George Carter, who had come up from the theater with him so that the two might apply themselves to a little serious celebrating over the unexpected success of Elliot's play, found this an unnecessary interruption, and set about looking for glasses in the kitchen.

"Darling, (read Elliot)

"Of course I will never come back to you again. Home is no place for an attractive woman under eighty.

"Love bores me so. I don't really want to get married again. But, Elliot dear, I was just thinking today that maybe I ought to get a divorce anyway, because somebody might come along who is extremely adequate—and then I ought to be free to marry him, whatever my personal feelings in the matter are, because a woman ought to think about her future. So I thought I'd tell you that I'd like to start proceedings as soon as I hear from you. Do answer right away.

Eleanor."

"Well, well," said Elliot. "That's to the point. And not too subtle for the average mind."

"Come now," said George. "Where is the ice pick?"

"Oh, yes," said Elliot. "And, by the way, —one must have something to toast, so when my play gives out as a theme we'll celebrate Eleanor's divorce from me."

"Fine," said George, who always found divorces interesting.

"We've been separated for four years," reminisced Elliot. "And now she's really going to turn me loose at last."

The sudden ringing of the doorbell annoyed both the men. Elliot crossed the room and opened the door. Then his mouth fell open in an adenoidal expression. It was Eleanor!

"Oh, darling," she cried. "I'm so happy to be home! I've been so terribly homesick for you." And she swept happily into the room—going over immediately to greet George—quite the hostess in this apartment of her husband's, though it was the first time she had been in it.

Elliot followed her, his brow puckered as with the heavy premonition of trouble.

"Isn't it all just too exciting about Elliot's success!" she cried, still holding George's hand. "Now I shall get to know all the famous people in New York through him. And he's really making some money at last."

She leaned her beautifully coiffured dark head confidingly close to George. "I love him so," she murmured.

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That First Fine Careless Rapture

[Continued from page 79]

"Are these mates, Di?" she asked him. "I ought to go out and get a job tomorrow—somehow, somewhere—"

"Di! Di!" She got to her feet and pulled him up with her. "But you haven't seen our apple tree! A real apple tree—think of that, Di!"

THEY walked downstairs and out into the spring dusk and looked at the slim fragment of moon through the dusty old boughs. A black cat, frightened out of its snooze on the fence, jumped down into the Clancy ash barrel and upset the tin cover. Mrs. Clancy, who was the janitress and who lived in the basement, stuck her head out of the kitchen window.

"Oh, it's you, Miss Martin! Home a little early this evenin'?"

"Why—" Phoebe said, "I've just been married! I want you to meet my husband, Mrs. Clancy!"

"Lordy!" she said. "I didn't know you was plannin' on it so soon!" She squinted at him nearsightedly. "Does he work in the bank, too?"

"No!" Phoebe said, a tremendous pride in her voice. "He's a writer!"

But Mrs. Clancy had lived in Greenwich Village too long to be thrilled by that; there were too many unpaid rent bills fresh in her memory.

"Oh," she said. "One of them!" And she shut the window.

But the sarcasm of a hundred Mrs. Clancys was unavailing now. Phoebe had at last discovered the great adventure. She had discovered it more completely than any one had ever done before, of that she was quite sure.

Sometimes, at the bank, she would look at the other girls and smile her secret smile; sometimes she was almost glad that she could pity them. Their bright colored frocks, their "dinner rings," their new spring coats gave her only the briefest twinge of envy.

Her days were busier now, filled with a hundred and one new adjustments to life. There was the budget to live up to—although Phoebe never seemed quite able to keep within its limits, and a few days before pay day usually found them subsisting on beans and potato salad. But then on pay day they always had steak and mushrooms and butterscotch pie.

DION'S novel was practically completed.

Phoebe came home from the bank to find him still working, with his typewriter on the little Jacobean coffee table and wads of paper strewn lavishly over the floor and cigarette butts littering the ash trays. She had had to ball him out once, though, for putting them in the cactus plant.

And then in the evenings they would go out for a walk in the park, or for a ride on the top of a bus, and they would look at the stars and hold hands and talk about the future in those delicious phrases which seemed always to start off with "if" or "when" or "sometimes." Or perhaps—and this grew to be more and more the case—one of the gang would be throwing a party and of course they would have to go, although Phoebe always arose resolutely to depart at twelve-thirty, tugging a grumbling Dion after her. For in the back of her mind there was always that inevitable specter, the alarm clock. Dion could sleep late in the mornings, as he usually did, but Phoebe's day started promptly at seven-thirty, and, as she always liked to get Di's breakfast ready, it meant quick stepping. Not that she begrudged Dion his leisure. His work was so much the more important, so much more brilliant, so much more difficult. Hers was only a mechanism, a routine

—even if it did bring in fifty-five a week. "But," as she had explained to Mr. Henderson, "that is just an example of the false values—that go to make up our American life today!" Although she didn't explain that that was what Di had said himself.

Yet after Dion's novel had started its trips back and forth to the publishers, and after they had had a few months of trying to stretch a budget that just wouldn't stretch; the first roseate glow of married life seemed to fade a little and grow slightly threadbare at the edges.

DION'S novel came back with depressing regularity, and he didn't seem to write very much any more and he would never show Phoebe what he had written. One day he told her that he guessed he wasn't the sort of fellow who should have gotten married—and she had agreed with him. Then he had gone out and slammed the door behind him and stayed out until midnight and she had sat by the clock with clenched hands and aching eyes, envisioning him drunk in some tenement hallway. Finally he had come back with a pint of ice-cream as a peace offering—he had borrowed half a dollar from her that afternoon.

Summer was advancing on the little apartment, and the *Toile de Jony* curtains—they were not quite so fresh looking now—hung straight and lifeless at the windows, and at night you could smell people's dinners cooking.

It was Friday night and Phoebe was sitting on the love seat apportioning out the contents of an all-too-small pay envelope. Rent, the grocer—item by item the crisp bills grew less in number. Finally she held up a lone five-dollar bill; all that they had between them until the next pay day, which, incidentally, was the start of her vacation, the vacation that was to have been a honeymoon. She looked up from the bills and saw Provincetown vanishing into irrevocable distance.

"Oh, Di!" She looked at him; he was all blurry and seemed to be merging with the Voltaire chair. Bravely she tried to smile, but it was a stumbling smile that fell down at the corners.

HE GOT up and went over to the window and stood looking out into the summer night. He looked so Byronic when he stood that way.

"It's no use," he said. "It's all been a fool's paradise."

"But that's so trite, Di," she said, still brave. Although it was so hard to be brave when all they had had for dinner had been potato chips and a chocolate cake she had made which had flopped in the middle.

"It's so darn true!" He wheeled around and his eyes were bright and rather terrible. She knew that when he looked like that there wasn't anything you could say. At the bank, sometimes, she thought of him, sitting there alone, just thinking, and waiting for his novel to come back. She knew how those hours must drag along on leaden feet. He was beginning to think that he was a failure. Oh, she could see it in his eyes! How she'd fought for him in her own thoughts; how she'd damned editors for refusing his novel! But she wouldn't let him go out and get a job—that could only have meant failure, definite, decisive.

"Why didn't you kick me out long ago?" he was asking in a perilously high voice. "Can't you see I'm a blowout? Don't you see I'm never going to amount to anything?"

"Oh, Di!" She went over to him; she was frightened to see how pale and gray his face was.

"I'll get a job!" he cried.

"You mustn't, Di!" She put her fingers

over her lips to keep them steady. "You can stay on here just this way—" Then she realized that she had said something terribly wrong.

"No! No more of your charity! That's all it was. Just a luxury for you. You practically said so then. Just like some women keep poodle dogs."

Something was burning inside her and sending shafts of flame up into her throat. "And so you call all the sacrifices I've made for you a luxury! You think that's all my love amounts to!" An intolerable bitterness settled upon her; there was a numbness in her fingertips, little cold weights on her eyes. Dully, she said, "Well, Di, if you want to, you can go."

"I'm going!" he shouted. "I'm going and I'm never coming back!" He went over to the closet and got his shabby grip, opened the writing desk drawers and took out shirts and socks, got his extra shoes from behind the piano.

She got up and walked toward him on feet that felt like pincushions full of pins. Was it all going to end—like this?

"You can sell my typewriter! I won't need it any more!"

"How can I? It's got a key missing and it was second-hand to begin with."

"I'll send you money. I'll get a job. I'll be a longshoreman, or something."

AND he went. She leaned against the door, her palms outward on the warm, moist wood, and heard his footsteps stomping away into the distance.

She let down the Murphy bed and lay down. She closed her hot, stinging eyes, and tried to sleep. Of course, tomorrow he would come back; yes, of course he would come back, and they could start all over again, and his novel would surely be accepted—but where would he go tonight? He didn't have any money. Perhaps he would sleep on a bench in Washington Square and get arrested. But no, no, of course not! He'd go to his friends, the gang, and they'd take him back! They'd always bemoaned her taking him away—and now they had him again!

Phoebe sat up suddenly, her face very white. "Oh, God," she prayed, "send him back!" Because she couldn't go on without Dion; there was simply no going on unless it were with him. No more breakfasts to get for him, no more rides on the top of a bus; she'd never have to pick up his pajamas that he'd left on the floor and put them away for him. Life had suddenly fallen about her in fragments. There wasn't any use living any more—

Then she remembered that she had forgotten to set the alarm for tomorrow morning.

But he didn't come back the next day, nor the next. Phoebe heard that he was staying with Maurice down in Minetta Lane. She couldn't call him up for Maurice didn't have a telephone, and she wouldn't write. Much as she wanted him to come back she could not bend her stubborn small-town pride enough to go begging for him. Better to die of a broken heart than try to get him back.

MR. HENDERSON, who had always seemed to have a place in the outer fringes of Phoebe's consciousness, became an unexpected confidant. There was no one else in whom she could confide for Zoe was in Provincetown now. They lunched together several times in the next week and Phoebe wept over her lunch and told him the whole story. Mr. Henderson, who was a cashier and well used to diplomatic persuasion, suggested that Phoebe accompany him for her vacation to Atlantic City, where his aunt had a place. She agreed, although she wondered how his vacation happened to coincide with hers.

She could not have borne to stay on at the apartment during those long two weeks. Even Atlantic City, would be preferable.

And as long as she was going to continue to live—although she wasn't quite sure that she wanted to—she would have to do something. There would have to be some escape.

So on Saturday morning she started to pack. She knelt by the side of her opened suit case, averting her face so that the tears wouldn't spot the neatly folded lingerie, and smoothed out her few good dresses. She thought of Atlantic City as a doomed murderer might think of the electric chair, or perhaps—she modified that somewhat—as a prisoner might face life imprisonment. Then she wondered, suddenly, if that might be what this was going to lead to. Then she remembered that at Atlantic City one might be carried off by the surf and never be found again, and a new resolution brightened her eyes. She almost managed to smile—a dolorous, tragic smile.

THE doorbell rang sharply—but before her hopes had had time to soar she heard the brief note of the postman's whistle. Probably that was Di's novel back again. She stooped to the suit case, feeling very limp.

Then, suddenly, she heard footsteps on the stairs that sounded like some one coming up two steps at a time. She looked up, a tremendous, choking hope in her throat. The door burst inward.

"Di!" She tried to get up but her knees wouldn't work. She could just sit there helplessly, her arms outstretched. "Oh, Di!"

"Look!" He stood before her, his hair on end, a thin slip of green paper in his hand. "A check for five hundred dollars!" That was all he could say; he was all out of breath, but his eyes were eloquent.

"Every morning," he panted, "I followed the postman to the door thinking that this check would arrive—that is after I knew my story was accepted, and besides I had to get it before I could come back to you."

She went over to him and flung her arms about him, a strange singing in her heart. "I knew you'd do it!" she cried, "I knew you'd make good! Is this the first payment?"

"Oh, no!" He looked at her for a moment, mutely. "This isn't for my novel. This is a confession novelette I did, that you didn't know about."

"Oh, Di!" But the singing was still going on; it wouldn't stop now.

"They want me to do some more! And now, Phoebe, we can go to Provincetown! We can have our honeymoon!"

"It's so grand and glorious! But, Di, you don't know how I worried about you. I was afraid you might sleep on a park bench and get arrested or something. And it would all have been my fault."

"But it wasn't, darling. You did just the right thing. Made me come to my senses."

THE doorbell rang again, two sharp businesslike rings. Di ran to the door and peered down into the lower hall. "It looks like a traveling salesman with his bag," he called back. "Shall I tell him you don't want anything today?"

"Oh." She ran to the door, guilt in her eyes. She leaned over the rail. There was Mr. Henderson, bag in hand, looking upward, his eyebrows like grotesque question points.

Poor Mr. Henderson! Phoebe, in her own happiness, almost felt sorry for him as he stood there.

"But Di's come back!" she cried. "I can't go now!"

He kept on looking up, his mouth open. Then his shoulders slumped, and he turned to go. He looked back for a moment, vindictive. "Well," he said, "perhaps, next time—"

She leaned over the rail again. "There isn't going to be any next time," she shouted. "There isn't going to be any next time—ever!"

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Street.....

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The Girl on the End

[Continued from page 51]

rise early and partake in publicity stunts. Roller skating to the theater. Dancing in Central Park. These events came off but never satisfactorily. It usually rained. When her picture did appear in papers, she pasted it against her mirror in the dressing room. She bought a large press book, but her clippings were very few, and seemed lost in corners of the big square pages.

She became a little tired of her face. Looking at it so much, putting on the make-up, taking it off, night in, night out, so many times.

She watched the people around her. That Mammy Singer whose famous sob in the throat appeared whether he yodeled about the Southland or instructed his valet to bring him a hamburger sandwich. Adele Baker, whom she imitated in the finale. Lila heard many tales about Adele.

"In debt up to her ears. Bought that ermine wrap on the instalment plan. Owes Earleton thousands. Sap. Always fallin' for some guy without a nickel, who claims he's ace high in society. Did yuh see the engagement ring? Bought it herself, I bet yuh! Engaged, if you want to call it that! I should have a dollar every time she changes boy friends. Wonder if her mother is on."

"Of course. She lives with her, don't she? Those ol' dames can't afford to raise a hollar. They'd lose their support!"

The mothers. Catty ones waiting each evening at the stage door. Their daughters were usually the worst. Not that it made any difference. The theater taught you tolerance. And you learned pity too. There was Anne. Lila felt sorry for her. Anne who had a conscience, a religious background and no strength. Anne, whose blonde loveliness almost made you gasp, who, with the tears running down her cheeks told you how she prayed all night for her sins, and just one week later, proudly exhibited another diamond bracelet which had been added to the two already gleaming on her white arms.

There were not so many diamond bracelets and mink coats. At least not the quantity you read about. Most of the girls were glad to receive a bottle of perfume. They would have welcomed luxuries, but generous millionaires never were over abundant.

Lila met a few. The kind Jed had described. That wealthy delicatessen magnate who possessed four automobiles, a yacht, a wife and two children. The real estate king, who bought or sold nearly every building you passed. He offered her a trip to Europe, and assured Lila she need not worry. She would be well chaperoned—by himself.

THERE were lots of parties. But Lila never encountered any of the "He locked me in the room!" "How dare you, Sir!" incidents. Girls knew what they were doing. This was life.

"Y'oughta catch on the first season, while you're in the front row. Marry a rich guy. You with your looks," Jed advised.

His words made Lila angry. Why did he always tell her to marry some one else? Her expression must have shown him her thoughts.

"Marriage isn't for me," he said.

That was all. His attitude made her furious and a little sad.

Later, Jed talked to Earleton's press agent.

"A guy like me would be a boob to ever marry one of those show girls. The rest of their lives they'd be thinkin' out loud about the chances, the millionaires, they missed!"

Lila had a good time. When he could get passes Jed took her to a special matinee. And to night clubs, if they let him enter free. Proprietors usually discounted the cover charge because he wrote for a paper. Evenings when she had no after-theater engagement Lila stopped at a delicatessen with the girls. She usually felt like dancing. The stage makes you wide awake at midnight.

Then, of a sudden, her world began to change. Henry Parsons started rushing her.



Henry Parsons, nearly forty years old, with a face still young, but hair rapidly turning gray. He was divorced, his wife having deserted him for another man. He was rich and lonely too.

Lila liked Henry. Here was no Jed thrill of youth. Henry meant peace and security. She was thinking a great deal about security these days; especially when the doctor ordered one of her roommates to Saranac and the girl did not have the money to go.

"Can't get as far as Brooklyn, let alone Saranac," she had sobbed.

The cast took up a collection, and gave a benefit. It meant a lot—then—money. You could always come back to the theater and sit out front. No one was able to last forever on the stage.

Henry was patient and kind. One evening he gave Lila a check for five hundred dollars.

"Just to see your eyes shine," he said to her.

She accepted the gift. Why not? It meant nothing to Henry and the show business taught you not to be finicky.

Lila bought a dress with the money. Just one exquisite shimmering creation. All her life she had longed to walk into an exclusive Fifth Avenue modiste's and purchase any gown she desired. Lila did it now for the first time.

That evening she wore the dress. Wore

it for Jed. She wanted to see his eyes open with astonishment—with admiration. He did not seem so pleased. He paid her no compliments. They were in a night club, seated at a corner table. He drank too much, and was very grouchy.

"You've had enough," she told him.

"Never—enough," he declared. Thereupon he lurched forward, his elbow on the table, and crash, a bottle fell, spilling its contents all over her gown.

With a startled scream Lila jumped up from the table. But too late. The new dress was ruined.

She felt disgusted. Hurt. Jed's carelessness made her angry. He acted surly. She would not have minded quite so much if he seemed at all sorry for the accident, but he never apologized. And when he left her at the door, they parted coldly. It was their first quarrel.

NO DOUBT she would have brooded over Jed's behavior, but the next evening, when Lila arrived at the theater, petty personal thoughts were driven from her mind.

"Del Baker won't be in this evening! Got a toothache, the welcher! You're to sing that one number for her, like you do in the finale." It was the stage manager who furnished this information.

Lila trembled. Here was her chance. Maybe Earleton would be out front. Her skin felt goose-fleshy. She was frightened; she wanted to cry; she never was happier in her life. Her fingers went stiff; she could barely make up. Every sound made her nervous. Why must they talk—talk—talk in the dressing room? Why did that wardrobe woman have to trouble as she fitted her into Adele's costumes? The girls crowded around, wishing her luck. She wished they would go away. Leave her alone.

At last standing there in the wings—feeling hot and cold. Her cue. Those first chords—then on to that bright stage. The audience, a dark mountain of undistinguishable rows. She found her voice. Suddenly everything seemed all right. Then it was over.

The rest of the evening passed as if on wings. Lila felt light headed. Life was wonderful. Heaven. This opportunity made other matters look slight; even overshadowed her anger at Jed. She telephoned him during intermission. She had to tell him the news.

"Great stuff, Baby!" he exclaimed. "I'll give you a break in the paper!"

After the show—Henry. She would not allow him to become sentimental. Her thoughts were entirely with her work.

Henry enthused.

"I'll be out front tomorrow evening. Look for my flowers!"

But tomorrow evening proved to be a disappointment. As she entered the theater, the stage manager met Lila at the door. He was frowning.

"Why did you blab to that newspaper friend of yours about going on instead of Baker? He ran a story, and it didn't make no hit with Earleton! We can handle our own publicity. Don't you know it's bad for the box office if the public thinks a star is out of the show! Besides Baker's back tonight!"

Lila walked dejectedly to the dressing room. Doing the routine numbers again, being one of a mob. It was a nasty sensation. A mean one. She was glad Jed worked tonight. But Henry sat out front. She felt ashamed. Humiliated. Woman-like, she wanted to cry on some one's shoulder.

After the performance, Henry was there. Henry seated in his great limousine. Henry with his comfortable arms. It was an ideal time for a proposal. Of course Lila accepted. Security. Peace. It felt good to rest her head against his shoulder. He talked. On and on. Suddenly she commenced to listen. What was this?

"—and we'll go miles away from Broadway, as far from the mean old theater as we can get. I wouldn't care if I never saw a show again!"

Never see Broadway—never see a show—never see Jed. Lila sat upright in the car. She knew. She could not marry Henry. What would she do after she was tired buying luxuries? Why, every one returned to the theater. It was good to have a husband—a home; still, you always came back. What was it a wardrobe woman once said to her, "You sat out front, or you worked behind the footlights, but you came back."

LILA left Henry. She instructed that astonished gentleman to have his chauffeur stop the car. She was sorry. Then jumping to the pavement, just a little hysterical and very impulsive, she walked a few blocks.

Up a side street and down Broadway. Broadway at its zenith, alive, sparkling. Broadway, always there. Its lights mocking the thoughts of girls like herself. Girls, trying to solve the problems of life. What were they striving for anyway? What did they want? She, and those others, who, for a time, helped make Broadway. They did their best to gain happiness, but how many were contented?

Lila continued to walk. Thinking. Thinking. It was Jed whom she wanted. She knew that now. Marrying for love was worth taking a chance on, if you had backbone. Housekeeping. Everyday life could never be boring, providing you loved the man. Her thoughts ran in feverish circles. But Jed did not want her. At least he said he would never marry. She didn't care. You forget pride when you're in love.

Impulsively, she hailed a passing taxi, and directed the driver to Jed's Greenwich Village apartment.

She found the door unlatched. He was careless that way. She burst into the silent, bare-looking rooms. No one there. He must still be at the newspaper office. She waited. She tried to be patient. Her eyes roved around the room. She could not help noticing the dirt under the stove, and the cloth on the table, so rumpled. She started to tidy things. It was better to occupy her time. Anyway, she could not resist fixing the place. It made Lila think of the days when she kept house for her father. Catching sight of a thick volume on the messy desk she wondered if it was possible to balance a book on your head while you swept a room. A show girl would have real poise if she could accomplish such a trick. A short hunt. She found a broom and was trying out the feat when the door opened. Jed, astounded, stood there.

"Well, what the—"

The book fell to the floor with a thud. All in one breath, Lila tried to explain.

"I turned Henry down; Adele Baker came back; I'm still in the chorus; I guess I always will be, but I don't care about anything if you—if you—"

She could not continue.

He stepped closer.

"If I what?"

"Well, you said marriage wasn't for you—"

"Who said marriage wasn't for me?"

"Why, you said so—"

"I never—"

Then afterwards. Quite awhile afterwards, she spoke.

"I'll have to give Earlton notice," was what she said.

The next evening at the theater some of

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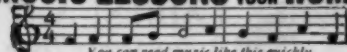
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the girls tried to discourage her from going. "You're crazy, with your looks!" Anne cried. "Newspapermen never have a cent an' they're stewed most of the time!"

Another girl was taking her place in the tiny apartment. Lila did not mind vacating it. But leaving the show. That smarted. After she worked so hard for the job. Rehearsing all those weeks. However, she handed in her notice. Jed was more important.

Ten days later they were married at City Hall. Jed, like a school boy, acted jubilant. "The paper won't let me take much time off, but we'll celebrate today. Go any place y'say!"

Just a little afraid, she voiced her desire. "It's a matinee. How about 'The Brevities'?" That is if you can get passes."

So they sat out front. Lila tried to be happy. Certainly she loved Jed. And it was fun having the cast smile down at her from the stage. But, gee, that girl on the end, the one taking her place, was out of step. And the one, who, during the finale, sang the Baker imitation. Lila's pet number. What a frost!

She stole a timid glance at Jed. His eyes met her gaze.

"Rotten," he whispered.

She nodded agreement to his opinion. When they left the theater, they were quiet. Arm in arm they walked up Broadway.

Presently, Jed spoke.

"Say, I know a girl who has a kid two years old, keeps house, is a swell cook, good to her husband, and can balance a heavier book than you!"

Lila gave a glad little cry.

"Jed, you don't mean—"

"Sure, if you want to. S'long's you're not ready for the ol' lady's home, and if it makes you happier, why not?"

EARLTON seemed glad to give her the job. The new girl was pretty bad. Lila felt as if she had been away a year instead of just twenty-four hours. Back in the same dressing room, hearing the same small talk. Adele Baker had another boy friend. Anne, a new fur coat. There was a letter from the girl at Saranac.

Her costumes had been let out for the newcomer, so the wardrobe woman refitted them now, and away Lila danced; again a part of the pattern, once more the girl on the end, but she was content, knowing that Jed would always be waiting for her after the show.

She Kneaded a Job

[Continued from page 57]

three years in college. She had abundant energy and found numerous opportunities to use it, particularly when the year of food conservation overtook the country and she held many and varied classes for her students and townspeople. Later she went to Columbia University—teaching meanwhile in a small New Jersey college to pay her expenses—and her life was that of the average pretty young student in New York, studying for a higher degree in order to get a better teaching job.

It was when she was ready to leave the university again that the future challenged her. Should she continue to lead the economically secure life of a college instructor with its pleasant contacts and limited financial return, or should she go into business with its competition, uncertainty and adventure?

BY DESCENT, training and inclination a pioneer, she accepted the challenge of the business world and became technical consultant for the American Institute of Meat Packers. Her courage reinforced by success during her years of teaching and strengthened further by that amazing college course in animal husbandry, she began work with this organization which represents the largest industry in the United States.

That was in 1922, and in a short time, with characteristic thoroughness, she had become an authority on the nation's supply of meat. Trips through the United States to the big sheep and cattle ranches of the West and to the peaceful farms of the Central States where sleek hogs were being fattened for market were part of her work. So were repeated tours of the stock yards and slaughter houses of Kansas City and Chicago. She even lectured to housewives on what she had learned, and wrote for them too, keeping the housewives' point of view before the two hundred and fifty meat packers who employed her.

In this work she might have remained had it not been for a vacation in Norway and Sweden three years ago this summer. Gudrun Carlson is of pure Scandinavian descent, although her people have lived in this country for several generations. From

them she learned to love the countries of their origin.

Visits to busy little Norwegian cities, shipping centers par excellence, delighted her as did her trips by small boat to the isolated fishermen along the fjords and the homes of the farmers inland. Norway was the gallant, progressive little country of her dreams, and she was drawn to its people with bonds of understanding and admiration. So complete was her study of this country that the Department of Commerce could find no one better equipped for the new post of trade commissioner than this dark-haired, dark-eyed girl with a cast of countenance and a slight inflection of speech that bespoke her continued kinship with it. This and her thorough knowledge of American import and export needs determined their choice. First they sent her to England to study in the foreign office there. Then they told her to report for duty in Oslo.

AN APARTMENT hotel in Oslo will be her home until she has had time to become more familiar with her official duties and to perfect herself in the Norwegian language, for although she speaks Swedish fluently she does not know Norwegian. Then she will establish her own apartment and follow the fascinating social and business routine of a government representative in foreign service.

Before she sailed she was asked about her wardrobe. Rumors were current then of the forthcoming wedding of the Swedish princess and the Norwegian prince and Oslo promised to be unusually gay. Would she go via Paris for a wardrobe? Not a bit of it! Straight to London and then to Norway with a trunk of American frocks and an arrangement with the dressmaker in Minneapolis who has sewed for her for fifteen years to tailor office dresses and send them on from time to time.

It is a sturdy young pioneer with an infinite capacity for keeping her head and standing by her principles that America has sent to this land of white nights, lonely fjords, and bleak winds to live among a people who, though morose, are among the most charming and cultured in the world.

Conquering Plumage

[Continued from page 61]

luxury of these surroundings like a starved alley cat. He's crazy about all the things you discarded."

"It's just that it's new to him," Santee defended. "And—well, he's my handiwork. I discovered him. She'll only make a fool of him."

Caton was engrossed in the profile of the girl.

"Men aren't made fools, you precious infant. They're born that way," he observed and took her in to dinner.

MOTORING back to New York in Santee's fast-stepping roadster, Dick was full of Mrs. Carston-Jones.

"A truly remarkable woman," he declared. "So exquisite and so appreciative of the work of others—" and noting the unresponsive silence—"she thinks you're so gifted, too."

A grim smile flitted across Santee's face as she took a curve on two wheels and answered, "I think her most gifted, myself."

She slipped from his arms at parting and his lips barely touched her cheek, but the shelter of the studio did not bring its expected peace. "No appealing softness. No feminine allure." She tossed about restlessly, unable to sleep.

THE NEXT morning the scrubbing woman whose homely character had fascinated Santee, knocked at the door. In an attempt to forget she began to work, but the very walls shut down upon her. At tea time Phyllis and her cloying perfume would be contaminating the place.

After an hour she gave up and went out to walk near the waterfront.

Unattractive, that was it. She'd never cared before. Now she was letting it become an obsession. In spite of their quarrels she thought of Caton and felt a security in his friendship. There couldn't be anything in his idea that she could make Phyllis look like a washout.

The vivid picture she had seen on the quay at Barcelona of two women fish vendors struggling with tooth and claw over a lover, came into her mind. She had been horrified. Primitive women used brute force. Clothes, cosmetics, perfumes, she realized with a flash of insight, were merely substitutes for fangs. "Fighting paint," Caton called it.

The thought was a challenge. Something elemental in Santee loved a fight. A quick brain and a clever tongue, she had fought many a verbal duel. Now a different battle confronted her and her adversary had selected the weapons. Her chin shot up and her eyes flickered as she sought the first drug store and consulted a directory.

The young person at the desk in the anteroom of the most celebrated beauty expert in America eyed Santee's unprepossessing garb.

"But Madame rarely meets clients herself. An assistant perhaps—"

"I am Mrs. Phyllis Rockingford's niece," said Santee for the first and last time in her life, and the young person disappeared to return shortly with a slender woman whom Santee liked immediately.

She led Santee into an inner shrine where she deliberately removed the shade from a lamp and held the strong light to her face.

"What can you do with me?" Santee demanded.

The intelligent eyes were cool. The woman might have been Santee herself, studying a block of virgin Carrara.

"I can make you one of the most attractive young women in New York," she said quietly. "I saw you at your last

winter's exhibit. You see, I'm an artist in my own way and I have never seen fine material so badly handled."

With characteristic abruptness Santee extended her hand and the older woman took it.

WITH no more ado she was ushered into a room fitted like a laboratory. While two assistants made tests of her skin, the quality of her hair, her coloring, and even her teeth, Madame Raymer laid out a program. There was no lost motion in the procedure. She watched the deft movements of the girls intently and her deep-rooted contempt for the ritual of femininity took a sudden upheaval.

"It's all so sane," she confessed on leaving. "I expected a lot of hokum."

Her taxi ricocheted toward a modiste in the Fifties, the very knowledge of whose address is a guarded secret. Her astonishment grew as she learned that the fat woman in the crumpled alpaca was Elaine, the great designer.

"Madame telephoned to expect you," she said while a girl stripped Santee and wrapped her in a sheet. She was led to a model's stand similar to the one in her own studio where measurements were made of her figure. Then bolt after bolt of many-hued fabrics were swathed around her and various lighting effects were tried. Elaine looked up with critical enthusiasm.

A neat little man appeared carrying a brief case. He knelt before her and made tracings of the outlines of her feet, measured the instep with calipers, and noted the details in a small book.

"I do not often create shoes for such perfect feet," he said.

"Artists, all of us," a ripple of laughter broke from Santee.

WHEN Dick and Phyllis arrived at four Santee noticed with some amusement that the pink and white lady was panting from the climb and that even an impartial critic might declare her ankles a trifle thick. Dick was freshly shaven and an ornate cigarette case came from his pocket in place of the familiar squat pipe.

"Do tell me I'm not intruding," begged the lady sweetly, "but I had to see the spot where Dickie thinks out so many of his magnificent ideas. We've just finished visiting his drafting room," and slipping her arm through his, she strolled about the studio like a visitor at the Zoological Gardens.

Her hostess might have been nonexistent. They paused before the bust of the scrub woman. Phyllis picked daintily at the wet cover while Dick with a guilty start, turned to Santee.

"Ah, something new! Will you show us?"

It had been there nearly six weeks, she reflected ironically, and this was the first time he had asked to see it.

"How interesting," Mrs. Carston-Jones said smoothly. "It's nice to have a hobby." Her manner added, "So when I take your Dick you won't be utterly destitute."

The studio bell clanged and in a moment Caton Wells was in the doorway. It was the first time he had come to the studio since their quarrel and it gave Santee a warm little thrill.

"Flowers to excuse not being invited." He waved a huge box and immediately made for the uncovered bust. "I say, Santee, where ever did you dig up this jolly old party? Never saw so much character in green mud!"

Santee flushed. Dilettante though Caton was, he was also an excellent critic.



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"Is it really good?" she asked wistfully. He took her hands enthusiastically. "Good? Better than the entire last winter's exhibit and I thought that was corking!"

"Why, Caton, I never knew you went to see my stuff!"

Her pleasure was childlike.

"I'm too selfish to miss a good thing," he drawled and turned to Dick. "I envy your being able to watch things shape under her hands."

The architect's reply was lost as Mrs. Carston-Jones gurgled. "Oh, do take me to one. I adore exhibits! The people you see! Queer, greasy men! Such odd women! I'm sure I'm rude because I can't help staring."

"Probably they don't notice." Caton's impudence was suave. "They go to see the pictures, you know."

The spritely talk of Phyllis led the conversation at the tea table. A popular musical comedy. The polo matches at Meadowbrook. What the Prince of Wales said to a friend of a friend of hers. Was Helen Willis really pretty? Dick seemed a little lost.

"I heard some interesting news," Santee broke in finally. She had learned Mark Carleton was planning an uptown building even larger than the tower and intended to keep the precious information until they were alone. "I'll give you the details at dinner."

Since the engagement they had usually dined together. Now his eyes shifted uneasily. There was an awkward pause while the divorcee drew a scarf about her throat. "Forgive us, Santee, but Dick and I must go. We're dining at the Forsythe's. They're planning a place at Southampton and I do want Dick to get the commission," she gave his arm a proprietary pat. "It's really business or I shouldn't be taking him away."

CATON whistled as the door closed. "Cutlasses and blood! She doesn't even hoist a black flag!"

Santee turned her face away toward the taunting magic of the river lights. An unreasoning rage possessed her.

"Why don't you go?" she said furiously. "Do you get a morbid pleasure from my humiliation. I want to pack. I'm going away tomorrow."

He advanced toward her. Their glances met and sparked like opposing poles.

"Running away?" he sneered. "Don't dare put up a fight to keep your genius?"

Her eyes flashed with yellow lights. She hated him and his eternal probing.

"Dare!" she laughed derisively. "Keep your eyes open. You'll see whether that hyphenated lady can turn Dick Marr into a lap dog house architect. I'm darned if she'll spoil my work!"

Her shoulders were shaking in their anger. With a queer smile he put his hands on them and said, "You're stunning when you're hopping mad." and suddenly, tightening his grip, he kissed her repeatedly on the mouth. "What made you do that?" she demanded jerking away, astonishment outrunning her resentment.

"Think about it when I'm gone," he retorted coolly and he departed with the same queer smile.

THE NEXT morning, after writing Dick she had been called away unexpectedly, she removed her bags to a small hotel where she was unlikely to meet any one she knew. After an hour on horseback in the park and a light breakfast, she spent two hours with Madame Raymer and then went to Elaine's for fittings. Between sessions with the milliner and the creator of shoes, she managed to consult carpenters and painters about the studio.

When night came she sank into bed like a tired child, too weary to speculate long upon how Dick was using his temporary freedom or what Caton had meant when

he said, "Think about it when I'm gone." She fell asleep with a faint smile on her lips. Caton was unaccountable.

She stopped at the studio on her way to Madame's the next morning and found the carpenters already at work. Her routine varied little from the day before except that an excursion to the smartest interior decorator on Madison Avenue was sandwiched among the errands.

At Madame Raymer's, bolt upright in her chair, studying herself with undisguised pleasure, Santee was radiant. Her olive skin glowed with a silken transparency under a dusting of powder which matched its clear tones to invisibility. A shadow of rouge on either cheek accented the firm oval of the face. The lovely curves of the mouth were subtly outlined with geranium lipstick. But the real triumph was the hair, gleaming with a midnight luster and waved in soft swirls close to the head.

"Why, it seems so silly to say, but I'm lovely! I don't know how to express my thanks."

Wisdom was in the older woman's smile as she said, "By getting what you desire most!" And Santee unexpectedly crimsoned.

THREE steps at a time she sought the studio. The last trace of the decorators had vanished and with excitement coursing like an exhilarating drug, Santee telephoned invitations for a dinner the following night.

Caton's response was an intuitive jibe, "I'll be there when the curtain goes up."

She telephoned Dick last.

"Bring Mrs. Carston-Jones, won't you?" she urged, having taken the precaution of finding that lady disengaged.

Behind the draperies of her dressing room she was putting the finishing touches on her toilet.

"Something's happened to Santee," gasped Carol Beckly as she arrived with Whitcomb Blake, dramatic critic to the intelligentsia. "Look at this place!"

The effect was breath-taking. Saffron damask hung on the walls from ceiling to floor. Pillows of peacock, gold, and Canton red were heaped upon broad divans. Ivory candles diffused light from slender candelabra and deep bowls of jade were filled with orange lilies.

Singly and in twos and threes, the guests arrived. Janowski, the Czech violinist; Suemas McDermott, the poet, and his wife, Marguerite Girard, the Metropolitan coloratura; Ada Barry, the illustrator; Mrs. Phyllis Rockingford and the ever-dangling Jimmie Fielding; Mark Carleton, the famous financier, and Caton Wells.

"Never like to miss a first night," Caton confided to the mystified banker, and suddenly the draperies parted behind him and Santee appeared.

AN IVORY satin gown encased her superb figure like the calyx of a flower and her small head was proudly high. Her ears were set with topazes which caught the molten gold of her eyes. Pausing for a moment, the doorway framed her. At the same instant Mrs. Carston-Jones entered on the arm of Dick Marr.

"She's done it!" said Caton, clutching Carleton's arm until the great man winced.

Smooth young arms outstretched in greeting, Santee swept to the center of the room. The eyes of the two women met and parried. "They're off!" said Caton softly and the banker rescued his tortured arm.

In bewilderment Dick shifted his glance from one to the other, the artist in him awakening at the sight of the girl.

"Santee! I've missed you terribly!" he declared, regaining his composure. "Evenings are the devil without you."

"I'm sure you found diversion," said Santee, including Phyllis with her smile.

But the colloquy was interrupted. Mark

Carleton broke away from Caton and elbowed the architect aside.

"Santee, my child, you've been deserting this old man lately," he said as though hoping to have his age denied.

McDermott, the poet pushed in and murmured, "Water lily on a mirrored pool," and filed the line away for future use, while Janowski kissed her hand not once but thrice!

For the first time in her life Santee was the center of an admiring group of men, not for what she said or did, but because she was a woman and desirable!

FROM the instant the heavy curtains parted at the end of the studio, revealing the crystal and silver decked table on a raised platform, Santee knew the dinner was a brilliant success.

Against the saffron walls her dark beauty glowed like a torch. The guests had been chosen with Machiavellian foresight to balance and stimulate each other. With a thrilling sense of power she found conversation focused in herself. The talk proceeded with a sparkle and zest and at each lull Santee threw in an idea which burst in all directions like a tiny bombshell.

Only Dick and Phyllis seemed cut off from the rest. Santee threw him no lifelines and Mrs. Carston-Jones' one attempt to break in with the latest *bon mot* about the Prince of Wales fell lamentably short.

"You've heard about my new project?" Carleton was speaking from Santee's right. "We're expecting great things of you, Marr."

The architect looked blank. A cruelty latent in all women made Santee smile. It was the information she had wanted to give the day he had deserted her for the For-sythe's dinner.

"He's going to build a place at Southampton for some friends of mine," Mrs. Carston-Jones leaped for the center of the stage. "I've been telling him he ought to do lovely things instead of those horrid skyscrapers."

Carleton stared for a moment and then turned to the cool perfection of Santee.

"So he's going to be a drawing-room pet?" The big man was amused. "I'd back him on your account but I'd hardly gamble on the fluffy lady."

THE MOMENT the signal for coffee was given Dick sought his fiancée. His anxiety was evident but in spite of it, his eyes had a new look, the look that was so strange to Santee and yet had been in every man's eyes that evening. It was the look that Carleton had when he complained of her desertion, that made Janowski kiss her hand not once but thrice. Only Caton's whimsically candid gaze remained unchanged.

"You're lovely, tonight," Dick said with a sultry current of accusation. "Let me stay after the others go."

Santee found herself in detached appraisal of him. Odd she'd never noticed how close his eyes were set.

"But Mrs. Carston-Jones—" "She has her own motor," he replied impatiently. "You heard that stupid remark she made to Carleton. Fix it up so it won't queer me with him, won't you?"

An almost irresistible desire to laugh came over her. This was the artist soul above the crassness of the mart! She remembered his using that phrase once and suddenly something made her very sad. Dick Marr, her creation—What was it Caton had said? "A starved alley cat lapping up cream." Well, he wasn't starved any more. He was sleek and well-fed.

"You'll let me stay?" he persisted. "I want to talk to you."

Across the room Mrs. Carston-Jones was lavishing her charms on the banker. "Better cut in on that," suggested Santee coolly. "Carleton hates small talk."

Caton Wells eased himself on to the divan beside her as the architect drew away with obvious reluctance. Santee liked his way of easing himself into places and situations. Instead of surveying her from head to foot as if she were an appetizing dinner, it was nice to have him the same comfortable Caton. Probably they would be quarreling shortly but it didn't matter. It gave her a feeling of security to have him there.

He was laughing at her—or was it laughter? Caton, the indolently assured, had something like pain in his eyes. And yet it couldn't be pain. Caton had been born with a genial toleration of the follies of the world. People like that aren't hurt—outwardly, at least.

"Don't you like me?" Santee felt a childish desire for his approval and she tossed her head, gems flashing. "You haven't said a word. I should think you'd admire your handiwork."

"I never needed a clever hairdresser and a decent dressmaker to make me appreciate you," he said harshly. "I only wanted you to get what you wanted—if you really wanted it."

SANTEE'S eyes strayed across the room where Dick sat bored and sulky beside the erstwhile siren. Mrs. Carston-Jones' smile was a little strained. Santee knew she had won. Women don't have to be told such things, not even women of Santee's inexperience. But the victory had been too cheap.

A sudden devulsion of feeling came over her. Everything was some way wrong.

"You've snatched the brand from the burning and derailed the grass widow." Caton's words were light. "What would you like for a wedding present?"

Santee couldn't answer. She left him abruptly for the recess of the windows, away from the others. He trailed behind her.

"Well, aren't you satisfied?" His voice was strained.

Without warning she put her head down on the railing and dry sobs shook her. Santee, who never cried!

"I can't; I won't! I don't want to!" she blurted. "He's just another lump of clay that turned out all wrong!"

Caton had her in his arms.

"There, there," he soothed with soft laughter. "Why did you go to all this trouble if you didn't care?"

SANTEE'S troubled thoughts took a sudden clarity. Caton had taunted her into the whole thing!

"I wanted to show you I could."

She felt his arms draw her closer.

"Look up at me," he commanded. "I want to see your eyes," but her head remained obstinately against his shoulder. "Santee, if you don't look up I'll know it's because you're ashamed to have me see what is in them."

The whimsical warmth which had always been in Caton's gaze was unchanged but it contained a new meaning.

"Why, Caton," she cried in bewilderment. "We've always cared and just didn't know about it! Why didn't you tell me? You always know everything."

He tilted her chin until her lips were level with his.

"I wanted you to find out for yourself," he explained gently. "The talented Miss Rockingford was still pretty much of a kid."

She shuddered. "But, Caton, suppose I hadn't found out and married Dick?"

Caton, the well-poised, was a trifle embarrassed for the first time in his suave career.

"I was looking out for that. When I heard he was coming to the house party I asked your aunt to invite Phyllis."



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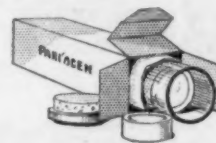
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It Can Be Done

[Continued from page 27]

something anyway. He was here, not somewhere else.

"I'm awful," she said, and her voice was the voice of a frightened child. "I'm awful. I can't help it though, honestly. Please believe that. I can't help it."

"But—but what is it?" he heard himself ask.

She shook her head. "I can't help it. I mean things have happened. My father and mother—everything. Oh, you'll think I'm terrible." She gazed at him piteously. Then her head came up a little. "I don't care," she said. "It's not right if it's not right. I mean liquor—booze—hooch—whatever you want to call it. I can't stand it. It makes me—it makes me sick."

Right into Todd Santon's eyes she looked. Her head was up now, where a head should be.

Todd was coming to himself too. Oddly he found himself inclined to be angry. Here he had been, within a fraction of kissing the most adorable girl in the world—kissing her because he loved her—and she had revolted. It wasn't flattering, to say the least.

With some hauteur he said, "You're a dear kid, Tabby, but you're a child. You can't reform the world. Experience would tell you that."

Tabitha Kent began to laugh. She began softly but presently she was laughing quite loudly.

"Experience!" she shrieked. "Experience!" She turned toward the club. "I'm going back in," she said casually. "Want to come along for the looks of things or would you rather stay out here?"

Todd trotted beside her.

"Tabby, Tabby, I do love you. I tell you I do."

She shot him a glance cold as ice.

"Bunk," she said.

"But I tell you I do. I mean it."

She wheeled upon him. "When I was fifteen dad fed liquor to me," she whipped out. "He wanted me to be regular, as he called it. Poor dad, he's old. But you," her eyes seared him, "you're young enough to know better. You're decent. I mean you look decent. Booze!" She laughed her shrill laugh. "Some day some man, who isn't half shot to start with, is going to tell me he loves me."

"You mean you want me to go on the wagon?" Todd retorted.

"Wagon! Dad goes on it every week."

Todd said steadily, "I love you enough to go on the wagon for you."

"So does dad. But anyway, that isn't it. It was just—the smell of it. You wouldn't understand. I mean I'd always kind of planned—I mean if I ever fell in love with somebody—it would be something else." She eyed him with a look that was piteous.

They were standing still again.

Todd said, frowning, "I've only had two highballs."

"What of it? That's not the idea. It—it just made me kind of sick. Please understand, Todd."

He eyed her. "You're crazy," he said.

"Well, what if I am?"

"You've got to get over it."

"Get over it? I wish I could." She managed a faint smile. "Todd, can't you see? I hate liquor. I hate everything about it."

"You're crazy," Todd repeated, and felt more confident. "Just because your father happens to drink too much—"

"He never does. Who told you that? He never does."

Todd peered at her. At the moment he felt paternal. "You've got to get sense,"

he told her. "There's always been liquor in the world. There always will be. You can't legislate against it."

She contrived a smile.

"Was I legislating, Todd? I didn't know it. All I was trying to explain was that something terribly upsetting happened to me when I smelled the stuff on your breath. That's all. I mean, you see—"

"You've got to get over it," he said. He was deadly serious, just as she was. They both had been upset. "Do you expect to find any man today who doesn't occasionally take a drink?" he asked.



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She shook her head bewilderedly. "I never—I never thought about it particularly till now, Todd."

"Well, think about it. You're wrong. I said I'd go on the wagon for you. That would be dishonest. I won't, not on a bet. I love you, Tabby, and I think you love me. But I won't go on the wagon for you nor for anybody. I've got to be myself, and myself doesn't see that liquor hurts anybody."

Tabitha Kent's upper lip twisted.

"I was a fool," she said. "I know I was a fool. Suppose you go ahead and get tight, if that's what's on your mind. If you do it differently from anybody else I promise I'll crawl up to you on my hands and knees and pin a medal on you."

She went into the club. Todd followed her on to the dance floor, where a nice looking boy whirled her away. Todd promptly cut in.

Tabby seemed surprised. She smiled up at the nice looking boy and said with a shrug, "Whoever this is he's getting tight. Suppose we just keep on."

The nice looking boy, though surprised,

said to Todd, "I'm sorry, old man," and presented his back.

Todd stood there a minute in the center of the floor. Then he dodged and edged his way out to the coat room.

To himself Todd vowed, "I'll never look at her again." He was so confident of himself that he went to the door of the coat room—just to show that he didn't actually give a rap—and waited till Tabitha drifted by, still in the arms of the nice looking boy.

"Just a jane like any other jane," he told himself caustically. "No different from any other girl in the room. The dickens with her!" He grinned and went to look up Rumson.

"Hello, Rummy, old kid. Best boss a guy ever had, I'll tell the cock-eyed world. Mean it, too. How about tryin' some of mine now, Rummy? We've been playin' your color all evenin'. Tha's right—lookin' at you! Drink deep, boy—real pre-war made in Brooklyn last week!"

Todd, shepherded by his host, saw Tabitha at the polo field the next afternoon. She was wearing blue, a trim little dress, and she was very lovely. Todd looked at her and felt shaky. His senses, thank goodness, were dulled, else he might have felt shakier. He was able to smile at her.

Tabby smiled back, a well-bred, courteous smile—just enough of a smile to put Todd definitely into his place. His place—he was dimly beginning to get the idea—was anywhere that she wasn't.

Her red-faced father, the big oaf, was galloping up and down the field on a sweating horse, grinning at people, making wise cracks, swinging his right arm over his head and whacking a little white ball.

Rumson said, "Life is half-plastered. But, gosh, how he can ride! He's the best man in the county."

Todd didn't seem to be interested.

"Say," said Rumson, "I'm feeling the same way myself. What say we slide over into the stables and try a little hair of the dog."

"Suits me," said Todd dully.

The hair of the dog improved him so much and so immediately that he decided to go over and talk to Tabitha Kent. He didn't know what he was going to say, but that didn't matter. Tabby must have seen him coming. She had been in the center of a group of people. Now she stood alone.

Todd said, "I'm sorry I was mean last night. You were right, I guess. I must have been tight."

She said, smiling, "Suppose we forget it."

"All right, let's."

They shook hands.

"I love you," Todd said hotly and unexpectedly. He didn't even know he was going to say it until he heard the words.

They were standing on the edge of the polo field, in plain sight of two hundred onlookers. Again the girl said, "Let's forget it, please."

"Do you mean that?"

"I do. I think you're nice, but let's forget the rest."

"Well, you're either harder-boiled than I am or else you mean it," Todd conceded.

"I'm not hard-boiled," she said, her voice just audible.

"Well, if you mean it, that's that. I'll tell you this, though, I still think you're the loveliest thing I ever saw. That goes."

"If we had a camera here," she said, "we could make this a movie. It's too bad we haven't because we've got the audience."

That drove home.

"See you in church," said Todd, laughing gaily.

"Don't forget to write," returned Tabby.

Todd Santon understood, of course, that he never was going to see Tabitha Kent again. As the days fled by she became a sort of dream to him, a rather vague, pleasant sort of dream. Young love—love at first sight—a thing that you read about in books but that never comes true in real life. Naturally it couldn't. You liked to think about it, because that would be the swellest way to find the girl who was going to stick by you through everything, the girl you'd give your shirt for, the girl for whom you'd cut off your right hand. Well, there ought to be such a girl and undoubtedly you ought to recognize her the minute you saw her, but it didn't work that way in life. No, life was different.

Two or three weeks trudged past. Life was not so good. As a matter of fact life was at its worst on the night Herb Scarlin called up. Herb was in New York. He knew a couple of girls.

"I know a million," said Todd.

"Uh-huh! Well, baby, wait till you see these two. Are you with me or ag'in me?"

Todd was with Herb. He'd been lonely. They shot a couple of quick ones and then they gave a taxi driver the address. The girls were waiting, and the taxi driver was given another address. It was a speakeasy, most reliable stuff in town, said Herb; straight off the boat.

"Ferryboat," said Todd.

An hour later the place was clearing. The dark-haired girl twined a soft white arm about Todd's neck and commanded him to kiss her.

Something about the kiss seemed to surprise him, for he drew back, surreptitiously wiping his lips. He laughed uneasily. "Well," he said, "you don't seem to mind the smell of liquor on my breath!"

"Mind it, big boy? Say, liquor's my middle name!"

Things that had been round inside of Todd suddenly seemed to decide to become square. He didn't want to be a bum sport. He'd signed on for this and he felt he ought to go through. Nevertheless he stared fixedly at Herb.

Herb became aware. "What's the matter with you—sick?"

"Yeah, I guess so. Feel rotten." He did, too.

"Well, go out and get it over with."

"All right," Todd went out. He got his coat and hat from the check girl. A little walk wouldn't hurt him. He walked back to his rooms. "The deuce with them," said Todd to himself, and felt better. Later, undressing slowly, he began to understand what it was all about.

He did something then that he hadn't done since he was a little boy. He knelt down beside his bed. He said aloud, "God, I've been a boob. Please help me get Tabby back." It didn't strike him as ridiculous. He stood up and inhaled a deep breath and climbed in and went to sleep.

TODD became fairly proud of himself.

No liquor. He was exercising regularly, too. Golf two days a week, tennis two days, boxing when it rained. He felt great. He had determined to play the game privately for a full month. Then he was going out to see Tabby again. Booze? Say, he'd been crazy. He felt so much better that the old days seemed like a joke. The idea of needing booze to shove you through an evening! Booze made 'em dopey, that was all. The fools!

On a Monday morning in September Rumson came up alongside of Todd's desk.

Unaccountably solemn, he said, "Did you hear the news?"

"News? No, what?"

"Do you remember Life Kent? He was killed yesterday, thrown off his pony."

"What?" Todd was on his feet.

"I'm telling you. Life Kent was killed. Just like that! We were all there."

"You—you mean—was Tabby there?"

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Rumson nodded his head gravely. Todd caught himself together. "How did it hit her?"

"Hit her? She drove the car that took him home. She wouldn't let anybody else drive it."

"But listen, Rummy—what can I do?" "Send her some flowers," suggested Rumson. "Women like flowers. Funny about women, Todd. Life bothered that kid to death. Razed her all the time. But gosh, I never saw anybody so busted up."

Todd chose roses. He waited two weeks. Then, unable to wait any longer, he went out to Upland. He had thought of telephoning but a telephone call would be no good. He wanted to be there himself. At the Upland station he breathed deeply. The night was dark, redolent with falling leaves and the sweet fragrance of salt marshes. He climbed into a taxi, gave his directions.

The taxi man looked around. "Kent's place? There's nobody there. The young lady closed up the house day before yesterday."

It had not occurred to Todd that Tabby might not be here. He digested the information hastily. Naturally he had to ask the taxi man if he was sure.

"Say," remarked the taxi man, "I'm cheatin' myself out of the fare, ain't I? Two dollars, too. You're lucky you ran into me. I drove her to the station day before yesterday, bags and a trunk and everything."

"To the station? You mean she's gone away?"

"Sure thing, brother. She took the four forty-three."

"But where? Where did she go?" "Say, I'm not a mind reader! New York, that's all I know. That's where the trunk was checked."

Todd told the taxi man to drive him out to the Kent place anyway. He didn't care what the fare might be. He wanted to go out there. After innumerable twists and turns they drew up before the house. It was totally dark.

"Satisfied?" queried the taxi man. "Yes," said Todd. He was prostrated. He didn't know what to do. Then into his dejection came an inspiration. Her mother and father had been separated. Naturally she was with her mother.

HE SANG softly to himself all the way back to the city. He was very happy again.

There was a column and a half of Kents in the New York telephone book. There was no Elijah in the list, but there wouldn't be. Naturally Tabby's mother would be using her own given name. Todd studied the page till the type began to blur. There were dozens of possibilities. The realization was filtering home to Todd that New York was a big place. Nobody had ever told him where Tabby's mother lived. It might be in Brooklyn, it might be in any one of a score of suburbs, all with different telephone listings. And it already was half past nine in the evening. Then he thought of calling Rumson.

Rumson, dragged away from a bridge table, was inclined to be unsympathetic. "How the dickens do I know?" he asked.

"Can't you ask somebody?" "Now don't be foolish," said Rumson. "I don't know what's on your mind, but there can't be any sweat like that."

Todd said incisively, "Listen—you call up somebody and find out or I'm quitting. That Chicago deal can go to blazes."

"Hold your horses, Todd." "Well, you come into the office tomorrow morning with all the dope or I'll raise particular Cain."

Rumson came into the office with the information. He was a little proud of having gotten it, since nobody in Upland seemed to know where Tabby's mother might be. Rumson had had brains enough to go to the town grocer.

Todd telephoned to Tabby's mother, who had a sweet level voice.

"This is Mr. Santon. You wouldn't know me," said Todd courteously. "I just want to know where I can get hold of Tabby."

"Why, Tabby's in Upland. She went out this morning."

"She what?" "I couldn't do a thing with her. She insisted on doing it. I'm terribly worried. Mr. Sanford. Are you one of the Upland people? I couldn't do a thing. She says she wants to be alone. I just couldn't do a thing with her."

Todd caught the two fifteen. The taxi driver, a different one, whipped him over twisting, dipping roads. The distance seemed leagues. When at last they spun into a driveway Todd scarcely recognized the place. He ran up the old-fashioned steps.

He heard the bell ring somewhere in a dim interior. He waited interminably. He rang again. He was trying to make up his mind what to do next when the door opened and Tabby was standing there smiling at him. But it was an uncanny sort of smile. "I peeked out of the window," she said. "Is your name really Todd?"

She was kidding him again, only differently. There was a bitterness, a tenseness back of her eyes. Now she half-curtisied. "Come in, boy friend, and have a drink. I'm having one myself."

Todd followed her in. She was fooling, of course.

But she wasn't. On the bare, shiny dining room table stood a bottle of whiskey, a siphon, a tall glass half full of yellow liquid. Tabby raised the tall glass.

"Here's looking at you," she said. "Quit that," snarled Todd. He jumped forward, caught the glass out of her hand.

"Why, I'm just learning to be a regular guy," she said. "That's all, Todd. From now on I'm going to be a regular guy."

"Tabby," Todd said sternly, "I'd as lief see myself dead as see you taking a drink. Why, don't you realize what you made me do? I haven't had a drink for more than six weeks. I'm not going to either. And just on account of you. I love you, Tabby—don't you get that?"

She turned her eyes toward him dully. "I drank almost a quarter of the bottle," she said. "I feel funny."

"Well, you don't act funny. You act just like any other woman I've ever seen who's had too much to drink."

She said very slowly, "My step-father or whatever he is—my mother's husband—is a perfect gentleman. That's why I couldn't stand it, I guess. My father," her eyes glowed, "my father was a man. If liquor was good enough for him it's good enough for me—or you—or anybody."

"It's not," said Todd. "You're wrong. You have to be able to take it or leave it. Well, I've taken it and I've left it. You know you hate it, Tabby."

Todd strode over and yanked her to her feet. "With all the strength of his arms he held her. With his hands he twisted her face until it was looking straight up into his."

"I'm your man" from now on, Tabby dear. Get everything else out of your head. I'm your man. And you—God love you."

He kissed her and discovered that he was tasting salt.

"Why, you poor little kid, you're crying." Todd eased her back into the chair. After a time she was able to look up at him. Her cheeks were a wet smudge, but she smiled, and Todd knew that no man on earth had ever been as happy as he was.

She was gulping a little, but she managed to speak.

"Todd—last night in the city I dreamed that you came out here—looking for me—couldn't find me. You went away. It was like a nightmare. I got scared. Wasn't it silly? That's why I came back here."

The Loyal Lover

[Continued from page 55]

"Mac, what are you driving at?" Mildred demanded.

"A little information. Why did you come here, Billy? What on earth landed you in the Gordon camp—I suppose it's that there's no other down that trail for miles."

"Yes, it is. We're here for the summer. I didn't want to come. I never want to see you again. Mother thought she was doing the best thing for me. She meant all right, but I hate it. Now you know all about it."

"I do. Well—Bill, after all—it isn't so bad. Honest, is it?"

"You and I are in love with each other," said Billy crossly. "Of course, we're bound to like it. And we're bound to hate it, too. And hate each other."

"So Lola's taken the Gordon camp. With the purpose of playing Cupid to us?"

"Oh, hush up, Mac. She cried and cried last night, after we got up here, and told me if I wanted her to she'd eliminate herself and let me marry you and never see her again, poor darling! She's wonderful. And she wouldn't have a soul left in the world—"

"I suppose she said that too?" said Mac. "Why shouldn't she?"

"If you are really bent on making a sacrifice, you usually try to make the object think you don't mind, you know. Otherwise one can't in decency accept," said Mac casually.

"I won't have you speak that way against my mother."

"We sound almost married already," said Mac to Mildred. "What were you doing when she cried, Bill?"

"Unpacking. You know I never cry. I'm as hard as nails," said Billy with her lips quivering.

"I know. Of course. Oh, you poor child. Billy, I can't bear it. Come on, let's bolt and have it over. Mildred's a good sport. She won't tell."

"And your last year at college? And your profession? And Lola?"

"Let them go."

He had an arm around her now; her head was on his shoulder and she was crying without disguise.

"I can't. I can't. You have to go on. I have to see things through for Lola. Nobody else understands her; nobody else can take care of her as I can. I'll always have to live with her, and you won't do that. I told you—"

"You see," Mac appealed to his cousin over Billy's head. "And we're going to spend the summer practically next door to each other. Sweet prospect!"

BILLY lifted her head and looked at Mildred. She seemed to notice her for the first time.

"Oh, then you're the niece of that old man that mother tried to see, only he was dead."

"Why did your mother want to see Uncle Martin?" asked Mildred pointblank, snatching the moment.

"I don't know. She always has good reasons for what she does."

"But, Billy," said Mildred, "what about Lola's own marriage?"

"She isn't going to marry any one that I ever heard about," said Mac.

Billy said nothing. She looked bewildered.

"Your mother told me she was engaged to be married," Mildred said positively. "It seems to me that ought to straighten everything out."

Billy shook her head. Mac stared at them both.

"I think perhaps she was just talking along," said Billy finally. "You know, Lola says sometimes, that people get bored if you don't tell them romantic stories. She does that, sometimes. But she always—well, it makes things full of color. I know it isn't true. If it were true she would have told me."

"Of course!" said Mac.

Billy darted a look at him.

"If I married you, it would be that sort of thing all the time," she said. "I'd be a fool to do it. I can see that."

She wrenched her hands from his and was off down the path again, running with her head down and her elbows at her sides, and the great dog galloping beside her.

"Do you wonder Lola's popular with the Hollidays?" said Mac. "She's about as useful as poison ivy—and I'm asked to accept her as a permanent home decoration."

MILDRED said nothing. She squeezed Mac's hand sympathetically, and they went back to the canoe in silence.

"Janet says she doesn't see why I like Billy," he burst out again after they were on the water once more. "Says she's not specially pretty, no manners, and so forth. But I tell you, Mildred, Billy's real. She isn't pretending this and pretending that all the time. If I could give her the chance to have a little happiness, a little less responsibility, you don't know how she'd blossom out."

"You say she has a little money of her own?"

"Enough for the two of them to struggle along with in Europe, or live very comfortably here if Madam Lola would take a job. Do her all the good in the world, too."

"Why doesn't Billy do something?" Mildred asked.

"She has been a private secretary. But Lola has headaches and nervous collapses. And Billy has to stay home with her, when things like that happen. After two positions she gave it up. Or rather I think she was fired. You couldn't keep a girl who was home half the time, no matter how efficient she was."

"Perhaps Lola couldn't do anything."

"Lola? She's more than clever, she's brilliant. She could do a half dozen things, if she could keep her temper and not have nervous spells when things went wrong. Billy says the doctor calls it nervous instability. Nervous cats! If somebody'd spanked her when she was ten—"

Mildred laughed a little. But she was more than sorry for Mac. No, even if she passed over to Mac his share of Uncle Martin's money when the six months were up, as she was nearly sure by now she would do, it wouldn't untangle anything.

THEY paddled the rest of the way home in silence.

"Don't worry over it, Mac," she said impulsively as they stepped out. "I have a feeling that something will happen to straighten things out for you. And after all it's pleasant to have Billy near you."

"If only I knew what Lola was up to," said Mac.

Mildred shook her head. She was inclined to think that nobody could be such a story book villain as Mac thought Lola.

"You know, I'm glad you came," Mac said to her as they went up the path together. "You're—you're something to tie to. You know there isn't much, nowadays. You can't talk to most girls. They go in for lines like Janet does. She got her stuff off a girl in boarding school, and she's been working it now for six months. Before



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that she went in for being a merry little sport. She was always toting a tennis racket or a golf bag.

"But isn't she really tragic and given to sandals and—frank statements—or to tennis rackets?"

Mac howled in a brotherly manner.

"Oh, suffering cats! No, as I remember her before she started with lines she was a nice little fluffy thing with funny little enthusiasms for everything that came her way from fudge to pussy cats. But I guess she's no worse than the rest at that. All the girls have lines of one kind or another. That's why I like Billy Redding. Her line is the real thing. But, of course, the Wally boy is where Jan got her sandals. She'd give an ear for a celebrity. All of them would. And Wally is the nearest she's come to one. He writes poems that don't rhyme about all the things mother doesn't talk about."

Mildred laughed again. She did love Mac. And their laughter echoed on the veranda as they mounted it together.

But as she went in for a moment, to make herself neat before it was time for luncheon, she wondered vaguely how Janet would like Ranulf. Ranulf had done some work that was much more authentic than Wally's, but which he and his friends regarded merely as something one might do casually in college. She had a sudden naughty wish to bring Ranulf over and impress the natives with him. If Wally and Janet had risen so immediately to her unmeant reference to Lady Wycombe, what wouldn't they do with Ranulf's authentic English arrogance opposed to their own childlike imitation of it? The only drawback was that to Ranulf a summons would mean more than she wanted it to.

BUT Janet, at luncheon, nearly drove her to it.

"Such a pity it isn't a balanced party," she said. "Or it won't be when a couple of girls I've asked up come. Don't you know anybody, Mildred?"

The men interfered for Mildred in a way that must have been trying to Janet.

"Why, she stunned Hugh and dragged him up," said Mac cheerfully. "What do you want for a nickel?"

"Your cousin doesn't know any men in the United States, naturally, Jan," said her father in almost the same breath.

"If you are giving a house party, it's up to you to do the inviting, Janet," added Hugh.

Janet looked angrily from one to another.

Mildred smiled across tranquilly at Janet, though she was a little annoyed. She rather wished Janet's line this summer were one with more politeness attached.

"How interesting," she said haughtily, with the intonation she had found so effective in dealing with her cousin. "Do you keep households balanced in America all the time? How is it done? Do you drown the extras of one sex, or segregate them?"

Janet turned a ready scarlet.

"You're making fun of me."

"Not for worlds," Mildred said, laughing at her openly, as were all the rest, including Wally.

"As a matter of fact, Sir Ranulf Wycombe—a boy I was brought up with—thought very seriously of coming over. He did a volume of poems—'Oxford Fields' I think it was called, that was thought very well of. He wondered about lecturing."

Wally's eyes widened. He burst into excited talk. He had read "Oxford Fields" himself, and valued his first edition very much. He was ready to go and convey Ranulf over, if need be. He was more excited and boyish and natural than Mildred had yet seen him and Janet had perforce to follow his lead.

And so the meal ended in Janet's and Wally's excited plans for arranging lectures for Ranulf, not to speak of dinner parties.

SHE laughed a little to herself as she strolled off.

Her aunt joined her, after a little, where she sat in a hammock under two great trees, her writing case on her lap.

"I'm glad you get on so well with Mac, dear," she began a little nervously.

"Oh, Mac and I are the greatest friends already," Mildred said. "One thing that makes me fond of him is that he has so many of my uncle's little ways and mannerisms."

"He is more like that side of the family than Janet," their mother said. "Janet is a darling, too, but I'm afraid her little frank ways—I suppose some one not used to them, might not know how to take them."



She looked at Mildred with a sort of appeal.

"She's awfully pretty," said Mildred non-committally.

"She was such a lovely baby!" Aunt Ethel said. "You know, Mildred, when she was born I said to myself, 'My poor little girl shan't ever have to go through what I did. I'm going to let her be free.'"

"Weren't you free?" Mildred asked.

Aunt Ethel shook her head. "Looking back now, it seems to me that till I was married everybody in the family brought me up by turns. I was the only child, and mother and father spent all their time, you might say, rearing me. Theories of child raising must have been coming in about then. Moral suasion, you know."

Encouraged by an interested listener, she leaned forward and talked on eagerly.

"They never let me alone. They never let me have a bit of privacy, or a bit of freedom. I wasn't any worse off than most of the other girls I knew. I did know one girl whose mother let her go out sometimes in the afternoon without asking where she was going and when she would be back, but all the other mothers were shocked at her."

"We thought, then, that the desire to be free was selfish, you see. So, when we married, Robert and I made up our minds that we would never treat our children as we had been treated. Sometimes I wonder if I went too far, letting Janet have all the freedom I wanted for myself. But I'm

glad my children are happy," she added with a remorseful loyalty.

"But are they?" demanded Mildred before she thought.

"Why—why—of course!" said Aunt Ethel. "Of course they are happy. That is, Mac set his heart on Wilhelmina Redding, and that worried him a little. But he's nearly over it. Mac's very sensible."

"I suppose you know that the Reddings are at a camp called the Gordon place, down the lake from here?" said Mildred.

Aunt Ethel stared for a moment.

"Oh, my dear, what shall I do?" she cried. "How dreadful—that woman! Oh, I know one ought to be broad, but I can't be broad when my own boy's welfare is at stake. I must go tell Robert."

SHE hurried off to the camp. Mildred went after her, but halfway, she met Hugh. He did not look so ill this afternoon; his brown, cheerful face was more as it had been when she first saw him, and he was going along with a couple of paddles over his shoulder and an expression of pleasurable guilt.

"Don't tell," he begged. "Mildred, this being captured is the limit. I might as well be in an affectionate private sanatorium."

"What will you give me not to tell?" she laughed.

"I'm helpless." He stared at her, his eyes catching hers as if something prevented him from pulling away.

"Come with me," he said, suddenly, his quick smile flashing out. "See that I have a keeper. I'm doing what I shouldn't, you know. Hang it, a man has to be happy once in a while."

"Why, of course!" Mildred suddenly realized how little, as yet, she had seen Hugh, and how pleasant it was to be with him.

SHE went down to the dock where she had been with Mac a couple of hours earlier.

"Now, if you are going to try to be tactful and say that you really want to paddle, and won't I please let you, it won't do any good," said Hugh. "I'll simply know darn well that you are trying to spare the poor old wreck—"

"And hate me," finished Mildred, laughing at him over her surge of unreasonable excitement. "I won't. I tell you plainly, I think you're an idiot to take a chance so soon. But try it for yourself, and if you die, please try not to upset the canoe."

"Why," he said, looking at her with unfeigned surprise. "You're reasonable!"

"I hope not, if it's an insult!"

"Oh, no. Blessedly restful—and yet a little exciting, because I feel it may not be true."

Mildred sat cross-legged, facing him. He was sitting up in the stern, with the longer steering paddle, the sunset behind him making him stand out, outlined black against it.

"If I'm unreasonable it isn't as dangerous as if you were unable to use your arms."

"I don't know. More so, maybe."

HE SMILED at her, contentedly, and she tried not to watch him, openly. She stared at the scarlet and gold sunset behind him, at the pines, black against it, at the water with its gold track across the blue ripples, and began to sing to herself one of the Devonshire songs Ranulf sang so often. "You mean that has a tune?" he said, when she had gone through with it.

"It's supposed to be a tune by the natives of Devon."

"It must be a pleasant place," he mused. "Peace, and the sea, and songs that have been sung for as many years as Drake has been dead and more—I wonder you ever came away. Or perhaps it bored you. Though I can't imagine anything boring you. A man could depend on you."

"I don't know that I like that."

"Please do. It's meant as the highest praise."

"Always to know what I was going to do next? Rather stupid, I should think."
"No," he said directly. "Never to know what you were going to do next, but always that it would be strong and gay and courageous."

She colored, but she answered him steadily. "That isn't so bad. It was time you made amends. To answer you—I didn't entirely want to come. It was an adventure searching for my own people and country, of course. But I liked the people and country I left, too." She broke off to lean forward and look at Hugh openly and with interest. "You have paddled long enough to hurt you if it were going to and it hasn't hurt you at all. You are better already."

He colored.
"That's the devil of it—the disgraceful part. It's all a sort of pretense on the part of my lungs and heart. They aren't really bad. They merely think they are."

She nodded with comprehension.
"I see. Shell-shocked?"

"SHELL-SHOCK still, after ten years—so some of the doctors say. One or two thought it was the real thing."

"Not real?" she asked.

"It's like false angina—all the symptoms, but none of the real causes back of it."

"Then why is it only in high altitude?"

"That was where I fought—where it got me, first—the strain and all. My fool coward heart apparently thought that if it pretended it had to go down to the lowlands it would get out of fighting. It's been pretending ever since."

"You are sure?"

"The doctors aren't, but I am."

"I see. You're very brave, I think! Because if you're getting wrong—"

"It will finish me? Oh, yes. But, by George, anybody with sense would rather! The devil of it is, if I could convince my fool heart it was all right—say to 'Come, come! The war's over for ten years'. I might be all right for good. But nothing convinces it. They think altitude may."

"Would no other treatment—"

"Hypnosis, perhaps. But—put your mind and will in the hands of any man, no matter how honorable? No, thank you!" Suddenly he laughed. "It's like the sailor in Ruddygore, isn't it? 'An' I says to my 'art, I says—my 'art's fond of me cause it's known me from a kid—' If it only had sense, as well as affection, blame it!"

They both laughed.

"And now," said Mildred, "seeing you've paddled long enough to prove things to your 'art for one evening, why not stop being a stout fellow for a few moments, and let me? You know it is conceivable that I might like to. I was down the lake with Mac, and he never gave me a chance."

He changed places with her without a word, and they went on.

THE sunset faded, but it was still early enough in the summer so that, with the daylight-saving ordinance in practice they would have light of a sort till nine o'clock. Mildred saw as she went that they were heading toward the Gordon camp, and with a little shiver she steered away from it, up another arm. She wanted no more of the Reddings tonight. She was happy, out here with this man to whom she could talk as if she had always known him. He spoke as she turned the light craft, looking at her musingly.

"You know, sometimes, when you think of the way you start being friends with some people on the spot, and live around with others for years and never get half as near, the fellows that believe in reincarnation don't seem such nuts, after all. I feel as if I'd known you—"

She laughed a little tremulously.

"In—Babylon, or Egypt—that's where most of the people seem to have kept their last appointments, haven't they?"

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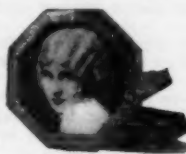
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"Mostly." He pulled himself back from a note of deepening earnestness and smiled with her. "They were always kings and queens and things, too, at least all the ones I've met. Wonder where all the common people got reincarnated? So far I've never struck one."

"Let's be just ordinary souls!" she said. "Not even slaves! For one does now and then run across a slave, you know."

"Well," said Hugh meditatively, "after all, with the whole past to choose from, so to speak, one might as well choose a good one. I speak for Christopher Columbus. I always wanted to discover a new continent."

"I'll take Sir Francis Drake. He's our patron saint in Devon, you know."

"No fair! Take a girl."

"Not unless I want to. Part of the fun is that you can switch."

"I don't want you to be a man. And yet—you'd make a good friend, I think."

"Do you? Well, we are friends, you know. Even if I'm just a girl tagging along."

"Was that what they used to say to you, the brutes?"

"Ranulf did, of course. Boys always do, if they're older. But he got over it."

"I'll be bound he did," said Hugh. "Tell me about Ranulf?"

"Oh, neighbor, friend, almost brother, everything that a man who grew up with you can be."

"What's he like?"

"He never has moods," said Mildred, mischievously. "He's even-tempered, and gentle and kind, but very, very persistent and firm. He's slender and clear cut, and a penny novelette would say he had features like a young Greek god. He does look a little like the Apollo Belvedere."

"I suppose," said Hugh, "he's something of a perfect lady. Much sense of humor?"

"He's a good shot and a good rider and a fine athlete, if you call that being a lady," Mildred said indignantly. She did not mention "Oxford Fields," but Hugh did.

"And he swings a wicked poem, I understand," said Hugh, who had swung to a tormenting mood. "Runner up for the sonnet championship and all that."

"He is intellectual, as well as everything else," Mildred said sedately.

Hugh thrust his paddle into the water savagely.

"Interesting for a cripple to hear about," he said. Remorsefully Mildred remembered Hugh's handicap.

"Now stop being foolish," she said as she would have to a little brother. "You are not a cripple. And if you were, the fact that Ranulf writes poems has nothing to do with it. I don't think you were Christopher Columbus in that last incarnation. I think you were Surly Peter out of the nursery book."

He grinned.

"Just as you say. And you're right. I had no right to slam your friends. Pure jealousy, I guess, of anybody that doesn't have to be followed about with hot water bottles."

THERE was no answer to this. After a few minutes' easy silence Mildred spoke idly:

"I'd be willing to believe Lola Redding was Cleopatra or one of those ladies, expiating her behavior by having bad nerves to boot. A sort of super-woman-and-water."

"I think you're a little hard on her," Hugh said unexpectedly. She looked up in surprise.

"You know Lola Redding?" she asked. She began to feel as if she was in some sort of a queer maze, all of whose tangled threads led back to this woman she had never cared to see again.

He nodded. "Very well. She—was very good to me at some cost to herself—my foolishness again."

"She is a connection of my family, I have just found out."

He smiled at that and then answered.

"Via Mac?"

She shook her head.

"She is a niece and I am another. No, that isn't right."

"That would make you cousins?"

"In law. My uncle and her aunt were husband and wife."

"Then you knew her before? She never said—"

"No, because the aunt died when she was younger than I, barely twenty. Uncle Martin's wife, Aunt Milly, as she was always spoken of to me, died in England. Mrs. Redding wasn't born when Aunt Milly died. Uncle Martin only heard of her himself through an old acquaintance, Mr. Whitney."

"Whitney—ah, yes," Hugh said, smiling a little, though it was a grave smile. "Poor old Whitney. He has an awful crush on Lola. Her knight forever, and that sort of thing." He had spoken mockingly, but at the sight of Mildred's eyes fixed wonderingly on him he finished more seriously, "Somehow, it's all right to feel like a knight oneself, but a funny old chap like that, who talks either in snorts or in flowery periods—well, one feels like saying, 'Good night!'"

The end was so unexpected that they both slipped back into the light-hearted laughter that came so easily to them.

It was Mildred's turn to be sober, as she answered.

"I don't think he's a very good knight! He seemed to me to be well—dried up in an imitation of what he remembered himself as at twenty-five on one side, and a rather hard, disagreeable, vain old gentleman on the other."

"Maybe he was a hard, disagreeable, vain young gentleman, when he was one," suggested Hugh idly.

"I'm sure of it! But Uncle Martin wasn't. He was like a knight grown old. I suppose he was what we call now sentimental, but it was all very sweet and honest and gentle—and back of it unyielding, too. After that it sounds curious to say Mac is like him, yet somehow he is. That's why I love Mac. I want to straighten out this Billy affair for him, if I can. Though it looks rather hopeless."

"Mac's young and hardy," Hugh said harshly. "He has no right to dislike Lola."

"It isn't harshness. That's where he's like Uncle Martin again. He can't pretend what isn't so even to get the girl he loves. He may be mistaken, but he's honorable."

"Yes, that is being honorable," Hugh admitted. "And after all—one has to be honorable no matter what a mess it makes of one's life, don't you think so, Mildred?"

SHE looked up at him in surprise. It was darker, but even in the deepening evening she could see that his face was set and frowning again. Or perhaps it was the shadows that made him look stern.

"Yes," she said simply, "but what men call being honorable is sometimes simply being strained and foolish."

"But if you haven't your code, what is left?" he asked.

"You mean a code of honor lived up to blindly, without sense or reason?"

She felt as if she were fighting for something, though she did not know what.

"What are rules for, except the times when you are tempted to break them?" he asked steadfastly, leaning forward to see her face in the dusk.

"There are times when it is right to break bad rules," she answered laughingly, in an effort to break the seemingly meaningless, yet tremendous, tension. "You don't talk like the men and girls I came out of my story book to find!"

"I told you on the train I was not modern. After all, who is? There are different kinds of human beings, and always the same different kinds."

"You don't seem—different." She spoke at random, quickly.

"You and I are not, you see—different." She was silent. Presently he spoke again. "I've been talking nonsense. No, not exactly that either. There are some things that you can't talk about till they're over. Mildred, you don't know what it is to have borne something you felt you couldn't bear and to be free of it!" He spoke with the intensity she had divined in him. "I still have this health problem but there's a chance of fighting that through. But because of your own foolishness, idiocy, to face a lifetime of doing what you don't want to do, being what you don't want to be—to be chained and have to pretend you like it, because of a code—"

"I know. It would be dreadful—" "But it's over now. I'm free. The obligation, the duty isn't there any more. You don't know!"

HER heart was beating hard. "I can imagine," she said. She looked at him full and frankly. It was an effort for her to face him, but she did.

When he spoke again, it seemed irrelevant. "So I have to take the chance about my heart," he said. "I've got to be well, because then I can go on to what I want. I've seen it. I know what it is, the thing that would make me happy; make my life right. But I can't get it this way—ill. I won't ask for it—this way."

Mildred's throat contracted so that she could scarcely speak.

"Are you sure," she asked, very low, "that you haven't a right to?"

His hands tightened on the paddle till the knuckles whitened.

"It wouldn't be fair," he said.

Mildred began to speak very impulsively. Then she stopped herself. After all, how could she be certain that he was speaking of her? Every look told her—and yet it might not be true. Because she so wanted it to be true she might be mistaken. Nevertheless she did answer him.

"If the thing you want," she said uncertainly, "has to do with some person it might be fairer—to allow them some choice."

He answered her plainly.

"Give a girl you cared for anything but the best in you? Saddle her with a man who might go to pieces at any moment? It isn't a question of taking care of her. I can do that all right. As long as I live I'll make a good living with my law practice. It's this heart business."

He wasn't being fair. He was telling her—and she could not tell him.

"If she cared for you," she said half resentfully, "she would rather be allowed her choice."

"Are there girls as wonderful as that?" he began, then checked himself. "I couldn't. I couldn't let her do that to herself. But, oh, good Lord, how I want to!"

He leaned forward in the dusk and caught both her hands.

"If your pride's more to you—" Mildred began. She did not finish because of that thrilling, disturbing grasp. She gave a soft little happy laugh.

"It isn't. It shan't be—"

A VOICE calling broke across the enchantment that shut the two of them together. They drew apart, and listened. The voice called again, harsh, beautifully modulated, close. A canoe drew by them, lighted by a Japanese lantern, guided by a woman kneeling in the bottom. It was Lola.

She hailed them, again in that exquisitely modulated, oddly harsh voice of hers.

"Oh, Hugh! Mildred Putnam! It's you?"

"Yes," Hugh called back. "We're just turning back. We're due back at our camp now."

"Turn again, then. Something I must tell you. Something important."

"We haven't time," Hugh said with more

anger in his voice than seemed to belong to the occasion.

"You must."

He moved the canoe alongside hers, and she steered for a landing-place.

"We can't land here," he said.

"Yes. Just here is an open space. Look." She bent the slim pole on her canoe and showed with the lowered lantern a little place for landing. "This is the beginning of one of the trails. Come." Her voice rose nearly to a scream.

"I suppose we should," Mildred said, "for a moment." Her heart was heavy.

He moored the canoe to a tree, followed Lola ashore, after helping Mildred out. To Mildred, brought up as she had been among books and dreams and old romanticisms, it was suddenly, hopelessly like part of a sinister fairy-tale; the solitary boat with its lantern; the slender, half-seen figure summoning them out of the dark into a deeper dark; the spell under which Hugh seemed reluctantly moving. Lola's spell! She stood still, chilled and frightened.

"Come a little way down the trail, Hugh— Oh, don't worry about Mildred. We're not even going out of sight. Come!"

Mildred stood in the unknown dark under the stars, watching them where they stood just out of earshot.

"That is all," Lola's voice said finally.

"Good night, Hugh. Good night, Mildred Putnam. You must come and see me very soon, both of you. Tomorrow, Hugh."

She moved slowly to the water's edge, slipped into her canoe; they watched her, slim against the night sky, kneeling again, lifting the paddle and dipping it noiselessly into the water; watched the lantern above her head swaying, red and blue and bright against the stars; watched it dipping and swinging, smaller and farther away, as the faint dip of the paddle was finally silent.

"Like the end of a dream," Mildred said.

HUGH seemed to wake from a trance of thinking. He held out his hand and helped her into their own canoe, untied it, pushed off strongly, and swung it up in mid-stream. He paddled with nervous force, as if there was some tension he was trying to break, some anger or other strong feeling he was trying to work off.

"Yes. The end of—what was I saying before she called us? Only honor?" He spoke incoherently. "It's—only honor—oh, my God, Mildred!"

They could not see each others' faces.

"Tell me—what is it?" She demanded.

"Lola tells me that—the engagement I thought was broken—is not. I was wrong—in thinking I was free."

"You were well enough to marry Lola!"

Mildred said bitterly. "I see."

"Mildred, don't! I told you—only honor.

There's more to it than having given her my word. There is an obligation."

"You don't feel that you owe me any explanation?"

"It means breaking a promise. I can only say—I had scarcely even kissed her when we were engaged. And that I must marry her in order to take care of her."

"It sounds a little less than plausible, but after all I have no right to ask you your reasons for marrying any one," Mildred said.

"I am very unhappy. Will you forgive me?" he said simply.

"Oh, yes," she said more gently. "Indeed there is nothing to forgive. I understand."

"My God, I wish you did—I wish I could in decency make you!"

She did not answer him. Neither of them spoke again till they parted on the deserted veranda, under the big light.

"Where are you going?" he asked her.

"To my room. To write letters."

"To England?" His face changed.

"Where else?" she said. "I have no one

any where else."

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TO BE CONTINUED

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Treat 'Em Rough

[Continued from page 35]

July 25.
Otto.
The fat one went bathing for a change and scared the fish out of the ocean. Mrs. Blinks' baby ate a door-knob. I don't think the one with the blonde is really her husband.

Mingling with the ritz. Chiropractor's wife took us for a spin in the Rolls. Don't be an old fat dope.

TILLIE.

July 26.

Tillie!!!!

Had supper. Ginger ale and sardines. For the last time, Tillie darling, I'm sad, sad, and lonesome!!!!

OTTO.

July 28.

Otto.
Mrs. Wimpshot had a terrible fight with her maid. You should have heard!!!! Five guests got ptomaine. The fat one's husband is coming Friday. Found roaches in the room. Not ours. It's seven o'clock. Pay Edison.

TILLIE.

July 30.

Tillie!!!!!!
Well!!!!!!

OTTO.

August 1.

Otto.
Well, well!!!!

TILLIE.

Aug. 3.

Tillie.
Tomorrow it goes in the Brooklyn Eagle. "My wife has left my bed and board." That's all.

OTTO.

Aug. 4.

Otto.
Shut up, you big fat fool.

TILLIE.

Aug. 5.

Tillie.
I walk the floors!! I sit by your picture. I heave sighs. I'm sad. I'm committing suicide. That's all.

OTTO.

Aug. 6.

Otto.
Mrs. Goldblatt's Jakey fell off the roof. The chiropractor's wife has only two help in town. Am catching the 11:36 train to the city. Wait till I lay my hands on you, you big fat fool.

Lovingly,

TILLIE.

OTTO'S mustache immediately ceased to droop and began to bristle with anticipation as its owner whoopingly overhauled the King's Chamber to make ready for the coming of the Queen. His face wore a strange, pained expression. But that expression was only indicative of Otto's being in deep thought. How to arrange a fitting welcome for Tillie. Then he remembered. Last winter they had been to see Helen of Troy, and Tillie had opined that Paris was a right smart looking young man. Paris, huh!!! That soda jerker!!!! Otto'd show 'em. Inspiration perforated the iron hat. With a few folds and swishes the bed sheet was converted into an excellent approximation of a Greek toga. The fruit bowl followed it doubling in brass (excuse the quip) for a helmet. But was the faithful hat deserted? You just don't know Otto. Triumphantlly it sat atop the helmet, a wreath woven from the artificial flowers on the sideboard round its rim!!! With loving fingers, Otto fashioned from the remainder a delicate love bower over the couch in which he tenderly inserted the honeymoon photograph of himself and Tillie taken at Coney Island, 1904. He draped the bear rug over the couch, first placing a bowl of fruit and a piccolo on the floor. Incense and a bottle of wine followed. Then came music.

Some great lovers romance best to the soft strains of Venetian love songs. Cleopatra's barge glided down the Nile to golden notes of the flute. Otto did his stuff best to the accompaniment of his phonograph record. It was called "The Hunt in the Forest" or something. In it hounds bayed, foxes howled, dogs barked, bugles blew, cocks crowed, bells rang, guns exploded and anvils clanged. It also had a crack and seemed to have been recorded in a dog pound while a subway was being built outside.

Eight-thirty—nine—ten—ten-thirty—eleven—eleven-thirty—twelve. One trolley car stopped at the corner. Then another. Still another. Then a fourth. Then joy of joys, a well known nose emerging on the platform. Twenty minutes later (it seemed) the rest of Tillie followed down the steps. Toward the house. Otto threw himself upon the couch. Gayly he poured a glass of wine. Joyfully he lit a cigar, letting thin wreaths of blue smoke curl idly up past his nose.

FOOTSTEPS in the street. Footsteps, a nose and a scowl. Passing Garfinkle's candy store. Passing Berk's driveway. From its furthest end something on wheels—the glistening spokes making a blur in the sun as it whizzed and shrieked—shot down and out of the driveway like a comet on skids.

The impact was terrific. Bolts, bars, and bells showered the air. Sammy Berk landed up in an awning. Naught but tradition remained of the bike, and as for Tillie—

There was a rap at the door. From the couch the reclining Otto started the victrola and, raising the glass to drink a toast to his lady fair, cooed in a voice faint with rapture.

"Come in sweetheart, the door is open!!! Tillie my—what the—" In walked a big cop, followed by Mrs. Garfinkle who brushed past him panting.

"Oh, it's terrible Mister Oomplouf! She's all bunged up. They got her on a door. They're waiting for an ambulance. She keeps moaning, Mister Oomplouf. She keeps moaning for a rolling pin!"

Polo for Limited Incomes

[Continued from page 62]

younger generation—but I think that a thousand years from now historians will not be so inclined to attribute all this to the War as to the fact that between 1895 and 1935 there was a large class of unemployed horses in America. "The devil finds work for idle hands"—and the old song is just as true today as when Stephen Foster wrote it during the bombardment of Baltimore. Truer—in fact.

SO WE find that polo is the Armageddon on our horizon—the night blooming cereus to which we must hitch our horses. What this country needs is not (as Henry George remarked) a "good five-cent cigar," but more polo fields. And especially it needs to be shown to the people of this country that polo is not a "rich man's game." Anybody with an income of \$35,000 a year can play. Of course, this may mean at first the curtailment of other usual expenditures—it may mean the practicing of those little

economies that make the world go round. But in the end it will be found to have been tremendously worth while, and I hope to live to see the day when no American family will be complete without a string of polo ponies in the back yard.

What, after all, are the expenses of the game? Well, first of all, you must have a mallet and a helmet, both of which can be purchased from a sporting goods store or manufactured by yourself in your spare moments at home. A good mallet can be made by any one from an old broom handle as soon as the person who is using the broom puts it down (provided, of course, that you give her something else to do) and as for a helmet a fairly satisfactory one can be put together in half an hour. Polo helmets are lined with cork and the best way to procure a fresh supply of that commodity is to order a case or two of Scotch from your nearest bootlegger. When it arrives, sit right down and in a few hours you will

have quite enough corks for a medium sized helmet as well as a nice headache and a few new friends.

As for ponies, you can either buy them or, if you wish to save the money, you can train them yourself. For this latter purpose it is necessary to have quite a large apartment (if you live in the city) or at least a barn.

The actual training of the pony who is to be used for polo should begin by getting the little fellow gradually accustomed to the sight of polo players, mallets, balls, Junior League girls, *et cetera*. Then when he is old enough he can be taught to let you sit on him long enough to be photographed for the rotogravure sections and *voilà!* you have all the requisites.

Except, of course, a large flat field, four goal posts, and the ability to hit a small ball while riding at full speed. The first two are comparatively easy to procure and as for the latter it is just a matter of practice.

Paris Turns Serious

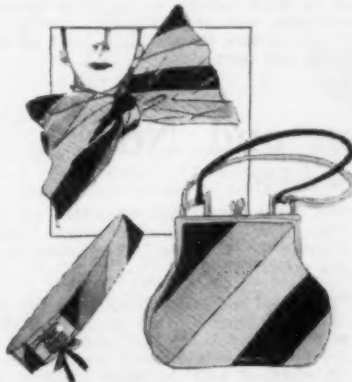
(Continued from page 71)

time this suit is made up, the house on the rue de la Paix which is specializing in it, cuts the lining, and finishes it, already to be put in, so that, when the first cool October days come the suit is ready for autumn days after a quarter of an hour's work.

You see now why I said it might easily be a wise purchase. For if you are going to need a suit for autumn, you have it, plus the possibility of wearing it now, when a real fall suit would be much too heavy.

There is another way of arriving at the same solution, providing you have the little coat and have worn it through the summer, so that it no longer seems fresh to you. Of course it is double breasted. Bind the edges and the cuffs with crepe de chine, fasten it permanently, so that it becomes an over-the-head blouse, and have a skirt of crepe de chine to match the binding.

But just one word of warning before we leave the two-piece dress idea. To be smart, the skirt must have an absolutely plain and smooth back line whether this is accomplished by a yoke or by a straight back. When you put on your blouse or jacket, which has also the tight hip line, never think of leaving your room until you have looked in the mirror to be sure that there is not the slightest wrinkle where the two lap. It is so easy to pull it down and trust it is all right, if you have had both carefully fitted. But it is just as easy, in slipping into it to leave a set of tiny tucks or wrinkles in your skirt which completely takes the smartness out of the outfit, and robs you of your well-dressed appearance.



Paris sponsors the scarf that ties into a bow in beige, grege and brown with matching purse and belt in heavy grosgrain

Louiseboulanger, in her new collection, has also had a happy inspiration in what she calls her separate tunic. The new frocks she presents are too lovely for words, and you couldn't do better than to adopt the notion for your new frock. But it seems to me to have even greater possibilities, and that is in freshening an old dress. This separate tunic is just as effective on street or evening clothes—doesn't that seem almost too much to ask of anything? But here is the proof in the illustration. The dinner dress is cut on almost severely simple lines in a soft almond green. The tunic yoke is in the same shade with a moss green belt and flounce. Louiseboulanger elected to cut the foundation even all around and use the tunic only to give the graceful descending line. But you can plan your own as you wish, for you know what is the most be-

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coming line for your own legs. If you have a printed chiffon, a plain tunic of the tone in it which you wish to emphasize would be lovely, or vice-versa and it would have two advantages: not only would your dress give you a new line, but by the addition of the new material, a different color effect.

THE street dress that is illustrated is in one of the soft silks in beige with the cross checking in brown—and these checked materials promise to be very popular. If you are tiny and slim, they are perfect for you. If not, take a page from Molyneux's book, and make them up on the diagonal. Not only do you have the fun of wearing the new material but you have arranged it so that it is flattering in the line it gives.

This tunic has a deep plain yoke and the fullness set on in deep side pleats. The bottom of both the pleated section and the yoke, as well as the scarf collar and cuffs are fringed for a finish. The cute little overlapping fastening at the belt is also new, as is the high scarf collar.

You remember how I favor coat dresses, not only because they are typical of all that is best in Paris clothes but because they always serve two purposes. This one is in dark green georgette with under cuffs and jabot facing of light yellow. It is fitted to the figure with tiny tucks at the waist and hipline, and the circular flounce comes on to the skirt very low. I should suggest this not only as a practical summer wrap, but a most useful dress which you can wear to the office, and with the addition of costume jewelry, feel exceedingly well dressed for dinner afterwards, no matter how smart the restaurant, all winter long.

The new jewelry ensemble this month is in ivory and ebony, but it is also made up in black and white beads that are most effective. The scarf, belt and purse ensemble is in beige, light brown—a tone Paris calls grege—and brown. The belt and purse are in heavy grosgrain silk, while the fluffy scarf is in the same tones of soft twill. The laced fastening of the belt is a novel one.

That is true, also, of the horseshoe nail fastening of the other belt, a gold one which slips through the buckle on the silk belt of red and rather bright blue. The scarf is in the same shades of crepe de chine and envelope bags are offered in either crepe or the more practical leather.

A snug little hat from Agnes, which is the last thing out, combines the comfort of warm weather, with its crinoline jersey band, and the suggestion of fall and new clothes, with its antelope felt crown. It comes down in such intriguing little Mephistophelian points that I thought you must have a glimpse of it.

THE new scarves strike interesting notes. For instance, one from Alexandre is made of two long bands, attached at the center only. This leaves four loose ends which gives you opportunity to fasten the scarf in various ways, completely transforming it. The original had the center part of each section, where it is sewed, of different colors than the ends, and this added even greater variety. Another little thing, that makes a lot of difference on a frock, is the hanging panel which Yvonne Carette is adjusting to her evening frocks, under the arm and which extends even below the bottom of the frock.

Another new note from Louise Boulanger is the little round collar, which looks like the little round collar always does in front, but is oh, so different in the back. The back is cut in the center and each end pointed, like your hair ribbons used to be, and then joined together with a hidden strap that makes its presence known only by the two buttons, one through either end.

Just one word about fall ensembles, and we will let the new autumn clothes wait for next month when it really is time to think about buying them. Redfern is going in for ensembles with coats lighter in color than the dress, and he is making little coats of the same material as the dress for both afternoon and evening. For evening he always finishes them with a band of soft fur around the neck.

Senoritas—Then and Now

[Continued from page 84]

rimmed the ball room, along with the other matrons. If she didn't begin to get fat in a few years she was thought quite homely—there was no slender, slim or svelte in the language—thin meant skinny!

THOSE were the days of the language of the fan. A modest maid in public might hold a conversation with an interested swain on the other side of the room or across the plaza with her fan.

But gradually the old order has changed. The girls are sent, along with their brothers, to school in the States. It is difficult for a girl who has spent four years in boarding school or college with the young generation of North America to go back home and learn the language of the fan! More likely she is teaching her less fortunate sisters the Charleston, and the latest slang.

This 1929 edition plays tennis and golf, and swims. Carnival is no longer the crowning event of the year, except for the younger girls, for whom it serves as a sort of debut.

And they all flock to the universities. Every one goes, all classes, all kinds. They are taking biology, home economics, medicine, law, everything. One girl was taking Chinese last year because she had practically exhausted all the courses open to her and still wanted to go! To the girls who grew up with a taste of the old regime, this new activity is intoxicating, and they make the most of it. Very few have learned the attitude that it is smart not to study, to get away with as little as possible. Most of

them eat it alive! And when they get out, when there are no more courses except Chinese, they get jobs. They refuse to sit and polish their nails.

THE old and new still stand side by side. In the interior of the island ideas come more slowly. At a dance recently three of the prettiest girls in town were seated on the platform with the guest of honor and the chaperons. They were so very young, and so very pretty that the guest of honor finally asked why they were not dancing.

"Oh, we cannot," one of them said. "Our fiancés are away."

Even in the cities, the young things who drive up to the swimming beach in their own cars, one-piece bathing suits under their arms, have to subscribe to certain conventions. When they go out at night, without a chaperone, it must be with a large group. And invariably there is a brother, constituting a chaperone to one of them at least. Few boys would ask a girl to a dance without including her mother—she may not go, but she is invited. It is better to go in groups of fives or sevens or nines, than twos or fours. And there is friction—criticism of the ones who are too free on the one hand, of the ones who are too strict on the other. But in any case the need for the language of the fan has disappeared completely. The sixteen-year-olds today hear of it as a curious custom of their grandmothers; their grandchildren will probably not know it ever existed.

The Sport of Queens

[Continued from page 41]

plate to commemorate her horse's victory. Thirty thousand people cheered like maniacs when Mrs. Vanderbilt descended from the pagoda with the cup, but somehow from the look on her face I gathered the impression that the silver trophy she carried was just so much excess baggage, that she didn't require a cup to remember the day.

Like all real horse lovers, Mrs. Vanderbilt derives great pleasure from seeing one of her racers come home on top, especially when winning from a good field. For this reason Sarazen was always a prime favorite with her, for when in the mood this game thoroughbred could show his heels to the best in the handicap division. And who wouldn't find happiness in owning a horse like that?

ANOTHER fair devotee of the sport of kings is Mrs. Charles Minot Amory, she who was the beautiful Margaret Emerson of Baltimore, and whose former husband, Alfred G. Vanderbilt, lost his life in the Lusitania disaster. Mrs. Amory races under the name of the Sagamore Stable and it was her colt, Lord Chaucer, who won the Hopeful worth fifty thousand dollars at Saratoga in 1926. Mrs. Amory admits that this occasion was one of the thrills of a lifetime. Three heads on the post that Saturday afternoon in August, and when the official sign was displayed, Mrs. Amory saw that Jockey Coltilletti had got Lord Chaucer up in time to gain the decision. Later, this promising colt was cut down during the running of the Futurity at Pimlico and so badly injured that he had to be destroyed. This ill fortune was enough to dishearten many an owner, both man and woman, but Mrs. Amory has kept right along strengthening her stable, paying top prices at the yearling sales and purchasing ready-made horses that struck her fancy. Of the latter, she bought the black Balco one morning and won a rich stake the same afternoon with her newly acquired racer. Mrs. Amory alone owns Rock Man, winner of the Harford Handicap at Havre de Grace, as well as Night Life, Sun Meddler, Montferret and other good ones.

INCIDENTLY she is one of the most enthusiastic fans on the turf, and can be seen day after day, always beautifully groomed, visiting in the club house or holding court in her box. One of her colts, Nursery Rhymes, was presented by his mother to her young son, who is also the son of the late Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilt, and his recent graduation at Pimlico found the Sagamore Stable box besieged by well-wishers who came to congratulate the young heir. Captain Isaac Emerson, Mrs. Amory's father and the originator of the celebrated Bromo Seltzer, built for his daughter a breeding farm in the Green Spring Valley outside of Baltimore which represents an outlay of a million dollars. Here the Sagamore racers live the lives of equine kings and queens, with a barn that is the last word in modern housing, and a mile training track for their individual use.

Still another owner is Mrs. Katherine Elkins Hitt, daughter of the senator from

West Virginia, who breeds many of her color-bearers and belongs to the smart horsey set around Warrenton, Virginia. It isn't unusual for Mrs. Hitt to entertain sixty to a hundred persons for dinner during the hunting season at her Virginia estate. She is rather exclusive and prefers to race her colors at Pimlico, Belmont Park and Saratoga although of recent years her stable has appeared successfully at practically all of the major Eastern tracks and has even invaded Canada. How keen a student of racing this socially prominent owner is can best be attested by the telegram of congratulations which she dispatched to an assistant trainer in Canada, where she scored her first double victory in one day during her turf career.

Many of her thoroughbreds are the sons and daughters of Ed Crump, a good stallion standing for her at her farm. Among her favorites are Hot Toddy, a most consistent winner, and What'll I Do, a first-flight sprinter under light weight. Sunvir looks the best of the Hitt youngsters, however.



Count, mentioned above, was bought from Willis Sharpe Kilmer, the Swamp Root baron, at a weeding-out sale—and then turned around and whipped the more highly prized thoroughbreds which Mr. Kilmer had refused to sell! Mrs. Hertz' trainer, B. S. Michell, came from the Kentucky circuit and won a fortune for his patroness in New York and Maryland. Her jockey, Chick Lang, was declared by the wisecracks to be through and she was warned against riding him, yet in the Hertz colors this boy has ridden brilliantly against the best reinsmen on the Metropolitan courses and he has now gone to England to pilot Reigh Count through his invasion of Johnny Bull's Island. Lang's pride in Reigh Count is proverbial, so much so that he performs many of the tasks for this colt usually left to stable boys, and Mrs. Hertz' faith in the young jockey has been more than justified. As she said to the press that afternoon at Pimlico after the ill-fated Futurity, "I don't know what happened but I know my boy wasn't at fault."

THERE are others, literally dozens of them, fashionable women of the turf, racing their stables, all good sportsmen, taking the sunshine with the rain. You rarely hear of a woman owner leaving the game for any but a legitimate excuse, which prompts the thought that perhaps they are better losers than men. Only red-blooded people thrill to the sound of thundering hoofs in the home lane. It is good for the nerves, good for the soul, sayeth a widely quoted proverb. Surely this fascinating sport is more healthful than bridge—and frequently less expensive. Racing is romance and romance is what every woman craves.



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THE most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually* grow. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." It is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can now be fringed with long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silken lines! Read what a few of them say. I have made oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mlle. Hefflinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted . . . I notice the greatest difference . . . people I come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Philadelphia: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." From Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.: "Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous." From Pearl Provo, 2954 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: "I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful." From Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that you can have eyelashes and eyebrows as beautiful as any you ever saw.

Remember . . . in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Introductory price \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00.

Lucille Young

Grower will be sent C. O. D. or you can send money with order. If money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

LUCILLE YOUNG,
8539 Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.
Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not absolutely and entirely satisfied, I will return it within 30 days and you will return my money without question.
Price C. O. D. is \$1.95 plus few cents postage.
If money sent with order price is \$1.95 and postage is prepaid.
State whether money enclosed or you want order C. O. D. _____
Name _____
St. Address _____
City _____ State _____

A Prophet in Her Own Country

[Continued from page 86]

work, which held a chance for romance, success, power and—who knew what?

When Tobé was supposed to be initialing her linens she was reading want ads. One day she found one that looked promising. She answered it and got the job. For a month she dictated letters or acted as a correspondent, as it was called, for a large mail order house. She earned the munificent sum of ten dollars a week, and she was happy. Better the battling grind of business than the protected drudgery of an uninteresting marriage!

But soon this first job proved uninteresting, and Tobé had early resolved not to be bored. She had her eye on a nearby shop that had taken more space, and large advertisements had begun to tell the story of its aggrandisement.

"More space meant more business," judged Tobé and so she applied for a job. In fact she persistently applied, for the owner told her to come back again and again. He probably thought she would tire, but she didn't and each visit the argument would commence—

"But what can you do!" the chief would ask.

"I can help you in your business," Tobé replied confidently.

"Can you typewrite?" he challenged.

"No," she shook her head sadly, then raised it boldly, "but I can dictate good letters."

"Can you keep books?" he queried.

"No, but—"

Something about her superb confidence and her superb ignorance intrigued and pleased him for he finally gave her a job at twelve dollars a week. She was to be his secretary and assist him in handling the affairs of a charitable exposition to be held a few months hence.

"It seemed a hardship to me then," Tobé confided across her gray-black-red modern desk in the decorated aerie that she has chosen for herself high up in a giant skyscraper that borders Fifth Avenue, "that I did not know typewriting and stenography. Now I think it was fortunate that I didn't. My lack of training made me dependent upon my eyes and my wits."

If I had depended upon my fingers to click keys my brains wouldn't have had to prove so resourceful. I wish more and more girls dared to use their wits instead of their muscles and didn't get frightened into business schools before they had given their brains a chance.

"This first job," she continued "was the most interesting I ever had until now. Even though it meant late hours—often until midnight—and hard work, it was fascinating work because it was so varied and I could feel my mind and my wits become sharper and sharper like a whetted knife. After the successful close of the exposition my chief decided to use me in his own business and—after some coercion—raised my salary to eighteen dollars a week. Then I felt I had arrived!"

After "arriving" there followed for Tobé a year of marvelous experience. One moment she had her finger in the planning of a new business venture in South America. Next she assisted in the launching of an intensive advertising campaign for women's hats. Finally she superintended the establishment of a millinery shop in Chicago. Imagine the fun of planning a new shop—but also imagine the work. But when all was finished and running smoothly Tobé resigned.

"Education in business. That's what I need. This job is just a happy accident. I need training." So she thought and with

Tobé a thought was the direct predecessor of a deed.

She returned to New York and for a few months worked in a Fifth Avenue department store. But progress was too slow. She looked about her and got the position of secretary to the owner of a specialty shop. Then her real fashion training began.

The first days in this store were wonderful. The store itself, seemed like the setting for the smart stories Tobé liked to read. The girls she worked with, the customers who came in, the clothes—all was so beautiful. And the quick eager heart of the young girl, naturally tuned to the fine and the

CLOTHING BRINGS COURAGE

Self-confidence, belief in yourself, the courage to forge ahead—sometimes they come directly from the clothes you are wearing. Sometimes a girl gets a job because she knows that her coat is well cut. Sometimes she gets a man because she's sure of the tilt of a hat. Sometimes her whole happiness depends on something even smaller—in Rita's case it was "Cleopatra's Bracelet" that made all the difference. Read about it in October SMART SET

lovely, expanded like a flower brought from damp darkness into sudden sunshine. Here was the romance of business!

In the manner of small shops Tobé made herself generally useful. But after a year of it her ambition became obstreperous again. And she went this time to a finer shop and there came the opportunity which at first seemed a dreadful mistake but which was really the harbinger of her future success—Tobé was urged to open a shop of her own.

It failed. But Tobé was not sorry. It had never been what she wanted. Never seemed to be really hers. Never seemed to be the place for her. While conducting it she met the owner of one of the largest and most important Fifth Avenue Specialty stores—

"I can use you," he said and, exultant, Tobé went to work for him.

But it was all very vague, very uncertain. Her employer knew what he wanted but did not know just how to accomplish it. It was a new idea he had. Before it crystallized in his mind Tobé had six months of doing nothing. Inactivity after so much activity was nothing less than torture. Her brain seemed chained. She suffered. Many times she became discouraged and looked about for another connection but always she was retarded from making the final step by a belief in and an admiration for her employer. Finally light dawned.

"What do you see worn that we haven't in stock?" asked a memo that came to her one day.

"Navy blue georgette frocks without plaits, beads or embroidery, absolutely simple are being worn by women who go to France and have money and prestige."

Thus was the discovery of simplicity made and also the discovery of Tobé's new profession. You remember it proved the ruling fashion of the decade.

"Go to Sherry's for tea and see if the smart women and young girls are wearing

suits or what," came another order.

So Tobé became busy. There weren't hours enough to follow about the smart women of America and their visitors from abroad. And in pursuing them Tobé discovered the chemise frock, the short vamp shoe, the beret, Rodier cottons, the espadrille beach shoe—

In these and other discoveries which Tobé brought to her merchant-employer Europe as well as New York had its part. For Tobé had struck her stride. She had learned that fashions did not come from factories any more. That women did both the choosing and the wearing. What the chic women wore in Paris and the resorts of Europe became the fashion in America as surely as the sun came round from that side of the world to this. And she soon became a Continental commuter.

Of course there were failures. It was only because Tobé's employer upheld her in her failures as well as in her successes that she had the courage to go on and on, to try again and again. She says so now with a loyalty and an appreciation that's both rare and admirable.

"I remember when I came back from my first trip abroad and trade paper representatives interviewed me. They asked me what my title was." Tobé chuckled over the incident as she related it and her chuckles were as musical as the cadenza flowing from a cello. "Was I a buyer? Was I this? Was I that? They were at a loss and finally for want of a better name the word 'Stylist' was originated, and so was a new profession."

But it was not surprising that the girl who had the courage and the ability to discover and to help in the origination and in the development of a hitherto unknown profession, should soon feel constrained within the bounds of one store.

"Something of my own is what I want and I know it isn't a shop," Tobé one day confided to a merchant friend.

"Fashion is the thing we are interested in," he stated emphatically.

"Well, fashion it will be then," she decided.

"But why not many stores instead of one?" She thought into the darkness that night. Then the Big Idea came.

Tobé started her business of forecasting fashions for four stores. Slowly, then, as success became more and more assured, an army of style-scouts was mobilized headed by Tobé herself. Gradually a system of sifting the wheat from the chaff in their reports was perfected. Careful analysis, watchful waiting and above all continual exercise of her trained talent for fashion-recognition resulted in a system of fashion reports stimulating and dependable—in the apricot colored binders holding the periwinkle blue sheets that now the merchants throughout America regard as their Bible.

Within two years Tobé's clients have increased from four to fifty. Not one of them, with the exception of the original four, has been solicited. For Tobé does no advertising, has no sales force. Her only method of advancing is by the word-of-mouth publicity broadcast by the grateful merchants whose stores have been benefited by her prophecies and her originations.

"Yet other women travel and go about and mingle with smart folks," you say. True, but there's a quirk in Tobé's mind that's rare. She is not just *inquisitive*. What Mrs. So-and-So wore yesterday, what the Queen of Something-or-other carried to the beach interests her, but it does more. Her's is an *acquisitive* mind. Everything she sees, hears, thinks, finds, is put to use. And therein lies her difference and thereon she has built her phenomenal success.

Be Honest With Yourself

[Continued from page 73]

well-to-do young people are willing to go into this business for little or no money in order to learn it and that makes it very difficult for a poor girl. As I've said often before, the way to get into the advertising business—if you have no money—is by way of stenography or some other trade so that you can earn your way as you learn.

I AM saying all this with great positiveness. But as a matter of fact I am sorry to have to say it. I wish that we could all work at beautiful things. If you look over the list of desired professions that I've given here, you'll find that each of them shows a desire on the part of some girl either to be among beautiful things or spend her time in creative work. And I wish with all my heart it would be possible for every girl to do one or the other.

The time will no doubt come when the interiors of offices and factories and shops will all be beautiful—when all of us will work at lovely desks or amid beautiful painted walls with windows curtained as they should be. It is stupid that people who work for a living have to spend most of their waking hours in hideously ugly surroundings. But the time when all this will be abolished is a long way off. Do not, therefore, let your love of beautiful things lead you into impractical work unless you are willing to pay for the pleasure of doing that work in solid money.

If, however, after all this discouraging talk you have an overwhelming and unbearable desire to be any of the things I've said here, go ahead and be it, but be honest with yourself. For instance, suppose somebody asked you whether you would like to be a great tennis player, nine chances in ten you would say, "Yes." But would you? Honestly would you? Let us think about it a moment!

Would you care to spend four hours a day practising strokes and keeping in physical form? Would you care to be on an athlete's diet? Would you care to spend your whole waking life working hard in some way or other and doing without parties and good times? And then would you care to go out and do several hours of strenuous fighting, in a hot sun, keeping a smiling face when you're losing? Would you really like to do that or would you merely like to have your picture in the rotogravure sections and go to the Riviera to play opposite the King of Sweden?

YOU see what I mean! It's just the difference between actually loving the work you select or wanting the outer glittering aspects of that work without doing the work itself. I'll venture to say that most girls faced with the choice of doing the hard and grinding work required from a great tennis player would rather sit at a desk and do a good job as a typist or file clerk.

It wouldn't be a bad idea next Sunday morning when you don't have to get up so early to lie quietly in bed for an hour and ask yourself honestly what you'd actually like to do eight hours a day if you had to spend that much time doing it. Not where you'd like to be, or the reward you'd like to get, but the actual work you'd like to do. Be honest with yourself. Maybe you'd really like to be a cook or a chambermaid. Now I know you're not going to be a cook or chambermaid in anybody else's house. You wouldn't as long as being a servant makes it appear that you're not as good as somebody else.

I'll Pay Your Bills



and give you a steady income for the rest of your life if you will take care of my business in your locality. No experience needed. Pleasant, easy work can be handled in spare or full time.

No Investment Needed

I furnish all capital—I set you up in business, advertise you, and do everything to make you my successful and respected partner in your locality. Partner may be either man or woman.

an. All I ask is that you have ambition and can devote a few hours each day to distributing my famous products to friends and a list of established customers. High grade food products, tea, coffee, spices, extracts, things people must have to live.

Your Groceries at Wholesale

As my partner I furnish your groceries at wholesale. Big FREE supply contains over 32 full size packages of highest quality products. Quality backed by \$25,000.00 bond.

Iron-Clad Guarantee to YOU of \$15 a DAY Steady Income

I don't want you to take any chances. I guarantee your income. Send coupon at once for my signed guarantee of \$100.00 a week for full time or \$3.50 per hour for spare time work. I go 50-50 with my partners and give valuable premiums.

I FURNISH YOU CHRYSLER COACH



This is part of my FREE outfit to producers. Chrysler closed car to use in our business—it is yours to keep—no contest.

C. W. VAN DE MARK, Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

Health-O-Quality Products Co.
Dept. 1083-JJ Health-O Bldg.
Cincinnati, Ohio.
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Easy for you to make big money.

I look out for welfare of my partners.

\$36.47 in Hour and a Half

Mrs. S. M. Jones, mother of four, took in \$36.47 first 1½ hours—made \$2,000 profit in few months spare time. C. C. Miner made \$200 first 15 days. Wilbur Skiles says: "Besides big commissions you gave me \$1.457 in gifts and prizes." Hundreds of others doing as well.

SEND COUPON AT ONCE for APPLICATION

C. W. Van de Mark, Health-O-Quality Products Co., Dept. 1083-JJ, Health-O Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Without obligation on my part, send at once, application for territory and details of partnership offer, free food products.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

FREE FOOD PRODUCTS COUPON

Save 50c On SMART SET!

If you will enter a six-month subscription, you may have SMART SET for 17c a copy—\$1 for the half year! Hundreds of thousands every month pay half again as much. Regular subscription price, \$3 a year. Canadian postage, six months 25c; foreign postage, 50c six months.

SMART SET MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y.

\$1700 TO \$3400 A YEAR



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Railway Mail Clerks—Mail Carriers—Postoffice Clerks
—General Clerks
—File Clerks

Franklin Institute

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Rush to me free of charge: (1) A full description of the position checked below; (2) Free copy of 32-page illustrated book "How to Get a U. S. Government Job"; (3) A list of U. S. Government jobs now obtainable.

Railway Postal Clerk (\$1900 - \$2700)
Post Office Clerk (\$1700 - \$2100)
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SEE YOUR COUNTRY ON GOVERNMENT PAY

MEN—WOMEN, 17 UP
MAIL COUPON — TODAY SURE

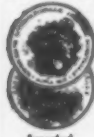
Short Hours—Pleasant Work—
Rapid Advancement—
Steady Work—No "layoffs"—
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with Pay.

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Address.....
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STUART'S ADHESIF PLAPAO-PADS are entirely different—being mechanico-chemico applicators—made self-adhesive purposely to keep the muscle-tonic called "Plapao" continuously applied to the affected parts, and to minimize danger of slipping and painful friction. The fabric is soft as velvet, and being adhesive



clings closely to the body without straps, buckles or springs. Easy to apply, comfortable, inexpensive. For almost a quarter century stacks of sworn testimonials from many different countries report success—without delay from work. The epidermatic absorption of Plapao and the utilization of "plaster therapy" tend toward a natural process of recovery, after which no further use for a truss. Test of factor "PLAPAO" sent FREE Mail Coupon below TODAY—

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343 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen: Send me a Free Trial Plapao and 48-page book on Rupture. No charge for this now or later.

Name _____
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Don't Risk Spoiling Your Social Life

With a Doubt Of Your Personal Cleanliness

That confidence of complete cleanliness, which means so much to a woman, may be yours with the proper practice of feminine hygiene.

The satisfaction of knowing you are dainty, fresh and clean comes at once with the use of Stirizol. It is easy and pleasant to use and also eliminates body odors quickly.

For more than twenty years Stirizol has proved its value. It is very soothing and healing—extremely effective—yet not harmful. The \$1.00 jar of Stirizol Powder will make many quarts of solution of the strength best suited to your individual needs.

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devoting full time can make \$6 to \$9 a day. Big money for spare time. Largest market of its kind in the world. Over two million dollars worth of orders taken last year by our Representatives for Zanol Pure Food Products, Toilet Preparations, Soaps, Laundry and Cleaning Specialties and Household Supplies. Write for Sample Catalog and Money Making Proposition.

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NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and sex weakness are caused by NERVE EXHAUSTION. Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves! Learn how to regain Vigor, Calmness and Best Confidence. Send 25 cents for this amazing book.

RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-389, Flatiron Bldg., N. Y.

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At home—in spare time—20 minutes a day. Overcome "stage-fright," gain self-confidence, increase your mind's, through ability to sway others by effective speech. Write now for free booklet, How to Work Wonders With Words. North American Institute, Dept. 3166, 2401 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

It isn't the actual work of cooking or chambermaiding that makes women object to it. It's the social position involved. But if the world were different and cooks were as good as queens then perhaps you'd like to be one. Perhaps you really love to do the actual cooking. I don't mean just wanting to cook for some man. That doesn't mean you like cooking. It merely means you're in love. But just cooking for anybody. Now to be a good cook you must like to eat. Well, then, here we are in a world where you'd like to be a good cook provided that you, as a good cook, would be considered just as important as Mabel, who is a good teacher.

THEN let us consider what there is in connection with cooking that you might learn. You might study dietetics which means that you might get a good position planning meals for a large institution—like a hospital. Or you might study chemistry. A good chemist is a glorified cook with a

lot of patience. Or you might, if you get the chance (about ten girls a year in this country get such a chance), write advertising about foods. None of this is specific advice. It's impossible to give specific advice in a general way to hundreds of thousands of readers. But it might show you the way to think of things. It might show you how to find the work you really love to do. Work which would make you feel like the old man who built a stone wall for us two years ago. He was 67 years old and he spent his whole time through the hot, long summer building one of those uncemented stone walls which make New England so beautiful. He had done this work since he had been grown and he said to me one day, when I thought it pretty hot, "I don't care whether it rains or shines, and I don't care whether the wind blows, or whether I'm poor, and I don't care about anything as long as I can be making these stone walls. I love it beyond anything else in all the world!"

Helen Woodward's Letter Box

An Employment Agency

AFTER a three year absence from business I find it necessary to go back. I took bookkeeping during my two years of high school work and have since kept books for four years. I like office work. It is all I know outside of housekeeping.

I am twenty-nine years of age, married ten years and have three children. I have a few hundred dollars saved and would like to invest it in some small business that I could care for and profit by. A recent opportunity was offered me in a real estate office here as general office girl and caring for the rentals.

I think there is an opening here for an employment agency. Of course, it is something I know nothing about. Do you think a real estate office and an employment agency could be managed successfully out of the same office? I shall be very grateful for any advice or information you can give me regarding the above. I. C.

I. C.: I cannot give you any definite advice whether you'd make a success of a real estate office and an employment agency since I do not know your abilities. But I see no reason why the two can't be managed from the same office. Indeed I think it might be almost an ideal combination.

By all means try it but don't invest too much money in it.

Study at Evening School

AT FIFTEEN years of age my parents took me from school and put me to work that I might help support the large family I am one of. A year has passed and I am still working, earning a small salary of ten dollars per week.

I am beginning to fear my lack of schooling will keep me in poverty and discontentment for the rest of my days. I am very poor and can't afford to pay for an education. Can you inform me as to how I might earn my way through some trade school or business college? I despise being a dumb-bell all my life and am willing to work hard to earn a free tuition from some school that can make a woman of me. W. A.

W. A.: I think the best thing for you to do is to take a course in some night school. Surely there must be an evening school in your town.

The first things you ought to take up are English and spelling. Then go on with a business course, with special emphasis on bookkeeping.

Traveling Jobs are Few

IN JUNE I shall graduate from high school and as I'm not going to college, I want to start working right away.

I have always had wanderlust and would like to take up some business that would enable me to travel. I have thought of becoming a buyer and also of getting on some travel bureau. I have a fair knowledge of French which would probably help me on a travel bureau.

Of course, I realize that I would have to start as stenographer and work my way up but I am wondering just how long it would be before I would become an experienced buyer.

Won't you tell me frankly just what chance I have in those two fields I mentioned and also how to go about it? V. J. K.

V. J. K.: The idea of traveling about while making a living is one of the most fascinating in the world, also one of the most difficult to put into actuality because almost everybody wants to do the same thing.

The best way to become a buyer in a department store is not through stenography, but to become a saleswoman. Nearly every buyer in America began as a saleswoman, but it usually takes ten to fifteen years to become a buyer.

It is possible that you might like to be a stenographer in a travel bureau and make a success of that work. The only way to do that is to apply to a travel bureau.

If I were you, I should not think so much about the traveling—just get the best job you can and watch for opportunities to travel later on.

The Party of The Month

SMART
SET'S
SERVICE
SECTION



How to get new life—and more darned fun—from old records

"Music Madness"

By

Edward Longstreth

Decoration

By

L. T. Holton

MOST of us have a natural weakness for ukes, saxes, close harmony, and just a good breakdown on the cymbals once in a while. Here are two games based on that human failing, and it doesn't make the slightest difference whether those present have any voices or not. It is not a matter of De-re-mi but of Vo-de-o-do.

Most of us sing by ear anyway, which is probably what makes us sound a little hard on the drums, but one way or another we can fit into the picture on a summer moonlit evening, with a chummy little group holding hands on the veranda and crooning luscious lyrics in rhythmic unison.

For the slightly formal party, one too lazy to make any degree of whoopee which might raise the temperature of a room beyond 76 degrees in the lamp shade, there must be calmer and quieter games than indoor hide-and-seek and similar rough-house.

Take a cabinet full of old phonograph records, for instance. Take them, but what can you do with them? Apparently they are treasured for no earthly reason known to man or housewife. But until they are broken by the Second Fall of Man, they will be preserved.

Meanwhile, there is a very good game to play with them. Select those which are reasonably recent and fairly well known to those present. Number them. Give your guests paper and pencil. Play the first record, and call out its number, "Number One." The guests write down the

Edward Longstreth, our game warden, will be glad to help you plan your parties. Games, rules, refreshments, repartee, he knows them all. Your problems as entertainer or entertained, he can solve. In writing him, allow at least two weeks between posting your letter and the date of your party. This permits time to study your requirements and authoritatively advise you. Address Mr. Longstreth, in care of SMART SET, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

number of it on their paper and then, if they can, the title, the name of the composer, and the year it made its hit. After a score or so records have been played, every one adds up her score, and the highest wins. Each one of the facts answered correctly on each record counts one.

When the crowd seems in a mood to sing over the old favorites rather than listen to them, the party will take care of itself. But to start things off when there is no phonograph handy, or to rescue the situation when two factions insist on singing different tunes, there is a good little game called "Musical Telepathy."

This game goes best with a piano but it can also be played with several in the crowd singing a well-known song, or just singing tra-la-la. The idea of the game doesn't depend on the music itself, but on what is done with it.

SOME one goes out of the room and the crowd selects some crazy thing for him to do, such as lifting a corner of the living room rug and picking up a hidden penny, or sitting in the lap of one of the girls. It must be remembered, of course, that the person who is IT must not be put in danger.

Then the IT is called back into the room and music is played softly. As he goes dumbly around wondering what it is he is to do, the music plays louder or fades away, as he gets nearer to the thing he has to do or further away from it. It is like the old game of Hot and Cold.

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Want a Job



or a
Hobby



Where You
can be Your
Own Boss



learn
Illustrating



that Pays
Well



and Keep Your
Own Hours



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Mattie Edwards Hewitt

A large rug, or an all-over carpet, lends luxury to even a simple room. And, in this day of vacuum cleaners, large rugs and carpets are easy to care for. In this illustration a carpet is used

Your Own Room

We're Looking at the Floor This Month

By
ETHEL LEWIS

When your room needs a change of clothing, or when you're planning a new room, or when you're in the mood to buy furniture—then's the time you need expert advice! This can always be had from Miss Ethel Lewis. Write her in care of SMART SET, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope

just right—walls lighter than the floor and the floor covering not too dark. A light floor demands light things to go with it. But most of us like our floors better if they are medium in stain, not light enough to be glaring nor dark enough to show all the dust.

Perhaps your floor is a painted one, wide boards and all like the one in the photograph on the opposite page. Then you have a real opportunity to make it a definite part of the decorative scheme. For

HAVE you ever thought of the floor in your own room? Have you considered whether there is something you can do about it to make it all that a floor ought to be? Of course the actual floor itself is sometimes hard to change, but the covering is usually a matter of choice. Even if the floor cannot be changed and even if you have a rug you don't like, there may be one thing or another you can do to change it. If it's the wrong color you can dye it, and if it's too large or too small you can supplement it with small rugs. Oh, there are ways around almost every problem in the house! Your floor and its covering can be the most important factor in the scheme of decoration. Whole rooms can be built around a rug, you know. Only be sure that the rug is worthy to play such an important role. Remember, too, that the floor must be comfortable, both in texture and in color and design.

Let us first consider the possibility of doing something to the floor itself. Perhaps it only needs doing over, and then you can say a word about the finish you would like. If it is hard wood in fairly good condition, it may only need a coat of stain and varnish or wax. Then the question of color must be settled. Your room may be the one place where light oak stain looks

brown isn't the only color to paint the floor, you know. There are lovely tones of green, from bright grass green to dark forest green; there are many shades of blue; there is terra cotta, rust, tête de nègre, and of course, black. The color of your floor should depend on the other tones in the room.

Now as to the floor covering! First, is the whole floor to be covered, or are scatter rugs to be used, or just a normal size rug selected to suit the size of that particular room? The idea of covering the whole floor with carpeting has always been a popular one with decorators, and now it is practical for any one—with vacuum cleaners to take away the bogey of how to keep it clean under the beds and behind the dresser. There is certainly something luxurious about a floor covered with a deep pile carpet.

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Remember, though, that it is a formal treatment and is not suitable in all types of rooms. You cannot get a quaint cottage effect in a room, even with short ruffled dimity curtains, if you're going to have a thick all-over carpet on the floor. The room at the bottom of the page would certainly not be improved by such a carpet, or by any deep pile rug that covered the main part of those fine old floor boards.

THERE are so many types of rugs available in the stores that the display is fairly bewildering. Consider first, do you want a plain rug or a patterned one, or one that is in between? Plain rugs in bedrooms can be very colorful and delightful, for you can use rose or light green or blue green, or blue of any tone, or beige or honey color. Violet is sometimes just the color you want, or mulberry or possibly one of the old reliable, taupe or sand or gray. You can get almost any of these colors in a ready-made rug the size you need, or you can get seamless carpeting that comes in nine-foot and twelve-foot widths. If your room requires an odd size or shape, you can have your rug made as you want it, by using seamed carpeting, either twenty-seven or thirty-six inches wide.

NEXT comes the really decorative rug—domestic or imported. There are some fine and beautiful Oriental rugs on the market, but it is a fallacy to believe that all Orientals are better than domestics. In the cheaper grades it is usually the domestic that are superior to the Oriental, for the rug-makers of Persia and Turkey and Afghanistan are turning out many a poor quality rug for the easy American market. They are weaving fine rugs there, too, but very few of them find their way into our rug departments.

On the other hand our domestic rugs are improving all the time. The quality has always been good and now the designs and colors are getting better and better. There is always a good deal of uncertainty about buying rugs unless you know how they are made and can judge the quality of the yarn used, or unless you have a great deal of confidence in the salesman. For our better domestic rugs it is wisest to depend on the

names of the well-known manufacturers.

But in any case you must use discrimination, for unfortunately there are many rugs with bad designs and colors that are shown even in our best stores. There are no guiding rules to give you, but several things for consideration. First, is the pattern a pleasing one? Then, will you grow tired of it? Will it keep its place on the floor or will it jump out at you every time you enter the room. Are the colors harmonious? Are they the colors that will blend with what you already have or want to have in your room? And each one of these thoughts takes serious consideration. Don't get the startling colors and patterns, and try to keep your floor covering as part of the floor, part of the background of the room.

SMALL rugs must be considered, too. Sometimes it seems best to use only scatter rugs as is shown in the picture at the bottom of the page. There is one small rug by the bed, another by the dresser, one in front of the fireplace, one by the entrance door. With small rugs like this you see how necessary it is to have your floor just right in color. Braided rugs can also be used in the same way or any of those made by skillful fingers at home—knitted, crocheted, braided or hooked.

It is a popular idea at the moment to use one or two small rugs on top of a large plain rug or carpet. If you feel your floor looks too plain, that is a happy solution as you can see in the photograph at the top of the opposite page, where there is a rare old hooked rug used in front of the fireplace, and on top of a beige-colored all-over carpet. Good small Orientals may be used in the same way. Remember that those small rugs must be placed straight, and not at odd angles and across corners for that is not good structural decoration.

Flat woven wool or linen rugs are excellent for bedrooms and are available in such charming colors. And certainly linoleum as a floor covering for bedrooms must not be overlooked. Use the patterns that are best adapted to this type of room, either plain or granite, or strie, or some of those smart new modern ones I saw recently. Floors really are interesting, you see, if you just study them a bit.



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Summertime Suppers

That May Be Prepared in Advance

By Mabel Claire

Decorations by ANN BROCKMAN

FOR the summertime supper there is one thing we can revel in and that is color. With all the gay flowers, fruits and vegetables that are in season our tables can be gorgeous. Once every one used to be afraid of color; now we delight in it and I am sure it makes us all gayer.

A table I will always remember had for its centerpiece a pottery flower holder filled with bright colored zinnias. Silver candlesticks were at either side with rich ivory candles. Two deep blue glass compotes stood beside them. The glasses were the same shade of rich blue and the salad plates were each of a different color.

But no matter what your table decorations may be the best summertime supper depends upon its appetizer, its salad, a good dessert, and of course a cool drink. Hot bread just seems to go with this sort of supper, so in case

you should want to have it I will give you some recipes. Finger rolls may be split and toasted on the electric toaster. Another kind of bread that is delicious with these suppers is a plate of thinly sliced white bread spread with softened butter, covered with a damp napkin and allowed to get quite cold in the refrigerator. This is an English custom and one well worth copying.

The beauty of these suppers is that everything may be prepared ahead of time, and all be waiting in the refrigerator until wanted.

Here are some of the interesting summer appetizers that you may use.

Tomato Cocktail

Peel and chill 2 tomatoes. Cut them into dice. Peel and cut one

cucumber into tiny cubes. Mince 1 piece of celery. Combine and chill in cocktail glasses. Just before serving measure $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of French dressing. Add a piece of ice and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of curry powder. Beat until creamy. Pour over the cocktails.

Grapefruit Appetizer

Cut grapefruit in half. Remove a portion from the center, leaving a round hole. Separate the sections from the skin. Partially

fill the center with cracked ice. Pour one tablespoon of creme de menthe over each. Decorate with mint. Grapefruit may be substituted for the creme de menthe. Grenadine which is red in color might be used.

Pear and Pineapple Cocktail

Cut balls from canned pears with a vegetable cutter. Add an equal amount of pineapple, cut into bits. Put into cocktail glasses. Cover with white grapefruit juice. Decorate the tops with maraschino cherries. Add a small amount of the juice from the cherries to each glass.

Shrimp Cocktail

Wash the shrimps. Drain them and put into a bowl. Add Russian Dressing (recipe given below)—just enough to coat—each shrimp. Chill in cocktail glasses. Add 1 teaspoon of chili sauce to the top of each cocktail. Decorate with stuffed olives.

A plentiful supply of different salad dressings waiting in the refrigerator makes the summer supper problem a simple one. I will

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tell you how to make several. They will keep for at least a week if they are kept ice cold in glass jars.

Boiled Dressing

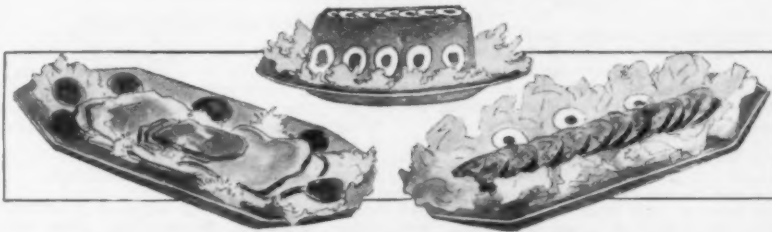
Beat the yolks of 4 eggs in the top of a double boiler. Mix 1 rounding tablespoon of salt, 2 rounding tablespoons sugar, 1 rounding tablespoon of flour together. Stir into the egg yolks. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of thin cream (rich milk may be substituted) and 2 tablespoons butter. Put over hot water in the double boiler. Cook until the butter is melted, stirring constantly. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of vinegar. Cook, stirring often, until thick. When you wish to use this thin with cream.

Lemon Mayonnaise

Beat 1 whole egg for two minutes. Add 1 teaspoon of salt, 2 rounding teaspoons of sugar and the juice of 1 lemon. Beat this together. Add 2 cups of olive oil, 1 teaspoon at a time, beating between each addition. Beat until thick. You may color the dressing pale green or rose color by the addi-

Moulded Potato Salad

Chop 6 boiled potatoes fine. Chop 3 tablespoons of onion fine. Chop $\frac{1}{2}$ cucumber fine. Mix together and dress with boiled dressing, just enough to moisten slightly. Boil 2 eggs 20 minutes. Slice them. Slice 3 radishes, unpeeled, in thin round slices. Mix 1 package of lemon jello with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of boiling water. Cool it. Decorate the bottom of an oblong bread pan with the sliced radishes and eggs. When the gelatine is cool just cover the eggs and radishes with it. Place it on ice and when it has partially hardened put the potato salad on top of it. Pour the rest of the lemon jello over this and put on ice for several hours to harden. You may mould the salad in individual moulds if you like. When serving, unmould the salad in the center of a large platter. Surround with slices of tongue and baked ham. Decorate with crisp lettuce, pickled beets and ripe olives. Serve hot baking powder biscuits with this. For dessert serve peach and cherry compote. The recipe for this dessert will be found described below in this article.



Jellied salads, with cold meat and vegetable dishes, tempt the jaded appetite.

tion of a tiny bit of vegetable coloring or make Russian Dressing of it by adding 2 tablespoons of chili sauce to 1 cup of mayonnaise.

Jellied Mayonnaise

To each cup of mayonnaise add 2 teaspoons of gelatine softened in 1 tablespoon of cold water and dissolve in 3 tablespoons of boiling water. This may be hardened in a flat sheet. Cut into squares or diamond-shaped pieces with a sharp knife. Or use a fancy cutter. The mayonnaise may be chilled in tiny moulds.

French Dressing

Peel an onion and cut it into quarters. Put it into a glass jar. Add 1 measuring cup of olive oil, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of vinegar, 2 teaspoons of salt, 2 teaspoons of sugar or 1 tablespoon pineapple juice and 1 teaspoon of paprika. Cover and keep in the refrigerator. When you wish to use it add a small piece of ice, screw on the top of the jar and shake until creamy.

How to Prepare Vegetables for Salads

Lettuce or any raw vegetables used in the making of salads should be washed, cut into pieces for serving and kept wrapped in a piece of cheese cloth against the ice. Cook vegetables for salads in boiling salted water the day before they are needed. Keep in the refrigerator in bowls ready for combining in salads.



Tall glasses, pleasantly chilled, make the torrid temperature go down

Stuffed Pimento Salad

Chop $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of green pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of salted almonds and 1 cup of cabbage. Moisten the combination with French dressing. Fill whole pimentos, the canned variety, with the salad. Place each pimento cup in a nest of lettuce. Decorate the top with mayonnaise. This salad is delicious with cold fried chicken. East Indian chutney should accompany the chicken. Angel parfait is the dessert chosen.

Moulded Ham and Chicken Mousse

Mix together 1 cup of finely ground ham and one cup of chicken ground fine. Add 1 teaspoon of French mustard. Dissolve 1 bouillon cube in one cup of hot water and add 1 tablespoon of gelatine that has been softened in 3 tablespoons cold water. Mix with the meat. Put in the refrigerator and when cold, but not jellied, add $\frac{3}{4}$ of a cup of cream beaten stiff.

Chill for several hours in a cube cake pan or ring mould. When serving unmould the mousse in the center of a round chop plate. Fill the center with a mixture of 1 cup of mayonnaise combined with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of whipped cream, 1 tablespoon of horseradish and 6 chopped olives. Decorate with alternating clusters of watercress and asparagus tips and small, chilled, peeled tomatoes that have been slashed in 6 sections to simulate a flower. Muffins and creme de menthe grapefruit should accompany this. Serve [Cont. on page 126]

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pickled spiced peaches with the salad. For desert have honeydew melon with ice cream.

Moulded Cucumber Salad

Heat 1½ cups of pineapple juice. Dissolve 1 package of lemon jello in this. Stir until dissolved. Cool, and when it is just beginning to set add 1 small cucumber chopped fine. Cool in individual moulds. Serve in nests of lettuce. Decorate with sprigs of mint. Serve with mayonnaise. Moulded cucumbers are delicious with any cold meat.

Baking Powder Biscuit

Sift 2 cups of flour with 2 heaping teaspoons of baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Add 3 tablespoons of butter. Blend with the flour until like cornmeal. Mix with ¼ cup of milk. Roll on a floured board ½ inch thick. Cut into rounds. Place on a buttered pan. Bake 8 to 10 minutes in a hot oven. This will make 12 biscuits. The biscuits may be made before needed, arranged on the pan and kept in the refrigerator until you wish to bake them.

Popovers

Heat buttered muffin pans. Mix 1 cup of milk, 1 cup of flour and 1 egg. Beat for 2 minutes with a Dover egg beater. Add ¼ teaspoonful of salt. Turn into hot pans and bake 30 minutes in a hot oven, reducing the heat after ten minutes.

Muffins

Light the gas oven. Put the buttered muffin pans to heat in it. In a mixing bowl beat the whites of 2 eggs until stiff. Add the yolks of 2 eggs. Beat. Add 4 rounding tablespoons of sugar and beat. Sift 2 cups of flour with 2 heaping teaspoons of baking powder. Add this to the egg mixture, alternately, with ¾ cup of milk. Turn into hot

muffin pans and bake 15 minutes in a quick oven. This will make 12 muffins. For cornmeal muffins substitute 1 cup of cornmeal for 1 cup of white flour. Dates or raisins may be added.

Angel Parfait

Boil 1 cup of sugar with ½ cup of water until it will spin a thread. Beat the whites of 3 eggs stiff. Pour the hot syrup in a thin stream on the egg white beating constantly. Add 1 teaspoon of gelatine that has been soaked in 2 tablespoons of cold water. Beat until cold. Fold in one pint of stiffly beaten cream. Add 3 teaspoons of vanilla. Pour into a tightly covered mould. Seal the cover with a strip of cheese cloth dipped in melted butter. Bury in a pan of crushed ice and salt. Measure the ice and salt and use an equal quantity of each. Leave for three hours. If you have an iceless refrigerator freeze the angel parfait in the pan meant for that purpose, for three hours. This will serve 8 people. Serve in parfait glasses with crushed raspberries or strawberries. A spoonful of the fruit is placed in the bottom of the glass. Fill the glass with parfait and decorate the top with crushed berries.

Peach and Cherry Compote

Peel 2 peaches and cut into dice. Stone enough cherries to fill a cup. Combine the fruits and cover with ¾ cup of powdered sugar. Place in sherbet glasses and chill. When serving cover with whipped cream flavored with some of the fruit juice.

Honey Dew Melon with Ice Cream

For each portion cut a ring of honeydew melon crosswise. Remove the seeds and place a portion of ice cream in the center. Decorate the ice cream with bits of candied fruits. Crushed red and white peppermint candy may be used instead of the fruit, for decoration.

Murder Yet to Come

[Continued from page 33]

If he wanted to establish a locked room, why didn't he turn the key in the other door?"

Nilsson pondered the question, frowning.

"Give it up," he said at last.

"So do I," agreed Jerningham, gloomily.

Ryker lit a fresh cigarette and leaned forward.

"I don't see that," he objected. "Why let one unexplained detail upset all your deductions?"

"Because it has a perfectly good explanation—which points the wrong way," Jerningham answered regretfully. "Here's the problem—one door locked, one door unlocked. What's the obvious conclusion? Why, that the person who locked the first door knew he needn't lock the other, because it was nailed shut. Which practically proves that the first door was locked by Malachi Trent."

"Or by some one else who lives in the house," Nilsson added reluctantly. "Linda, of course, knew it was nailed shut. But she's out of the question."

"I'm thankful you take that view," said Ryker earnestly. "Of course any one who knows her, knows she'd be incapable of a thing like this. But I wasn't so sure you'd see it."

Jerningham's eyebrows went up with a hint of a frown between them.

"I'm not sure," he observed with extreme deliberation, "that I see it as clearly as the rest of you. Why is she incapable of a thing like this?"

Ryker stared at him, hunting for words.

"If the fact isn't self-evident," he said at

last, "there's not much use trying to prove it. She simply isn't the sort—"

"You mean she hasn't the nerve?" Jerningham probed. "You said she was plucky and high-spirited before Malachi broke her."

"Of course she's plucky. But that's an entirely different quality from the sheer brutal nerve it would take to step up behind a man and murder him in cold blood. You're crazy!"

"No. Merely open-minded," Jerningham demurred. "In my business, I look at all of a character's possibilities before I throw any of them away. Seems to me Linda has more possibilities than you give her credit for. Do you think if she had a revolver in her hand and was being attacked by a brute, she'd be too ladylike to shoot?"

Ryker stared. "Are you implying that an old man writing at a desk is comparable to a brute bent on assault?"

"He might be much more deadly," Jerningham said thoughtfully. "I don't pretend to know how. That's one of the things we've got to find out—exactly what sort of menace Malachi was to your little Linda. But you've said he was ruthless. You've said he was subtle. You've said he hated her. You've said that fear was driving her to the verge of insanity. How do you know what passed between them? How do you know she didn't find herself, in this room tonight, facing a crisis in which her only salvation was his death?"

"Another one of your plausible theories," Ryker muttered. "God forbid!"

"Amen. And help us to disprove it," Jerningham added, not irreverently. "That's one theory I'd like to smash to kindling, but I need some facts to do it."

"Well, here's one fact," Nilsson said, with an irritation that betrayed how deeply he was moved. "Take it quick, and knock your crazy theory on the head with it. Malachi was killed with an unfinished will on the desk before him, and the will has disappeared. There's only one reasonable deduction from that—a mercenary motive on the part of the murderer. And even your prolific imagination will have a hard time picturing Linda murdering anybody for his money!"

Jerningham stretched himself with a sigh of relief.

"Right you are," he said. "That's a consoling thought and I'll sleep the better for it. Lucky you discovered the ghost of the will!"

"Mighty lucky," Nilsson answered grimly. "And that will point directly at David Trent. Tomorrow, if you'll take charge here, I'll go back to headquarters and get my leave extended a bit. Then I'll get all the dope I can about our friend David. And after that we make him answer questions."

"Sounds like a full day tomorrow," said Jerningham. "When do we turn in?"

"Now," Nilsson decided. "We've pulled this clever little case all apart. We'll pick up the pieces in the morning."

NILSSON'S resolution of adjournment adopted, I went out to the car to bring in our scanty baggage and our guns. When I returned, heavy laden, I found the others debating how to lock up the library.

Jerningham was turning over the little pile of objects from the dead man's pockets.

"The key ought to be here," he said, picking up the key ring. "Yes, here's one that looks like it—and fits like it."

He twisted it off the ring as Ryker switched off the ceiling light.

"Suppose we leave the desk lamp burning," Jerningham suggested. "If there should be any disturbance in the night, we'd appreciate a little light down here."

"What sort of disturbance are you looking for?" Nilsson asked cheerfully. "Think Malachi's ghost is going to walk?"

"Not literally, perhaps," Jerningham responded with unexpected seriousness. "But Mark Antony said that the evil that men do lives after them. Malachi planned a lot of evil before he died, and I'm inclined to think some of it is still hanging in the atmosphere of this house, very much alive."

"Well, then lean your shot gun by the head of your bed," Nilsson advised him. "You don't need to worry about any evil that's merely hanging in the air, and a gun will take care of any that walks into your room on two legs."

Jerningham shrugged his shoulders. "All right," he said. "But in that case, we'd better not come strolling unannounced into each other's rooms in the dark."

"Naturally," Nilsson grunted. "That's a fool thing to do anywhere, any time, let alone here. If you get any inspiration in the night, keep 'em to yourself till morning."

It was after one o'clock when we parted for the night, and I was tired, if not sleepy, so that I did not lie long awake. My sleep, however, was uneasy, shot through with more and more fantastic dreams until at last I found myself in hell. Not the conventionally lurid hell of fire and brimstone, but a far more dreadful place of intolerable darkness and smothering heat. To cap the horror, I heard going past me through the void, one whom I knew to be Malachi Trent, who said with a cackling laugh that he had leave from the devil to go back to earth and finish a particularly choice bit of evil he had left half done.

The desperate, fruitless effort I made to stop him woke me from the nightmare, but

even lying wide-eyed in my bed I found myself not much better off than in my dream. The darkness was as impenetrable, the heat as suffocating, the sense of boding evil as strong. I got out of bed. The windows were open, but the wind had fallen to nothing, and the air in the room was stifling. I groped my way to the door and opened it noiselessly. The atmosphere of the hall was even more oppressive. From somewhere in the house came a faint droning hum. I strained my ears for a long minute, and could hear nothing else, except—did I hear it, or imagine it?—the faint ghostly echo of the footsteps of Malachi Trent.

I am not proud of the folly which ensued. Only the sheer impossibility of remaining passively in my stifling room, drove me forth to meddle with the unknown. I groped about for my dressing gown and slippers, picked up the gun which Nilsson considered so efficacious against evil, and felt my way cautiously along the pitch dark hall past Malachi Trent's door, till I came to the stair head. There I stopped and failing to find the switch which should govern the lights, I stood and listened again, holding my breath while I strove to detect the slightest sound from the hall below.

This time I was rewarded. There was—no doubt about it—a not quite silent hand, human or ghostly, turning the knob of the library door.

I had a choice of three evils. To go back—impossible! To wait on that top step through all eternity—unbearable! To go on groping in the dark—utter folly! I went on.

By the time I got to the foot of the stairs I was praying wordlessly that I should find a flesh and blood hand upon the knob of that door.

I groped along the wall, found the door, reached for the knob.

I touched a hand. A strong hand—very much alive. The instant tensing of its grip upon the knob gave glorious reassurance that the fingers in my grasp were as much flesh and blood—and as much startled—as my own. But the owner of the fingers made no sound. Instead he sent a thrust of power along his arm, and the door swung suddenly, softly open. A streak of light knifed the darkness, widened, swept up his arm to his shoulder, to his face.

The man was Jerningham.

In another instant we were both inside the library. Jerningham shut the door with silent swiftness, and we stood staring at each other, each confronting an absurd replica of himself.

"You unmitigated idiot!" he breathed, so softly I had almost to read his lips.

"Idiot yourself!" I retorted. "What are you doing down here? I'd never have come down if I hadn't heard the doorknob creak."

"What would I naturally be doing?" he hissed. I knew he wanted to snort, but you can't snort satisfactorily in a whisper. "I came down to see what's given this thermostat lockjaw. It's kept the furnace going full blast with a forced draft for an hour."

For the first time, the connection between that faint droning hum and the oppressive heat that had given me my nightmare, percolated through my thick head.

"Then go ahead and look at it," I returned, "and shut it off, or fix it, or whatever it needs."

He looked, and turned back to me with his lips pursed in a soundless whistle of amazement.

"The setting's been changed," he whispered rapidly. "Somebody's been in here and shoved the pointer over so as to give the highest possible temperature. Now why in the name of the incomprehensible did any one want to do that?"

He broke off, smitten with sudden enlightenment. Then his face fell.

"Lord, how dumb I am!"

"Got the answer?" I demanded.

"Got it half an hour or so too late," he answered, in a whisper that was freighted

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the key to the whole awful business."

"Hard luck!" I said. "Because Malachi is taking that secret to his grave."

Jerningham nodded perplexedly.

"I suppose so. But I have a notion we're being very dense about that will. Overlooking something terribly obvious. Or forgetting some common, simple fact, that would put the solution in our hands."

I recognized this frame of mind of Jerningham's, having seen it a hundred times.

"I know what's the matter with you," I said. "You think your subconscious mind does see the obvious thing you're missing, and does remember the simple fact you've forgotten, and is holding out on you."

"That's just it," he admitted. "And there's nothing more exasperating. To feel I've got the answer in my own head, right there for the taking—and not be able to take it!"

"Well," I said, with an involuntary yawn, "if the diagnosis is correct, here's the prescription. Treat the problem as you do the stubborn spots in your plays. Worry about it awhile before you go to sleep, and then forget it—and the answer will pop up into your mind tomorrow morning over your cup of coffee. Just about the time you put in the second spoonful of sugar!"

Jerningham laughed.

"All right," he said. "Go on back to your room, and I'll try to get in both the worrying and the sleeping before dawn. If your prescription works—it will be an interesting cup of coffee."

WE ALL woke rather early, and half past six found every one except David and Linda already downstairs. Mrs. Ketchem and Ram Singh seemed to be busy about breakfast. Ryker, Nilsson, Jerningham and I, avoiding the locked library by common consent, gathered in the billiard room, where some comfortable chairs offered the only informal lounging place in the whole great house.

Nilsson got down to business promptly. "I'm going after David's scalp today," he said. "I'm convinced that he came here peaceably, found he was being cut off by Malachi's will, and killed the old man on the spur of the moment to keep from losing his inheritance. But that's almost too cold-blooded to credit unless there were some special circumstances to make him desperate."

He turned to Ryker.

"Know anything about him?" he inquired. "Where he lives and what he does? Or has he been living on his grandfather's?"

"Far from it. He belongs to a small stockbroking partnership in Wall Street. Dolliver and Trent." Ryker smiled. "I deduce that you haven't been reading the financial page."

"Nope," Nilsson grunted. "That and the Social Register are two things I don't have to worry about."

"Well, it may have a bearing on your job this time, if special circumstances are what you want," Ryker said thoughtfully. "There have been some queer doings this last week, involving David and his grandfather and the corner in Galera Copper. Galera isn't a big company, you know, and Malachi pretty much controlled it. Last Wednesday David told his customers he had Malachi Trent's word for it that Galera Copper was in bad shape and would have to skip its next regular dividend. The news spread, of course, and while the other coppers were going up in the 'Hoover Market' there was a heavy raid on Galera, with a lot of short selling. Next day, Galera declared its regular dividend and a special extra dividend into the bargain. The stock began to skyrocket. All the shorts rushed to cover and found there wasn't a share of Galera to be had. Nobody knew, for sure, who had cornered it. But it wasn't hard to guess."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Most of the people who had sold short on David's information lost the shirts off their backs before they could settle up.

Saturday noon it became definitely known that it was Malachi Trent who had cornered Galera, and David promptly found himself the best hated man in Wall Street. I suppose he and his partner made a lot of money out of the coup, but it was a short-sighted policy if they wanted to stay in the brokerage business."

Nilsson took a small notebook out of his pocket.

"Let me get this straight," he said. "David's firm is Dolliver and Trent. They fooled a lot of their customers into going short on Galera Copper. Malachi cornered Galera and squeezed the shorts. And David is in bad. That right?"

Ryker nodded. Nilsson frowned at his notes.

"Who were Malachi's brokers?" he asked. "He didn't deal through Dolliver and Trent?"

"No, they had no dealings so far as I know," Ryker answered. "Malachi never spoke of his grandson, that I remember, except to grumble about young cubs coming into money they hadn't earned. I had the impression he hadn't even seen David in years."

"What about that partnership? David's pretty young for that! Any chance that Malachi bought it for him to start him out in business?"

"No, I'm sure Malachi hasn't staked David to any capital," Ryker replied. "I think David inherited the partnership from somebody on his mother's side of the family. Dolliver probably inherited his half of it too. They're both very young."

Nilsson snapped his notebook shut.

"Thanks," he said briefly. "I think I'll run up to New York and have a talk with David's partner. He'll know more about what's happened than any one else. I want all the facts I can get for ammunition the next time I tackle David. The only way to clear Linda is to make him come clean."

"More power to you," Ryker said grimly. "Sorry I don't know more that would be of use."

"You've given me a good lead," Nilsson said. "I'll just have a word with Mrs. Ketchem and then I'll be off."

WE SENT for the old housekeeper who came from the kitchen, wiping her hands on her apron. Her old eyes were bright and crafty as she scanned our faces.

"Mrs. Ketchem," Nilsson asked, "how long have you worked for Malachi Trent?"

"Forty years," she answered, in the cracked voice that grated so unpleasantly on my ears.

"You've known all the Trents, then?"

"Known 'em all and all about 'em," she cackled. "Sweet lot, they are."

"What do you mean by that?"

"All possessed of devils," the cracked old voice informed us with obvious relish. "Some of 'em have the noisy, ramping kind of devil. Some of 'em have the sly kind. But they've all got 'em, every one."

"I don't want superstition," Nilsson told her brusquely. "I want facts. How long have you known David Trent?"

"Twenty-five years," she croaked. "Twenty-five years ago he was a squalling little brat in this house. A noisy devil he was from the day of his birth. But he didn't stay here long. There never was three Trents could stay under one roof."

"You mean there was a quarrel?"

"Quarrel's no name for it. 'Twas a free for all fight! The old man stamping and storming and saying never to darken his door again. And his son flinging his words back in his teeth. And David squalling as he always did. Heh! Heh!"

She cackled with horrid laughter at her memories of that far-off day.

"Did any of them ever come back?" Nilsson asked.

"Not they. I've seen Mr. Trent quarrel with every relative he had in the world, one after the other, and none of 'em ever came

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back. The Trents never forgive and they never forget and they never make up. I knew when I saw David Trent at the door a week ago there'd be trouble."

"A week ago? Monday?" Nilsson asked. The old crone nodded.

"Monday he came, for the first time in twenty-five years. Mr. Trent wasn't here, and he said he'd wait half an hour. Then he saw Linda and stayed all the afternoon."

"With Linda?" Ryker demanded.

"Who else?" the old crone countered, her bright eyes mocking him. "You think, because she gave you her promise that morning, she had no eyes for David Trent that afternoon? Ah, but the devil in that girl is a sly one!"

Ryker's face darkened.

"You keep your foul tongue off her!" he ordered. "Miss Marshall is entitled to talk to whom she pleases."

"To whom she pleases! Aye, she pleased him well enough!"

"Hold on," Nilsson interrupted. "Is Monday the only time he came here?"

"No, he came again Tuesday," she said, with a malicious glance at Ryker. "Come early, and found Mr. Trent at home, and sorry he was to find him, too!"

"Did you learn what his business was with Mr. Trent?"

The old crone shrugged.

"How would I learn it? Listen at the door?"

HER bright eyes studied us wickedly.

"You must at least know whether they kept the peace."

"For a quarter of an hour perhaps. Then the old devil found he had a young devil to deal with, and when he couldn't shout him down he drove him out of the house."

"Did he come again?"

"Saturday he was here for two or three minutes and talked with Linda in the hall. Ram Singh let him in, and didn't hear what they said—the fool!"

"What about Sunday?"

"He came about twenty minutes to eight, with a message for Linda and coaxing words for me. Said he had to see her. I told him her door was locked, but I had delivered the message. I didn't tell him her door was locked on the outside. He said he'd wait. A long enough wait he would have had!"

For a moment Nilsson was diverted from the subject of David.

"Locked on the outside?" he asked. "Then how do you account for our finding her in the library at eight o'clock?"

The bright old eyes regarded us aslant with malice.

"I'm not such a fool," she told us, "as to take upon me to account for her comings and goings—nor yet for her doings and undoings. I told you she had a familiar devil—a sly devil. Maybe he unlocks the door for her. Maybe he teaches her the lies she tells. How should I know?"

It struck me as I watched her and listened to her malicious tongue, that if ever I had seen a human being possessed of a devil, it was this old woman herself. I began to discover a fellow feeling for Cotton Mather.

Nilsson's impatience was undisguised.

"Cut out the stuff about devils, and stick to facts," he said brusquely, and opened his notebook again. "Your facts are that David Trent hadn't been at Cairnstone House since he was a child, until last week. He was here all Monday afternoon, talking with Linda. He was here Tuesday morning and quarrelled with his grandfather. He was here Saturday for a few minutes—at what time? Two o'clock? And saw Linda? He came last night at seven-forty, gave you a message for Linda, and said he'd wait. That's all you know?"

"Oh, I could tell you plenty more about the Trents. There isn't a one of 'em you can trust—"

"Never mind," Nilsson interrupted, and

snapped his notebook shut. "I'll check this stuff by questioning the gateman as I go."

She gave him a crooked smile and vanished in the direction of the kitchen. Nilsson turned to Jerningham.

"I won't wait to see Linda. You talk to her when she comes down and get her to tell you what she knows about David. It may fill in some of the gaps."

Jerningham sent his friend an odd glance. "I'll try," he said. "But I don't think the important thing to get from Linda is her knowledge of David."

"What else?" Nilsson demanded.

"There are a dozen things I'd rather know," Jerningham answered. "How long she had been locked in her room—and why—and how she got out—and when? And what she was doing in the library when Malachi came back and surprised her. And what if anything she knows—or suspects—or has reason to fear—about his last will. And exactly how well she slept last night."

"What's that got to do with it?" Nilsson asked.

"If she thought Malachi's death was an accident, she ought to have slept like a log," Jerningham said. "If she knew he was murdered, I doubt if she had a very restful night."

"Well, I don't know what sort of a night you had," Nilsson rejoined pointedly, "but it doesn't seem to have cleared your brain. I suppose if you see circles under her eyes this morning, you'll call it evidence that she's a murderess. Try to keep your imagination in leash till I get back, old man, or you'll have us all sentenced to the chair."

He stopped on the threshold.

"Better prevent David from seeing Linda alone," he advised. "He might try to tamper with her story."

"I'll see to that," Ryker promised, rather grimly, and I knew that if David were to have a word alone with Linda, he would have to fight for it.

"And there's one thing more," Nilsson said. "What about the newspapers?"

"We'll have to send in Malachi's death notice at once," Jerningham said.

"Yes," Nilsson agreed. "And when they ask for details, we'll have to tell 'em something that'll hold 'em till we're ready to spring the truth."

"The whole truth," Jerningham amended. "And we're a long way from that ourselves."

"Are we? Well, give 'em a good story about accidental death and hold the fort till I get back this afternoon."

HE WENT, and Jerningham fell to drafting a statement on the back of an envelope. Before it was finished, we heard Linda's step descending the stairs. Ryker went to meet her, and brought her in to where we waited in the billiard room.

She was even lovelier in the cold gray light of morning than she had been the night before. She was wearing another gown that dated back fifty or sixty years, but its quaintness only added to her charm. Her

hair was a warm gold, there was a delicate color in her face, and she acknowledged Ryker's introduction of us with a quiet grace and self-possession that would have done credit to a woman of twice her years.

"I hope you slept well after your difficult experience," Jerningham said warmly, as he took the hand she offered him.

"Quite well, thank you," she answered.

BUT even as she spoke, her eyes were searching the room for some one who was not there. Jerningham caught the look.

"David has not come down yet," he said.

A bit more color came into her face.

"Mrs. Ketchum tells us," Jerningham went on before she could speak, "that after having been a complete stranger to this house for years, David has become a daily visitor!"

"Oh, no," Linda protested with gentle dignity. "There were a number of days when he didn't come."

"Wednesday to Friday?" Jerningham asked teasingly. "But no doubt he made up for lost time on Saturday?"

"No," she said quietly. "He only came on Saturday to say good-by."

"Where was he going?"

"South America," he said. "His boat was to sail from New York this morning."

"Then why did he come back here last night?"

"I don't know. I thought we were never going to see him any more."

"Then that was what you meant when you said to him last night, 'You didn't go!'"

"Why, yes. What did you think I meant? Why does it matter?"

"We have to have the truth about everything," he told her gently. "We know that Malachi Trent was murdered in his library last night. We don't know yet whose hand struck the blow."

"You know that he was murdered?" she repeated slowly. "When? How?"

"Sometime between seven-thirty or thereabouts, when Ryker talked to him on the phone, and eight o'clock, when we broke in the front door and found him dead. He was struck on the back of the neck with the statuette of Kali while he was sitting at his desk writing a will."

"How do you know he was writing a will?" she faltered, her voice barely audible. "Did you—did you—find it?"

"We found only the ghost of it," Jerningham answered. "The original had been destroyed or taken away."

"The ghost of it?" she asked. "What do you mean?"

"The imprint of the words on a sheet of blank paper that remained on his desk."

"You could read it?" she asked, almost whispering. "How much could you read?"

"Only a couple of lines," Jerningham told her. "No farther than 'devise and bequeath'."

A wave of relief swept across her face.

"Did you know his intentions?" Jerningham asked slowly. "Could you tell us what he meant to write?"

"No—oh, no! How could I know?" She repressed a shiver. "How could any one know what he meant to write?"

"The murderer knew, or thought he knew," Jerningham said.

"But then who—who was the murderer?"

"That's what we have to find out," Jerningham explained, "and that's why we want you to help us by answering a few questions."

She nodded slightly, her eyes fixed on his face.

"You were locked in your room yesterday?" he began.

"Yes."

"Since when?"

"Since Saturday afternoon."

"Did you know why?"

"Yes. Mr. Trent was angry because I—because I had disobeyed him."

"In what way?"

"I—I can't answer that."

Answers to Intelligence Test

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| 1. sunlight (2) | 11. sphere |
| 2. fourteen | 12. Otto |
| 3. 30 | 13. Letter G |
| 4. 240 feet | 14. Letter M |
| 5. food | 15. Point |
| 6. eight | 16. Six pints |
| 7. five | 17. Forty-five feet |
| 8. Letter M | 18. doubtful |
| 9. not certain | 19. eight inches |
| 10. six | 20. 243 |

"I beg your pardon," Jerningham said. He paused, considering.
"Tell us how you got out of your locked room," he said.

"Through the window," she confessed.
"Isn't your room on the third floor?"
"Yes, but there's a ledge under the third story windows that runs all the way around the house. About six o'clock when everybody was at supper, I walked along the ledge to Mrs. Ketchem's windows and in through her room."

"And down to the library?"

She nodded.

"What was your errand in the library?"
"I wanted my mother's locket," she answered slowly. "He snatched it away from me and flung it among the ashes in the corner of the fireplace when he got so angry at me. I had to get it back. I knew it was risky, but I couldn't go without it."

"Go?" Jerningham caught at the word.

"Yes," she admitted in a low voice. "I was running away."

"Very sensible of you, I think," Jerningham said. "Where were you running to?"

"Just away," she asserted. "I—I didn't know of any place to run."

"Haven't you ever been away from Cairnstone House since you came?" he inquired curiously.

"No—no!"

"Not even when Mr. Trent went on his long trips?" he pursued with friendly interest. "Two years ago, for instance, when he was in India. What did he do with you then?"

"I was—right—here—all the time," she said.

"Pleasant," he commented. "I wonder you didn't run away then."

"You can't run very far in your great-grandmother's clothes, you know," she said, her slender fingers flicking the ruffles of her shirt. "And I've never been allowed to have anything else."

She managed a pale smile.

"I suppose the theory was that their influence would make me as meek as my great-grandmother. But it never worked. I ran away over and over—as a child. Of course I was always caught and brought back. The last two years—I haven't tried it. What was the use?"

"Then last night," Jerningham said, "you thought your chances were better?"

"No," she said simply. "The chances were no better. My necessity was greater. That was all."

"Now we have come to the point," Jerningham said, gently. "Why was your necessity greater? We want very much to know."

"I'd rather die," she said, passionately, "than tell you that."

"We only want to help you," Jerningham said.

"Nobody can help me but myself," she answered. "I made up my mind to that Saturday. I've been a coward too long."

She was looking him in the eyes, a half smile on her lips.

"I read in some book," she said, "that every man carried his fate on a ribbon around his neck. Well—this is mine!"

She laid her treasured locket in his hand. He glanced at the jewels, turned it over and read aloud the inscription on the back. "He shall be master who scorns to be slave. The wine of disaster strengthens the brave."

"A valiant creed," he said gravely, as he returned it. "But I should like to spare you the wine of disaster—if I could."

"You come too late," she said steadily.

"Two years too late."

A croaking voice interrupted us.

"Your breakfast is waiting," said Mrs. Ketchem.

We looked around and saw her in the doorway. David was standing just behind her. How long they had been listening, I never knew.

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The Eyes Have IT

[Continued from page 65]

or hair. Many of us don't know how grand an eye bath feels. It's just as nice a feeling as snuggling into slippers and negligee for a quiet little rest!

For that especially tired moment when in spite of your weariness you must be lovely and fresh looking, you always use a skin tonic, or lotion or a freshener with astringent qualities, to pull up the sagging surface of the skin of the face. A wee bit of muscle oil, which may be both astringent and soothing, will tighten up drooping eyes considerably. Many women of middle age, especially stout women, whose eyes have been neglected till the skin is quite wrinkled, use muscle oil regularly on the eyelids. It helps a lot. If you are careful when you are young, you will not face these hopeless wrinkles when you grow older.

I haven't the space to go into spectacles, lorgnettes, tennis eye shades and all the

little things that are nowadays made so attractive that there is no excuse for avoiding them if you need them. But I must get in a word in favor of colored glasses for long exposure to bright summer sunlight, especially on the sea or sand dunes where the glare is so dazzling. They will spare you the frowning that makes wrinkles.

If you have been hard on your eyes—playing or working—begin right now a regular program of "Eyes Right!" Exercise them in other directions and distances from those of your work or study. Bathe them. Make them up to bring out the real you in your eyes—the sparkle, the fun, the mystery, the magic, and, on occasion, the sympathy or sorrow that only eyes can convey. A long face is not all there is to sadness—and flashing teeth are only part of a smile. Eyes can laugh and smile all by themselves—if they're managed right!

Mary Lee's Beauty Answers

I AM troubled with a very dry and scaly skin and at times with pimples and blackheads. Can you advise me what to do to remedy this? I would also like to know what is the best and quickest dandruff cure. Thank you. Shorty.

SHORTY: Dry skin plus blackheads—what a stubborn combination that is! You must start taking very good care of your complexion immediately. Let's get at the blackheads first.

You must begin by thoroughly cleaning your face every night before retiring. Remove the dust of the day with a good cold cream. After a few moments' massage the cream will penetrate the pores and soften the blackheads so that they may be readily removed. After you have removed the cream with a soft, clean towel or these new tissue towels, wash your face with pure soap and hot water. Scrub hard around the nose and chin and forehead where your blackheads undoubtedly are. Rinse with warm water, followed by cold. Then to thoroughly close the pores, pat the skin lightly with witch-hazel, ending with a quick rub with a small piece of ice. Press out the more prominent blackheads by gently pressing them between the fingers protected by a clean bit of cotton.

When your blackheads are cleaned up, do not stop your cold cream treatments. This summer do not expose your skin unduly to the sun.

Your dandruff comes from a similar dry condition. Which is all the more reason for your wearing shade hats during vacation. I think you'll find this dandruff remedy successful. Brush your hair every day for ten minutes. Do it by the clock. This stimulates the oil glands and hair roots. Then every other night massage the scalp with this compound: 60 grains of sulphur mixed with one ounce of vaseline.

Select Powder with Care

MY FACE has been breaking out with pimples and my skin feels very dry. I have been using a heavy powder but now I use a lighter one and it seems since then that my skin is not smooth. Could that be the trouble? Should I go back to the heavier powder? Peggy.

PEGGY: In the answer to Shorty above you'll find advice on the care of the skin that will be just as helpful in your case as in Shorty's. Clear up your skin condition first. During this time, never apply powder on your face without a cold cream base. For

the time being it will be better for you to use a light weight powder rather than a heavy weight type, but be sure you are using a pure brand and also watch that your powder puffs are always clean and spotless.

Don't Try to Change Your Type

I GET every issue of SMART SET and chiefly because of your articles. They are so very interesting and helpful. I am twenty one years old. I have a very dark complexion, black hair and brown eyes with some greenish blue in them. I am of Italian descent. Would you be kind and tell me how I can attain a Spanish appearance. I have a friend who dresses the part admirably but although many people ask me why I do not dress to appear Spanish, the reason is I have tried but I do not seem to succeed. I am small, of medium build, have a round, full face, long bob and not any bad features. Would you also recommend a good, dark face powder as the ordinary rachel shows white on me and the dark shades turn yellow when I have them on a little while? My skin has a tannish cast to it. I use only bright lipstick but find I look better without rouge on my cheeks. My hair is straight. Louise Casano.

LOUISE: Why try to be Spanish Louise, when you are a true Italian type? All races have their individual beauty. Bring out that which belongs to you but do not try to ape others. You will only lose your own personal charm in an unsuccessful imitation. You have such a delightful equipment to begin with—small, slight, striking in appearance!

You write that you look better without rouge on your cheeks, which proves how right your instincts are. Girls of your type always do look better without cheek rouge.

You had better mix your own shade of powder. Superficially I should think that a dark rachel powder mixed with a little flesh colored would be admirable for you but you can determine this for yourself if you will try out the powder on the flesh of the inner arm just below the elbow. Here the skin always retains its truest tint and if you can match your powder to exactly duplicate that shade you will find it immensely flattering to your face. Let your lip rouge be one shade brighter than the natural shade of your lips.

Don't go Spanish in your dresses. Modern life isn't a musical comedy and when you dress towards an extreme, attention is taken away from you and centered on your costume.

Fashion Turns Serious

[Continued from page 69]

we look at individual frocks, let me tell you about a few new themes which you will have to seek if you expect to march with fashion.

You will have to forget that daytime fashion ever countenanced the sleeveless mode except, of course, for such semiformal or formal affairs as the afternoon tea. For the ordinary functions of the day you will have to wear sleeves this autumn, and even half portions will not be sufficient—they must be long. They need not be severe but—and this is important—whatever elaboration they exploit should appear between wrist and elbow. Another tendency is the trimmed neckline. Keep away from unadorned or severe neck treatments for autumn. Some touch of elaboration, however slight, should appear at this portion of the silhouette.

I am sure you must be all anxious to know about the new skirt length. It is

some day they will also be the portion of youth. But for the moment I should prefer that you pass them by. The smart daytime skirt, for the next few months, should barely come three inches below the knees, and if you grieve too much at this hemline you may compromise with two and a half inches.

The last part of our tour this month brings us into the field of formal clothes. The new formal mode has this fortunate aspect. So many different themes have been sanctioned during the past season and so many themes are going to be exploited dur-



For general wear comes a novelty jersey cardigan jacket and skirt which can be worn with a tuck-in sweater or blouse

Courtesy of Stern Bros.



Gehor Elder

A tip to the thrifty is this tweed suit with the new two-thirds length coat, collared and cuffed in smartly contrasting caracul

Courtesy of Saks—34th St

true that the much advertised dropping of the hemline developed into pretty much of a farce this summer. The reason for that is not difficult to find. Summer is the season for curt and curtailed fashions and any attempts to add length or depth to the mode during the torrid months are pretty well predestined to failure. But for autumn I anticipate no such result. In fact I may tell you very definitely that no matter how pretty your knees are you will have to keep them screened during the fall and winter.

You will find, as you shop, that many have accepted this new style dictum so eagerly that they are showing daytime dresses whose skirts reach five or six inches beneath the knees. These longer models are all very well for the mature woman and it may be, if current trends continue, that

ing the coming season that a liberal overlapping is inevitable. It is, therefore, quite possible that some of last season's gowns may remain in the picture although you will scarcely reach the highest point of chic unless you make a change. Among the general tendencies I think none is quite so important as the long skirt. For spring and summer this has been a matter of choice; for autumn and winter it will be a definite dictum, and one that you dare not disobey. No matter what sort of waistline or silhouette your new evening gown exploits, it must carry a skirt length which hovers about the ankles.

DECOLLETAGE is another important theme in evening gowns. Fashion is following a peculiar course with this item—it is quite insistent on a deep cut and its preference is markedly for square lines. However, it does not matter whether this extreme cut-out appears in front or back, the only important point being that it must not appear both in front and in back.

It is not an easy road that the smart young fashionables have to travel for the next few months—there are so many changes in fashion ensuing and in the new order it is the duty of the younger generation to lead. One consolation, however, they have. There is nothing vague about the late summer and early autumn pathways to chic. For once it is a clearly blazed trail. And its watchfires have again been set by flaming youth.

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The Backward Glance

[Continued from page 82]

life in this manner. She wished a little that Luis could comprehend this desire of hers to have one last little fling.

She sighed and opened the door into Carl's studio.

"Hello," Carl called politely, and then in a quiet voice to her alone, "Not a soul here would ever recognize you."

She looked around. Not a familiar face. She was perfectly sure of herself as she strolled around the room, and a compliment that Carl had once paid her sang through her memory. "I become weary of people. They go stale on me. But you don't. You're always the unknown quality."

Sauntering, Nile looked for some man she might annex for the evening. Not one of them appealed to her. "I evidently had the wrong hunch," she thought. "I'm not going to enjoy this party after all."

She moved languidly into the alcove which was off Carl's studio. It was even more dimly lighted than the big room, but she discerned a young man sitting on the broad window seat. He was the exact opposite of Luis. His hair was dark and curling. He wore rimmed spectacles and had a small, black mustache.

"If you're lonesome," Nile laughed, "why so am I."

Now it was a curious habit of Carl's, who understood human nature, to pass around his rooms and extinguish a light here and there until the corners were really cozy.

Carl came by at this instant and turned out most of the lights that were near where Nile was sitting.

The dark haired youth on the window seat was very entertaining. The corner was very dark.

But the party broke up as all good parties do.

The dark haired youth insisted upon taking Nile home.

"Wait until I get my cloak," she said.

She left him talking to Carl. A whole flock of minutes passed. Carl kept the conversation going, but finally he said, "She must have slipped out of the side entrance, old boy. Good night."

"Hang it!" said the dark haired youth. He pulled a small feminine handkerchief from his pocket. Embroidered on one corner of it were the initials "N. N."

"Oh, hang it!" he said again when he put his hand to his mouth and realized that half his mustache was gone. It never occurred to him that a tiny white scar on his upper lip was now exposed.

Once more in front of her dressing table Nile Novell nodded wisely to her reflection as she removed the blonde wig. On the smooth table top before her lay half of a false mustache. She bent down and kissed it lightly, laughing at her own sentimentality.

"Oh, Luis, my darling," she whispered, "I'm going to like being married to you."

Edna Peters

[Continued from page 28]

enjoyment and incredulous delight. Her eyes were twice their size, by this time, with excitement. Her feet wanted to dance, even on the street. Guy Hoff, who painted her portrait—which appears on this month's cover—said that he had as much fun as if he were painting the portrait of a child on her way to a party.

"Everything, to her," said Mr. Hoff, "was new and wonderful!"

AWORD about the girl, herself. For Edna Peters' background is the most finely typical thing about her. She is just twenty-four years old—and a brunette. She is slim and of average height, and has a swift way of moving her slender hands, as she talks. She is a teacher—the sort of a teacher to whom little children would flock for comfort and inspiration. She is an amateur golfer, fencer and tennis player; she has taken leading parts in Shakespearean pageants. And—this, I think, is best of all—she has done much to improve her home city. As chairman of the Public Welfare Committee of Miami's Junior Woman's Club, she has started playgrounds and story-telling hours. And she has also organized and directed a free theater for children.

Edna attended public school and high school and has had one year of college and one year in the Wise School of Elocution—the subject in which she specializes.

Furthermore, she can sew and cook. And, these last, in this hurried generation, are talents that one could wish were even more typical!

As I said, before, I saw her first at the dinner, at which the SMART SET staff met the eighteen young women who had come from all over the country to compete for Typical American Girl honors. She was

sweet and charming, Edna Peters—she did nothing to attract attention to herself—nothing to divert it from the others. I saw her, from time to time, during the week that followed—but I've told you this, before, too! And, during that week, though her excitement grew with each passing hour, she still did nothing to put herself in the foreground. She was sweet and charming always. It was very much to her credit—as a spiritual letter of recommendation.

I saw Edna Peters again at a luncheon several weeks after she had become, in truth, the Typical American Girl. During the time that had elapsed between the bestowing of the title and that luncheon, she had known a great deal of glory. The picture, on the front page of this article, will give you a small idea of what met her on her return to her home—and she had also been the feted belle of an Annapolis prom. But she was still untouched by a shadow of self-esteem. She was the same girl, in a simple frock, with glad eyes and a ready smile. Success—even fame—had not changed her!

ASLIM, dark eyed girl from the South! With a deep feeling for family and home and country. Who shyly confesses that, as yet, she has never been in love—and who says that she won't marry until she meets the "one man." A girl who rises, spontaneously, when an older person enters the room, who speaks softly, who still says, at twenty-four—"I'd like to ask mother's advice. She has better judgment than I." This is Edna Peters, the Typical American Girl—a gentlewoman with a radiant personality, who combines domesticity with the ability to support herself! Is it any wonder that SMART SET, and for that matter, the whole nation, is proud of her?

The Diary of a Diet

[Continued from page 81]

SEVENTH DAY

Lunch: $\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit, 2 eggs, lettuce, 1 tomato, 2 olives, coffee.

Why the two olives?

Dinner: 2 chops, 6 slices cucumber, 2 olives, 1 tomato, lettuce, $\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit, tea or coffee.

Most satisfying to the appetite when cooked and eaten in solitary determination.

Weight162 $\frac{1}{2}$.
Slow but sure.

EIGHTH DAY

Lunch: 1 broiled chop, lettuce, grapefruit and coffee.

I never want to see another head of lettuce after my term is up.

Dinner: 2 eggs, plain spinach, 4 stalks of asparagus, $\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit, 1 slice toast, tea.

Asparagus—it tasted like ambrosia although eaten plain without the added zest of Hollandaise.

Weight161 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Going down. An entire pound in twenty four hours. Eureka!

NINTH DAY

Lunch: 1 egg, 1 tomato, $\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit, tea.

Not an ounce of weight in a carload.

Dinner: Any meat salad.

That was almost my downfall. I went to the theater and afterward to a night club where dancing was in order and dancing is appetite-provoking exercise. The people with whom I was that evening ordered lavishly the most palate titillating foods and there was I on the verge of starvation. But no I would be strong and I did not eat.

Weight161.

Again virtue was its own reward—a half pound worth.

TENTH DAY

Lunch: $\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit, 1 lamb chop, lettuce, tea.

Dinner: $\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit, 1 lamb chop, lettuce, tea.

Always hated the same food two meals in succession.

Weight160.

ELEVENTH DAY

Lunch: Cinnamon toast, tea.

How good it tasted. The first bit of sugar in eleven days.

Dinner: Broiled steak, celery, olives, tomato, tea.

Enjoyed the steak but almost succumbed to a mad craving for a chocolate ice cream soda. Almost but not quite.

Weight159 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Not so good.

TWELFTH DAY

Lunch: $\frac{1}{2}$ lobster, crackers, grapefruit and coffee.

I've paid my own bills for many a day but there's one thing I always consistently refused to buy for myself and that was a broiled lobster. In vain I sought a host for that day's luncheon but was out of luck. I paid for the lobster with my own hard earned cash.

Dinner: Broiled chops, cold slaw, tomato, 1 orange, 3 olives.

Cooked in the kitchenette.

Weight159.

THIRTEENTH DAY

Lunch: 1 egg, 1 slice toast, grapefruit.

If I eat any more eggs I'll crow through mental suggestion.

Dinner: Broiled steak, celery, olives, tomato, tea.

What a boon are these steak nights.

Weight158 $\frac{1}{2}$.

My clothes are actually getting loose. What a grand and glorious feeling.

FOURTEENTH DAY

Lunch: 1 egg, toast, grapefruit, tea.

Dinner: Broiled steak, lettuce, celery, grapefruit, coffee.

Tragedy that dinner. Had to decline an invitation to a gay dinner party. Didn't dare attend.

Weight157.

Again virtue was its own reward.

FIFTEENTH DAY

Lunch: 1 egg, tomato, grapefruit, 1 slice toast.

Pranced myself down to the saleswoman who had recommended the Stylish Stout department to me. My triumph turned to ashes because she didn't remember me. Nevertheless I found that several of the dresses formerly too small now fitted me.

Dinner: 2 chops, $\frac{1}{2}$ spoonful tomato catsup, 1 slice toast, grapefruit.

Never before did I realize what dainty morsels are lamb chops.

Weight156 pounds.

SIXTEENTH DAY

Lunch: 1 egg, 1 tomato, grapefruit, coffee.

Dinner: Broiled steak, plain spinach, orange.

My hostess accommodatingly had the steak and the spinach.

Weight155 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

Not so good!

SEVENTEENTH DAY

Lunch: 1 chop, lettuce, grapefruit.

Dinner: Broiled steak, tomato, celery, olives.

It didn't state how many olives so I let my conscience be my guide.

Weight155 pounds.

Slow but sure.

EIGHTEENTH DAY

Lunch: 1 egg, tomato, $\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit, coffee.

Dinner: 1 broiled fish, plain spinach, $\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit.

In selecting the fish I was tempted to order a full sized halibut but compromised with sea bass.

Weight154 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

Ended. I had won. I had lived up to the diet. I felt myself a second Joan of Arc. I had lost twelve and a half pounds. Ah, Stylish Stout where is thy sting.

A few days later I went to a week-end house party. It was at a country home where they had a southern dandy for a cook. Such waffles and hot biscuits, candied sweet potatoes and other fattening concoctions are not to be found on land or sea. I was off the-diet and indulged to the bursting point with the rest of the guests.

After the house party—weight—alas—159 pounds.

I had regained five pounds.

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The Happy Ending

[Clipped From Our Contemporaries]

THE college class in economics was progressing nicely with a discussion of trusts and combinations.

"Now what is a holding company?" asked the professor.

"About the same as a petting party, I should say," was the reply from a brilliant student.

—Forbes Magazine.

"She's a little mite."

"Yeah—dynamite!"

—Notre Dame Juggler.

"What are you writing?"

"A letter to my girl."

"Why do you write so slowly?"

"My girl reads slowly."

—Okla. Whirlwind.

Reporter: How did you make your first million?

Millionaire (a lady's man): I haven't made that many yet.

—College Humor.

Bill: Did you know that a woman is relatively stronger than a horse?

Will: I couldn't say; I've never dated a horse.

—Penn. State Froth.

Feudal Lord: Daughter, I understand that you were misbehaving while I was away.

Daughter: Oh, sire, in what manor, in what manor?

—Missouri Outlaw.

"My poor man, you have seen better days?"

"Ya, madam, I bane wan tam Prance Charmang ta many wuman."

"Oh! You were a war hero?"

"Naw, I ban a moova haro before tha damn talkies cam."

—Ames Green Gander.

Millionaire (to some newspaper men): I owe all of my success to personal pluck, just pluck. Pluck, my men, is the greatest guarantee of success.

Reporter (one not so dumb as the rest): How do you find the right people to pluck, Sir?

—The Drexler.

And then there's the Scotchman who married a rosy cheeked girl because he wouldn't have to buy her any rouge.

—College Humor.

Two pickpockets had been following an old man whom they had seen display a fat wallet. Suddenly he turned off and went into a lawyer's office.

"Good for," said one, "a fine mess. Wot'll we do now?"

"Easy," said his mate lighting a cigarette. "Wait for the lawyer."

—Exchange.

First Mother: Did your daughter pass her examinations?

Second Mother: No. They asked her questions about things that occurred before she was born.

—Hulla-Baloo.

"Are you secretly married to Helen?"

"Nope, she knows it."

—Wabash Caveman.

"Did you notice," asked one lady of another, "that Mrs. 'Awkins 'ad a black eye?"

"Did I not?" was the answer. "And 'er 'usband not out of prison for another week. I don't call it respectable, I don't."

—Exchange.

"All office boys going to weddings or funerals must speak to superintendent by ten o'clock the day of the game."

—Yale Record.

"Is that clog dance over yet?"

"Yeah, the jig's up."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

Judge: Are you guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner: How many guesses are you going to give me, Your Honor?

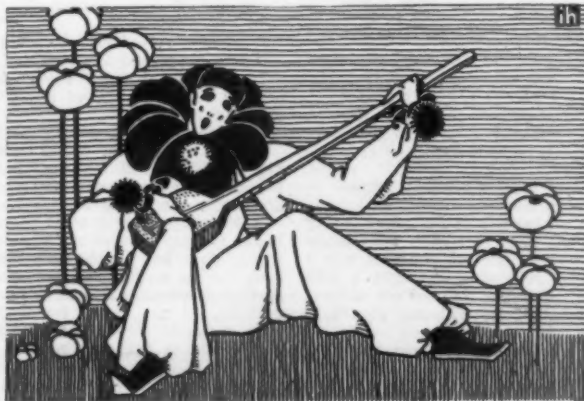
—Harvard Lampoon.

A hunter was showing off his collection of trophies to a group of visitors. He was rapturously explaining how he acquired the various exhibits.

"See that elephant," he said, "I shot it in my pajamas."

"My Gawd," murmured the flapper, "how did it get there?"

—Jack o'Lantern.





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